

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXIII

NOVEMBER, 1906

No. 1

ATHIRST IN THE DESERT¹

NARRATIVE OF A PERILOUS JOURNEY OVER THE
KARA KUM SANDS OF CENTRAL ASIA

BY LANGDON WARNER

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE

EARLY in the morning we had our bowls of tea and our candied fruit,—the gift of the khan,—and set off. On the way through the bazaar I remembered that I needed saddle-bags; for I was then using a worn and dyed pair of atrocious color. So we stopped to bargain. The result of this was that we did not leave Khiva till eleven o'clock, and I had my new bags, as well as my old, stuffed with things.

Because of our late start, we did not reach the house of our former host at Ak Khalat till five in the afternoon. Here we decided to stay for the night and take the remaining six hours in the cool of the morning.

We were entertained as before, except that our host was not visible during the meal. After dinner a man came to us in the guest-room and asked us to come with him. He led us into the courtyard, where lights glimmered through a square

tent of thin white cotton. Lifting the flap, we found ourselves on a platform covered by the tent and built over the little stream that fed the pool in the middle of the court. There were rugs and cushions about, and four old men sat under the hanging-lamps, silently smoking. One of these was our host, who said that he was sick, and had not been able to do the honors at our meal.

For a while we talked, formally passing compliments, which soon put a terrible strain on my vocabulary. At last he asked me if I had any of something with a Russian name that I did not know. Kolchov, however, pricked up his ears at the sound, and told me in French that the natives were very fond of pyrotechnics, and the old man had probably asked if I had any fireworks on my person, such as he had seen at Khiva on festival-days. I regretted it, but had to admit that I

¹ See also "The New Ride to Khiva" and "Khiva from the Inside" by the same writer in THE CENTURY for September and October.

had no pin-wheels or Roman candles about me.

After half an hour in the close tent, which served to keep out the air as well as the mosquitoes, we pleaded our early start and went toward bed. It occurred to me that if the poor old man wanted fireworks, it was a pity he could not have them. So, consulting with Kolchov, who refused to waste his emperor's ammunition in such a way, I drew the balls from five revolver shells, and rubbing the powder on a damp cotton string, made a foot-long fuse. Then making a paste of damp powder, I plastered a lump on a leaf of my note-book, and, connecting it with the fuse, I hung it on a pillar in the dark. Then I called out the four old Sarts, lighted the fuse, and we watched the little red spark jerk along upward till, with a flare, it reached the powder. That was all we had for pyrotechnics, but our host and his friends seemed hugely pleased, and talked it over excitedly in their stuffy tent.

That night Kolchov could not sleep from fatigue of the day's ride, which seemed to affect him even more than going in. He was so miserable and nervous that we decided to get on as soon as possible, and, rousing Samán at half-past three, we made a glass of tea, fed the horses, and were off by a little past four.

From Ak Khalat we decided to take a route suggested by Samán, which led through a village called Ak Meched, where lived a colony of Dutch. After four hours' riding, we came to the little village. The houses were built like ordinary Sart houses, except that they had chimneys, and stood far apart and in rows, surrounded by open gardens.

As we rode up, several men came out to meet us. They spoke smilingly to Kolchov in Russian, and invited us in. The interior was a surprise, after Sart and Russian houses of the same size. Over a big fireplace of baked brick was a row of highly polished brass and pewter plates. The plain wood table was scrupulously clean, and a tidy little lady, who, except for her costume, might have stepped off the island of Marken, bustled about, making ready the samovar. A half-grown girl stowed the fat baby into a cradle, and a little tow-headed crea-

ture of indeterminable sex lugged a copper ewer up to its mother to fill the samovar.

When tea was ready, the woman served it with a serious-eyed baby on her arm, and then retired to the other room. After tea, the head man of the colony came in and greeted me cordially. He insisted on showing us through the village and explaining the pursuits of his neighbors. Among twenty-four families and a hundred and seventy odd souls, there were seven carpenter shops. In one of these we saw, half-finished, an immense and ornate chest of drawers, made of cedar, inlaid with poplar and apricot woods, which had been ordered by the Khan. They told me with pride that his state carriage had been made in that village down to its smallest bolt, after European models. Although Russian subjects the villagers were not of the Greek church, and kept up rigorously their own religion and their simple Dutch church life. The church building was bare of decoration. A plain high table, holding the ponderous Bible, stood on a little dais over a row of wooden benches without backs, and over the door was nailed a cross.

From the church we stepped into the school, where two dozen plump, flaxen-haired boys and girls fidgeted and giggled when we came in. We were introduced to the teacher, and through Kolchov I was asked to point out on the wall map the place from which I came. I found Boston, and followed my route with a pointer to Khiva and Ak Meched, naming the cities I had gone through. The school was breathless with wonder, and when I had done, the teacher thanked me for the valuable lesson in geography that I had given the class.

We then returned to the house of the mayor or governor, who regaled us with some grapes and four-year-old wine of his own raising and pressing. To crown all, he brought out a box of delicious cigars, which had been sent to him by a cousin in Holland. They were really good cigars from the Dutch colonies, and I smoked with delight and a most civilized feeling. Soon we had to leave the pleasant people, who, however, insisted on setting us on our way, and sent a young man with us to Petro Alexandrovsk. He was not much of a companion, even for



Drawn by Jay Hambridge. Half-tone plate engraved by Felix Levin

"ADAM-BAR-MA?" (IS THERE A MAN HERE?) (SEE PAGE 11)

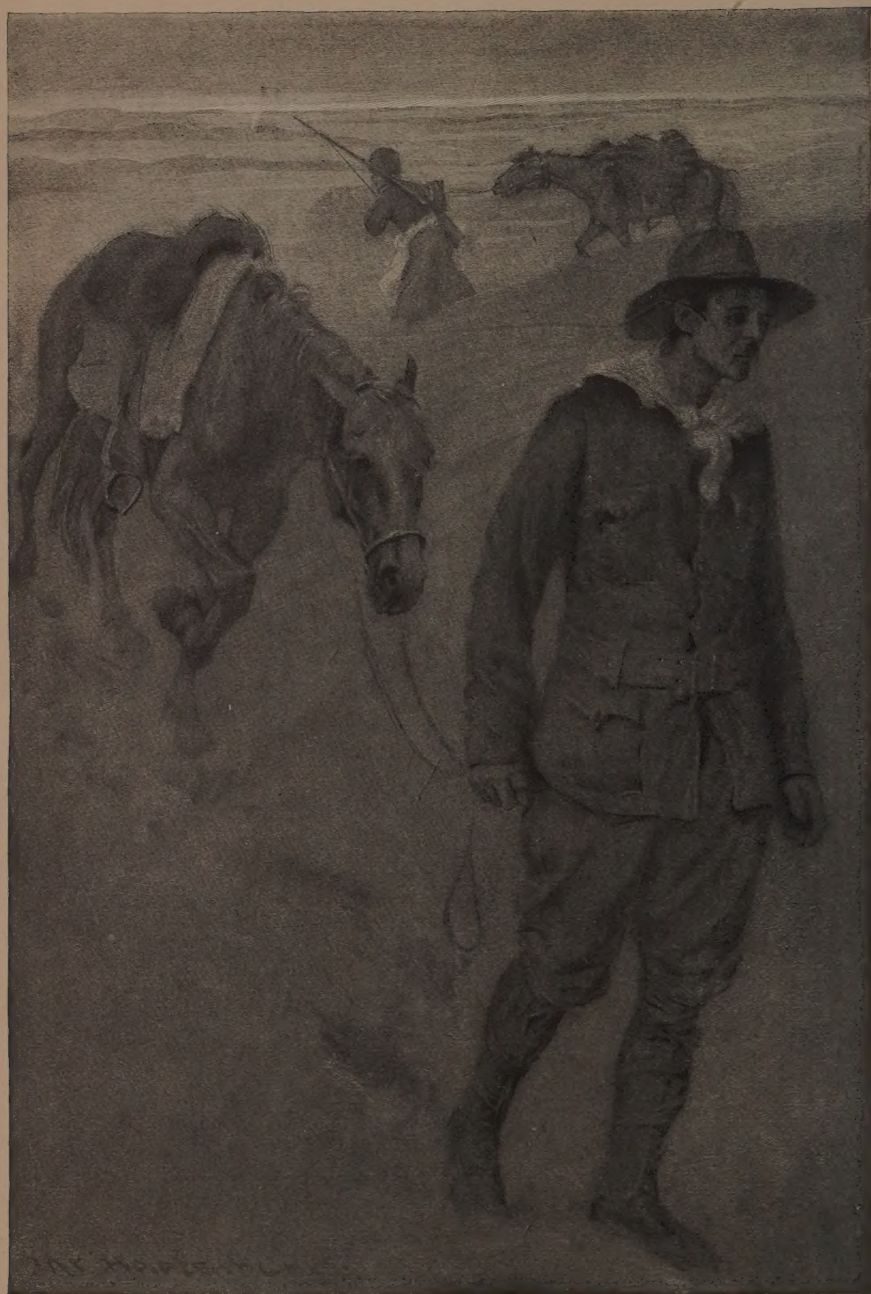
Kolchov, for he could speak only Dutch and Sart, though he had been born in the village and was a Russian subject.

Two hours from Ak Meched brought us back to Petro Alexandrovsk and Kolchov's house, where he promptly went to bed and I took a bath in a tent over an irrigating-ditch, getting terribly bitten by mosquitoes as I did so. That afternoon Kolchov sent his younger brother to look up horses and the tarantass, to take me over the river trail to Chardjui and the railroad. He soon came back with the

report that horses were not to be had for love or money, and I must get a camel, and add two days to a five days' journey. The camel-man being sent for, demanded a hundred rubles (fifty dollars) for his beast and tarantass. This I would not give, and he could not be beaten down.

Angry at the delay, I resolved to take my own horse, reëngage Samán and his mount for the journey, and start the following morning.

That evening, with everything prepared for a start, I went to pay my part-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"ALL NIGHT WE TRUDGED" (SEE PAGE 12)

ing call on my former acquaintance the Natchalnik. I was ushered into his presence and he, gravely shaking hands, summoned the colonel who spoke French to act as interpreter. The first remark came like a blow in the face. He said:

"You have been to Khiva; you have been without my permission; I am not permitted to allow travelers to go into Khiva. I must detain you."

The situation was almost too ridiculous to be taken seriously, and when I thought of my difficulties in getting that permission, of Kolchov being forced upon me, and my final departure with the Natchalnik's blessing, the whole thing was absurdly inconsequent. I was able to control my features enough to smile, and to say that of course I understood it, and that it was only my stupidity that had prevented my seeing it in the first place, and I admitted that I should never have gone to Khiva.

To this the Natchalnik heartily agreed, and eagerly acquiesced when I spoke of my stupidity. Then he began a long-winded harangue, intended to persuade himself and me that I had slipped through his fingers and got to Khiva without his knowing that I had started. I agreed to it all, and fell in with his view, till he wound up with the information that I must wait three weeks for the boat, and then go up river in charge of a squad of Cossacks, considering myself under arrest.

Now, my latest news from home had been dated over two months before, and my mind for the last week had settled into a resolution that, once pointed homeward, nothing should stop me; so, one thing leading to another, I got unintentionally and undiplomatically angry, and told the Natchalnik that if he made me wait I should lay my case before the governor-general of Tashkent, and that he, the Natchalnik, would hear from headquarters.

Perhaps the prospect of a daily call for three weeks from such a visitor staggered the poor man; at any rate, he affected to consider, and finally said that, after all, if I cared to go down over the desert trail on horseback, perhaps the guard of Cossacks would be unnecessary.

This trail, he said, led down to the

railroad at Chardjui, and there were rest-houses every thirty versts, where, by means of the letter he would give me, I could get fresh horses at every stage. Also, he said, that I could get bread and pilaff¹ and water with which to make my tea, but that sugar and black tea I must take with me. I thanked him for his hospitality, and went back to Kolchov's to bed, first, on my way, leaving cards at the club for various officers I had met on my former visit.

Before light the next morning I waked the drowsy bazaar-men and bought from one a copper tea-kettle and from another some Russian tea and a "half-size" sugar-loaf, about a foot high, done up in a blue paper and hemp cord, and sealed with an immense government seal. These I put into my saddle-bags, which were strapped on behind the high cantle. On one side of my pommel was hung a stiff leather case containing my tea-bowl, and on the other two bottles covered with felt sewn by a Turcoman at Merv.

Samán had even a more ungainly load than I, for, besides his saddle-bags, he had his bowl-case and a small saddle-skin for water, made from a young kid, and behind his saddle was roped the great leather bag which I had brought to Petro Alexandrovsk by boat, never thinking but that I should come back the same way. Added to all these impedimenta, the poor jiggit or servant had the great camera slung over his shoulder. I had taken few pictures, and those, I had good reason to believe, were unsuccessful; but I was not going to give up hope till they were actually developed.

The horse I rode was a gray, with powerful shoulders, but sloping away to curiously inadequate hind-quarters. Samán had picked him for me, and had so successfully beaten down the price that I gave only ten rubles, plus my Khivan horse, instead of fifty, which the horse-dealer at first seemed to consider ridiculously low. This made him cost thirty-five dollars in all, which was not bad for a white man's bargain, but probably gross over-payment from a native point of view.

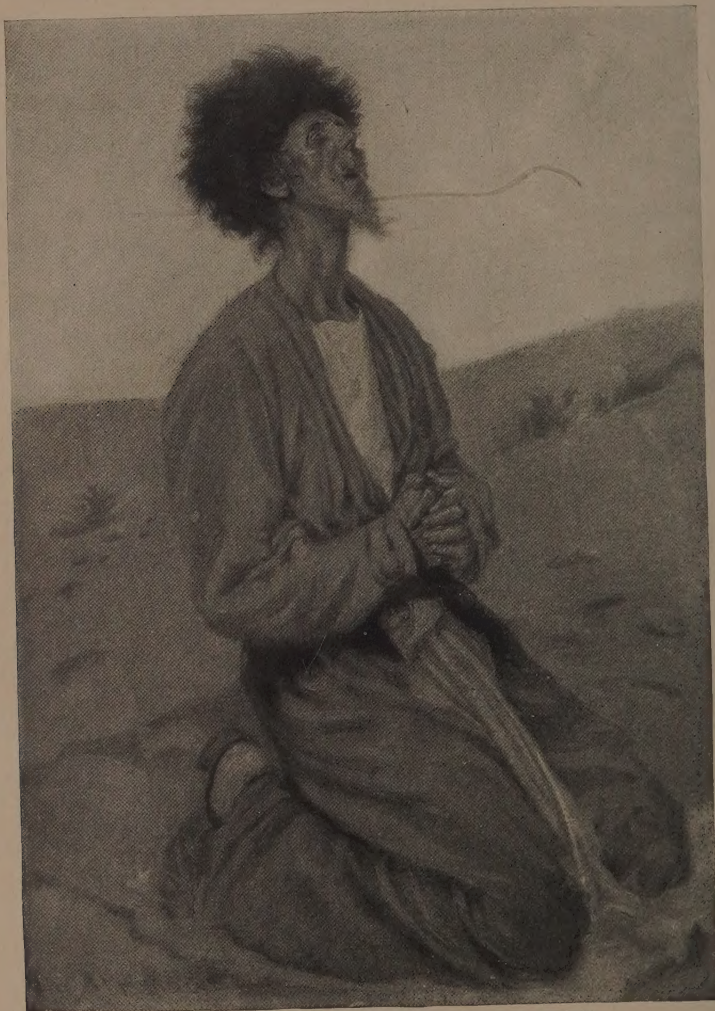
From the bazaar we rode to say good-bye to the Kolchovs, and there in the com-

¹ Rice boiled with flesh or fish and spiced.

pound we found a jiggit with a note from the Governor, which I opened with some trepidation. It was not a lion in the path, however, or even an invitation to call, but merely a few compliments in

put in tea, we mounted, and rode out of the town to the southward.

In the morning I had noticed that Samán had not put my silver-studded bridle on the new horse, and I had asked him



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"FOR FIVE MINUTES HE KNELT, BOWING, RISING, AND BREAKING INTO SONOROUS PRAYER" (SEE PAGE 15)

French, and the request that I accept the services of one of his own trusted jiggits to set me on the right track. After a protracted farewell to the Kolchov family, and the present from *madame la mère* of a small bottle of apricot jam to

where it was. He replied that the throat-latch had needed repairing, and he had put the bridle in his saddle-bags, to mend at the first noon-rest, borrowing another bridle for use, meanwhile.

For two hours we rode along a deep-

cut desert trail, which finally swung to the right, and zigzagged down the cliffs to the Oxus bank. Here, after much fruitless calling across the river, which is nearly a mile wide at this point, I fired three shots from my revolver, and soon saw, by means of the glasses, four men on the other shore kicked into life by an energetic fifth, who came out of a little thatched hut. The five took hold of a tow-line and started walking up-stream with a big native *koyock*. Their slow walk along the shore took them fully half an hour, at the end of which they embarked in a leisurely manner and pushed off. Ten yards from the shore the boat was seized by the tearing current, and so far as I could see they made no headway at all, though they poled frantically. Before long they had lost all the distance gained by towing, and seemed in a fair way to sight the Aral Sea. However, an hour's poling brought them to shore half a mile below us, and they started to walk up. When they came abreast of us, no sign was made of stopping to let us embark, so we humbly walked after them, leading our horses. Another half mile was covered in this way, and then we were allowed to get in, our three horses jumping the gunwale very cleverly, and landing all four feet together in the middle of the boat. I found that these boats had extra bottoms, to stand the shock of jumping horses, and were reasonably stiff as well. The model was not unlike a clumsy imitation of one of our whale-boats, about thirty feet long, and built of hewn logs two or three inches thick.

Once out into the current, we were whirled along at a tremendous pace, four of the men poling on one side, the other vainly endeavoring to steer with a long sweep over the stern. In the middle of the stream we struck a sand-bar with such force that the horses staggered where they stood fastened to the thwarts head to tail. From this bar it took us ten minutes' hard work to push off, for none of the crew dared to get overboard to push in the rush of water, shallow though it was.

Safe on the west bank, I paid six cents for our three selves and our three horses, and rode off. At about four in the afternoon, after riding during the hot

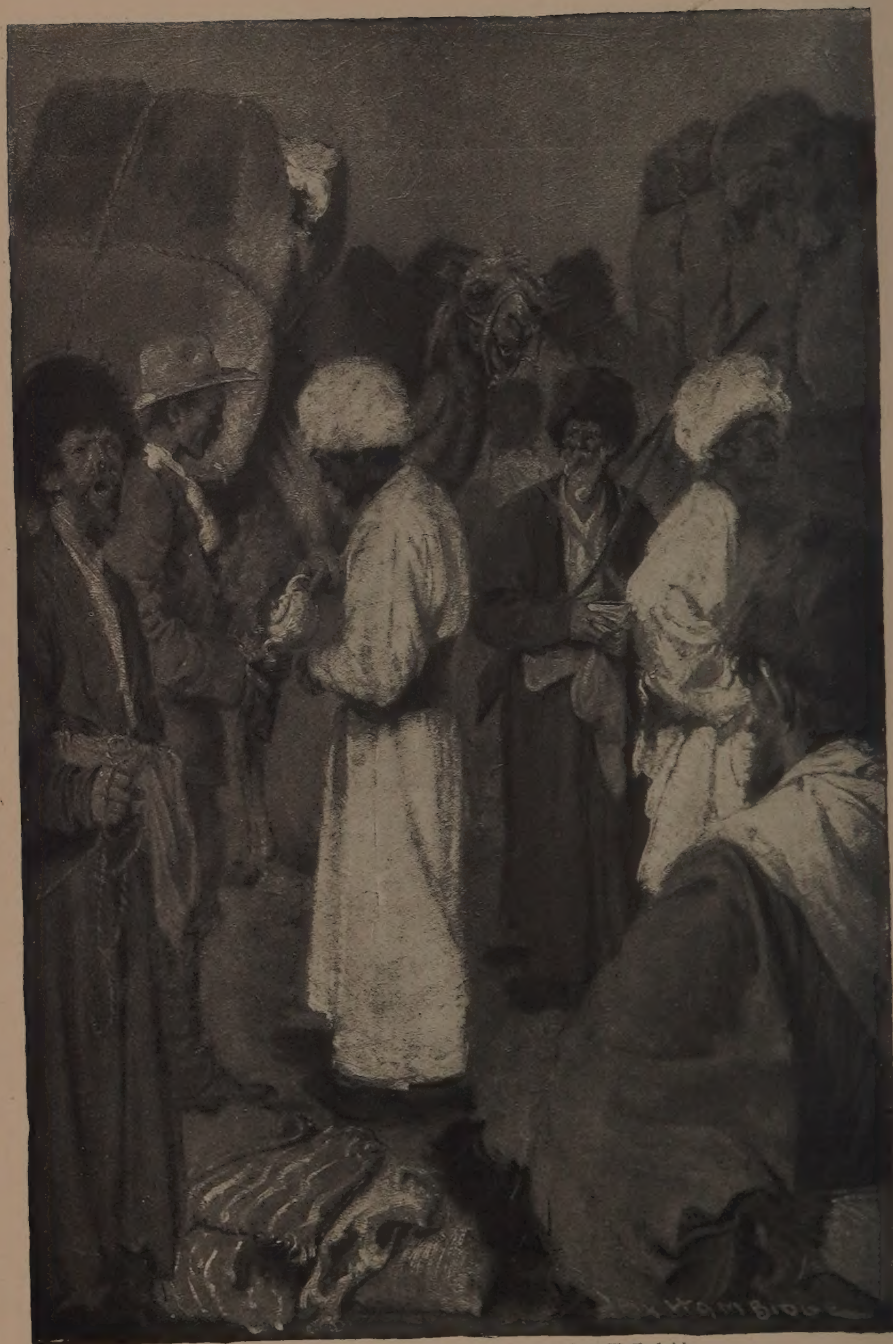
test hours of the blistering day, we came to the little rest-house of Ak Kamwish, the first on the list of the Natchalnik's circular letter. Kolchov had written out the names in French script, so that I could attach a name to each rest-house as I reached it.

This one had two rooms open entirely along one side, so that it looked like two stalls. In front was a well with steps cut in the walls of the shaft, so that one could go down to get water straddle-wise. An old man came forward and took our horses, tethering them in the shadow of the building. He said he had no fresh beasts for us and could give us no pilaff, but he would boil the water for our tea. This he did, and also watered the horses from a big earthenware pan, and Samán fed them with barley from our saddle-bags. I had taken the precaution to have one side of my bags and one of Samán's filled with barley at Petro Alexandrovsk, and we must have had about twenty quarts between us.

In one of the stalls we lay down on our boorkas, and I slept till eight o'clock. It was well after sundown, and only a hint of red was left in the west, with a young moon in the sky. As I mounted, I noticed again that my bridle was not on my horse. Samán said he had it, and would mend it at the next stop. But suspecting something, I dismounted, and searching his saddle-bag, found no bridle. At this I knew he must have sold it, hoping to stave me off from inquiry till we were too far on the road to go back. Much depended on the decision of the moment, for in the East, if one's servant loses his fear and respect for his master, from that moment the master's property is not safe.

Without a word, I took my six-shooter from my saddle-bag, and, emptying the chambers when Samán was not looking, I said to him: "Take this gun, ride back to Petro Alexandrovsk, and get my bridle. Ride night and day; I will wait at the next rest-house for you. The Natchalnik's jiggit will go with me as far as that. If necessary, shoot the man who has the bridle, but bring it to me, at any rate."

This seemed the only way to impress Samán and recover my bridle at the same time, and was really not such a long chance as it may appear, for I knew that



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SKILFULLY ROBBING ONE OF THE CROONING GROUPS * * * HE BROUGHT
THEIR BOILING WATER AND MADE ME TEA" (SEE PAGE 17)

Samán would not dare report to the Russians without me, and I did not think he would sell the revolver, even though he had sold the bridle.

The Natchalnik's jiggit and I rode off from Ak Kamwish to the south, while Samán, with a great show of haste, galloped back in the moonlight over the trail we had just come. All night we rode at an even little jog-trot of four miles or more an hour. The trail was an easy one to follow. It was like a shallow ditch, two feet wide and six inches deep, worn by horses, and kept scoured by the winds. Sometimes, however, it would dive straight into a great *barkan*, or marching sand-dune, and reappear a hundred feet beyond. Dry bushes of saksaul were scattered sparsely over the sand, and gave out an acid sage-like smell that reminded me of our own deserts; but I looked in vain for a friendly coyote or jack-rabbit. It was like riding in a graveyard — everything deathly still. Although I had had only three or four hours' rest that day, I had no desire for sleep; a kind of nervous exhilaration, as well as the strangeness of the scene, kept me awake. After many hours of this rolling, gray landscape, the stars seemed to pale and burn less steadily, though the earth seemed no lighter; and then over the horizon came brimming up molten gold, which spilled and spread, running along the edge of the world.

It was four hours or more after sunrise when we saw the little rest-house of Pit Nyak in the distance, and rode toward it gladly, thinking of refreshing tea and a chance to stretch out in the shade. As we rode up the place seemed deserted, and when I called out "Adam bar-ma?" ("Is there a man here?") no one answered.

The jiggit dismounted, and went to the well with a water-jar that stood under the shelter of the open shed-like house. When he reached it I saw him look down and then walk away. I rode to the edge, and, looking over, saw a dry shaft with a parched bottom. This was not very cheering, but, still, our bottles and saddle-skins were full, and when Samán came, we could push on. The jiggit tethered the horses and watered them, using almost the whole of one of the

saddle-skins to do so. When he came back and lay down by the fire of saksaul roots that I had started for boiling water, I questioned him about the place, but he became at once stupid and sullen. Why was there no caretaker? Why no change of horses? Above all, why no water? To all these questions except the last he gruffly said that he did not know, and to that gave the enlightening answer that there was no water because the well was dry.

After tea we both felt better, and ate the last of Mme. Kolchov's jam on some of the blanket-like Sart bread. Then I slept for a couple of hours, to be awakened by the jiggit, who said that he was going now, and that Samán would come soon. I laughed, and told him that he stayed with me till Samán came, and longer, if I required him, or he would be held responsible to the Natchalnik.

Again I slept. When I woke I found it was afternoon. The jiggit was building a fire, and we had half a dozen bowls of hot tea and a little bread.

Samán woke me from my next sleep by laying the bridle at my feet, along with the revolver. I asked him how he got it, and he replied that he was a brave man, and got it from the bazaar pig who had stolen it, quite losing sight, in his new artistic creation, of his old story of the broken throat-latch. I am afraid the bazaar pig to whom he sold the bridle got little satisfaction when Samán returned for his property, full of righteous indignation and flourishing the gun. I rather think Samán got the bridle and kept the money, too.

Giving Samán's horse a couple of hours' rest we started at about six o'clock, after giving the Natchalnik's jiggit the princely present of three rubles, and seeing him start back for Ak Kamwish.

This night was like the last, only it seemed interminably long, my eyelids kept dropping and my horse swinging off the trail to the left. The moon rose and then stood still in the heavens. The Dipper stuck at an uncomfortable angle, or would slip back a little every time I looked away from it. Our horses walked with a shambling flabbiness that irritated me. I got off, and putting the bridle over my shoulder, pulled at the poor beast's head for a mile or so, but,

tiring suddenly, I mounted again. The sunrise came after an interminable time, and when I had almost forgotten to expect it. The phenomena may have been the same as those of the day before, but to me they meant only more heat and cruel dryness. I did not take the trouble to watch the colors, for I was busy with my own thoughts. What if the next well were dry? It could not be. But what if it were? The tedious question went over and over in my mind.

The sun was up now, and, to divert my mind, I took out a little Réaumur thermometer that I had purchased at the Petro Alexandrovsk chemist's, and took the temperature by swinging it on the shady side of my horse. It registered something that I later figured out to be over a hundred and twenty, but on the sunny side it stretched over the scale, and, either from expansion or rough treatment, soon broke.

Some hours after sunrise, at a time when I was so thoroughly immersed in my thoughts that I had forgotten where I was, Samán spoke and pointed ahead. With my glasses I saw a little rest-house on the trail in front, and by the list I made it out to be Sar Divar. We rode to it and called, as I had done before, "Adam bar-ma?" but there was no answer. Dismounting, we walked together to the well-shaft and looked down. It was also dry, and we walked back and sat down in the shade.

There remained to us two quart-bottles of water, a little tea in the tea bottle, and about a square foot of the sheet bread, and for the horses a good deal of barley and a small sheaf of what had been green alfalfa-clover.

While Samán made the fire for tea, I wet my handkerchief, wiped out the frothy mouths of the horses, and set the alfalfa before them. They sniffed at it wistfully, and even mouthed it a little, but ate none. Then we had a bowl of hot green tea apiece, without sugar; the other jiggít had apparently taken that. Refreshed by the tea, I rolled over on my boorka and meditated. Should we start at once, in the terror of noon-heat, and reach the next well before morning, perhaps without our horses, or should we wait till night, and then be able to push ahead faster and with less danger? In

the second course we should be a longer time without water, but part of that time we could sleep, and all of the bread was not gone. While thinking it over, I fell asleep, and the problem was settled. When I awoke, Samán was moaning and rolling about in his dreams. I aroused him, and asked him if he wished to start. He sat up, gazing at me reproachfully, and said it was as I wished.

So I said, "We will wait till sundown," and he seemed content. But the sleep I had counted on did not come a second time, and I was forced to sit up in that dark oven-like stall and listen to the blood churning in my ears, and watch the horses standing with drooping heads and with tongues hanging from the sides of their mouths.

The one bottle and a quarter of water left us was not enough to help the horses, but could keep us for a time, if the need came.

About five o'clock we wiped out the horses' mouths again with cooled tea, and mounted them regretfully. We had not gone two miles, however, before Samán's beast became evidently too weak to continue, and we dismounted, and putting the bridles over our shoulders, towed the horses along. When the sun went down, the heat was not so direct, but our thirst became so bad that we finished the tea.

All night we trudged on, leaning on the bridles of the reluctant horses. For hours the country glistened white with salt, and our boots broke through a crust of crystal that sparkled like snow in the moonlight. There was not so much as a bush in sight; the land seemed cursed. I remember thinking of a scene in Dôré's pictures of the Wandering Jew, and being transported back to the room in my grandfather's house where I used to look at the great portfolio. The illusion was so perfect that I could smell the leather of the big sofa on which I lay curled, and as I twisted at a sofa button, to my dismay it came off in my fingers! Then the portfolio slipped and slid till it fell with a shock to the floor—and I picked myself up, with my face covered with salt and sand, which burned the cracks in my lips.

I know that night was the longest I ever spent, but it is so subdivided into

year-long periods and states of mind that I cannot form any consecutive idea of it, and find myself mixing it up with other parts of the ride. Morning came, but light brought nothing grateful to us beyond the mere change of aspect from night to day.

At this time our pace must have been about two miles an hour. The horses retarded us somewhat, but the support of leaning forward on the bridles was not to be despised. With light came flies in great numbers—common house-flies that sat on our skins undiscouraged by an occasional brushing-off. Also, for the first time, we had horse-flies nearly an inch long, which settled on the bellies and necks of the poor beasts till they groaned with pain, though they did not try to kick or rub them off. Samán said these flies were deadly, and that among the Turcomans it was believed that twenty bites would kill a horse. By the middle of the afternoon the water was reduced to half a bottle. I caught myself wondering how we were to get out of it all. Curiously enough, the question never seemed to be *if* we would pull through, but merely *how*.

The sun was near the horizon when the rest-house which my list called Daneé Shair came in sight, perched high on a mirage near a grove of mulberry-trees. Samán pointed at it, and said with a grim smile: "Perhaps the house is real, O Bayair, but the trees are false." It was some time after sundown when we reached the little shed which stood alone in the desert, with nothing taller than saksaul bushes to represent mulberry-trees. Why part should be false and part true in the same sky picture, I cannot imagine. As we came up, Samán cried huskily the regular formula, "Adam bar-ma?" When no answer came, he turned slowly to me and said gently, as if he were breaking some sad news to a sick man, "Bayair, Adam yoke" ("There is no one").

It was too dark to see down the well, so Samán, straddling the shaft by the niches cut in the walls, went down with some difficulty. There came no sound from below, and I called, "Su-bar-ma?" ("Is there water?") and up from below came hoarsely, "Su yoke, Bayair" ("There is no water, Bayair").

When he climbed to the mouth of the shaft, he was too weak to get out, and lay half over the edge of the well till I gave him a hand. As he was getting a fire ready he said, "Bayair, there is a little water, but it is bad, very bad."

Somewhat cheered by this, I went down the shaft, and found at the bottom some green slime, wet and oozy. I brought up what there was of it in my hat, and squeezed from it into the teapot fully half a pint of water, which we set on to boil for our tea.

It was now nearly two days since the horses had eaten anything, and when the tea was made and Samán and I had strung out the luxury of our single sugarless bowl as long as we could, I soaked a piece of bread in the tea and gave it to my horse, who accepted it eagerly, mumbling it with his lips, but finding it hard to swallow. We had converted all our water into tea.

Between nine and ten o'clock we decided to leave, as staying at Daneé Shair would do us no good. Without even an attempt to mount, we started off, heading a little south of east, with the moon rolling up from the horizon on our left. That night seemed bad enough, but for some reason it had not the horror for me that the night before had had. It was immensely long, and we walked on through an interminable morning. I fell down several times where the wind had made ridges in the sand, and once Samán's horse lay down and very quietly prepared to die; but Samán, roused to fury, beat such a tattoo on its ribs and back that it was discouraged in its plan and came along with a rustling whistle in its breath that sounded like wind down the chimney. We did not care to leave the horses behind to die, even though they could not carry us, for we did not know for what purpose we might need them soon.

About noon we sighted the rest-house named Jigger Bent ahead on the trail. I did not use my glasses: I knew just what to expect—two clay-daubed stalls, with a fireplace in front of them. When we walked up to it an hour or so later, it was as we had expected. We dropped our bridles and came up to the well-shaft. We looked down, and seeing that it was dry, led the horses to the shade of

the building, and sat down in one of the stalls. After an hour or so we took a drink from our tea, thankful that it was not necessary to stir around and make a fire to boil the water.

Before long I suggested that we start toward Dargan Attar, the next stage, and Samán gravely acquiesced. Now both of us were sure that we could not walk another night and part of a day; but we also knew that staying here meant longer without water and a gradual ebbing of our strength. When I began to reflect on the chances of the Dargan Attar well being full and of our reaching it at all, I gained so little by the thought that I systematically shirked it and kept my mind on our present state of affairs.

It was about three in the afternoon when we left Jigger Bent and took to the trail again. My feet were so painful in my riding-boots, that I had not dared ease them in the rest-house for fear I should never get my boots on again, and now as I began to walk I felt the blood come at every wrinkle in the leather. As we moved along, my single drink of water disappeared from memory, and it seemed impossible that I had tasted it only a few hours before. Thirst in the mouth was not our only trouble; a grinding cramp in the stomach had been gripping us all day.

Samán asked, "Are you very dry, Bayair?"

"Yes," I said.

To which he replied consolingly, "When your tongue is so dry it cannot move, then, O Bayair, you die."

This remark seemed so unnecessary that I let it pass in silence.

By the middle of the afternoon our bottle was empty and our only hope lay ahead on that blistering trail. The hours of that afternoon were, for the most part, slowly consumed in shuffling along in such a bent position that the queer, hauling, stretching grind which seemed to be at work with our intestines should be least aggravated. My feet were bleeding no longer, but every step made me aware of the torn skin and the dried blood that stiffened my stocking.

The horses were pulling back determinedly now, and the breath whistled in their nostrils and down their long, stretched necks, pulled taut by the

bridles. Still, I could not make up my mind to leave them, for the use that we might soon be forced to put them to. Why they kept up so long I cannot imagine, with none of the hope or spur that kept me and Samán putting one foot beyond another in that pitiless southwest trench.

The sun was dipping to the desert's rim when I, who was ahead, came to a cross trail leading from the east at an acute angle with our own.

Samán said it came from Khalattá, and dashed my hopes by saying that there were no wells that he had ever heard of on it, and that the caravans all came by camel, and carried their own water, making Khiva from Khalattá by the sixth day. When I asked how often caravans traveled the route, he did not know, but thought four or five a season. I asked him if it was at this time of year, and he said he thought so. During this conversation we had been sitting in our horses' shadows, where the two trails crossed, and for some time after we had stopped speaking I could see no reason for moving on.

The sun rolled down level with the horizon and began to sink, when I heard a guttural exclamation from Samán. Turning to where he sat behind me, I saw him pointing to the east, down the Khalattá trail. In a moment I saw what he meant—a golden glow, like a puff of yellow smoke. Lying down on the ground, I took my glasses from their sling over my shoulder, and I remember deliberately wiping the dust from their lenses, and adjusting the focus; then, with my elbows on the sand, I held them up to look. They seemed to sway a good deal and to be hard to balance. The cloud was plainly enough dust, and through the dust I could see the high legs of a camel! Then as the trail curved and the caravan came broadside to, I counted five of them. This I told Samán, and the poor old fellow stroked his gray beard with a shaking hand and smiled at me.

After a silence he said, "O Bayair, when you are thirsty in the desert and see camels, then is there no talk of robbers."

Then going to his horse, he took the saddle carpet, and spreading it carefully on the sand, faced the setting sun and

Mecca. Claspings his hands, he touched his forehead to the earth. For five minutes he knelt, bowing, rising, and breaking into sonorous prayer. When it was done, he folded the carpet and replaced it on the saddle. By this time the sun had gone down and the caravan was not in sight. We could have lessened the distance and our time of waiting if we had got up and walked to meet them, but for some reason neither of us did. For myself, the dryness and cracking of the mouth was perfectly bearable, and not even so very painful, but the cramp and grinding sensation of the stomach made motion difficult.

Evening was well begun and the stars were shining when those five blessed men came swaying out of the east on their tall camels. Samán got up and spoke to them first, expatiating on my greatness with a crackling voice. But he was interrupted by the first man's making his camel kneel and dismounting. He came smiling over to me, and I stood up, and we shook hands, with the greeting:

"Salaam laikum" ("Peace be with you").

"Alaikum salaam" ("And with you, peace").

Then hurrying back to his kneeling camel, the man brought a little saddle-skin that chuckled and gurgled as he walked. Samán took up my tea-bowl from the horse, and the kindly stranger poured it full of white kumiss, a drink I had hitherto despised. I drank off the sour stuff without tasting it, and held out my bowl for more; but he gently refused, saying:

"Chi bar, chi yachshi, Bayair" ("There will be tea, and tea is better").

So I waited while the five merchants—for such they proved to be—made a fire, boiled water from the little kegs, and made me green tea, into which they put real sugar. I can taste that tea now—fragrant and pleasantly acid in the mouth. After the first two mouthfuls a feeling of complete change in mind and body came over me, and after the second bowl my parched frame was sweating violently, and a new feeling of power flowed pleasantly into my limbs.

Meanwhile the horses were being fed with green alfalfa and watered. It was good to hear the poor beasts sucking

loudly at the lukewarm stuff, and to see them paw the earth and kick each other in their efforts to get at it.

We sat, seven in number, about the embers of the cooking-fire, and Samán told of our being set on the trail by the Natchalnik at Petro Alexandrovsk, and much more that I could not understand. They were grave sedate people, and though perfectly friendly, were not communicative. All that we could find out about them was that they were bound for Khiva to trade, and their camels seemed to be loaded with bolts of cloth. After a few hours' rest and more bowls of hot tea, the kindly people left us, but not before they had filled our bottles and saddle-skins and given us green tea and all the bread they could spare. Not a kopek would they take for it all, but smilingly refused my grateful offers. Only at the last, when we had taken almost a whole camel-load of green alfalfa for the horses, and had packed it in two huge bundles behind our saddles, did they allow us to give them one ruble, since they had just bought it in the fields outside Khalattá.

Throughout that night we slept at the cross-roads of the two trails, and, when the sun rose, we watered the horses, and mounting, started on a fast walk to the south. The beasts were in much better condition than I could have hoped, and though we did not trot, we must have covered over three miles an hour. Before sundown we came to Dargan Attar, where we found the well empty, except for a little damp, green slime, and, as usual, no living object. Here we slept till almost midnight, and then started under the stars and a brilliant half-moon.

We mounted at the start, but soon found that it was too much to expect of the horses, and were forced to walk. A crystal layer of salt made walking easier than before, and we crunched along with reasonable steadiness at first, with the reins over our shoulders. But before long the exhilaration of our rescue and the relief to mind and body began to wear off, and our pace became slower. My boots hurt, and the cracks in my lips widened and bled. Little things now seemed unbearable, and the everlasting black night would not lift.

When day came, clouds of flies settled

on us. One crawled out of the sun into the grateful shade of my ear, where he walked about on the drum till I nearly yelled with nervousness. When at last I was able to make Samán understand my trouble, he pulled my head to one side, with that ear up, and gave me a few ringing whacks from below, which excited the fly into a sort of breakdown on my ear-drum. The next expedient was a stick, which Samán whittled from a saksaul-bush. He jabbed with it, and forced the poor insect hopelessly down. I gathered that his position was that of a child in a tantrum, lying on the floor, and hammering with feet and fists. Then I sat down and thought, my whole head feeling like a machine-shop. The result of the thinking was that I made Samán gather saksaul and warm a little water. When this was tepid, I lay on my side in the sand and poured drop after drop into my ear. At the first drop the hammering stopped abruptly; at the next, I fancied I could feel my assailant floating off the drum; and when the ear was entirely flooded with the warm water, out came a tiny black object about as big as a gnat.

The distance between Dargan Attar and Goo-Ger-Ji-lee must have been less than the other stages, for we reached it about noon. Here there was nearly a foot of brackish water in the well, so we made use of it instead of that in our bottles and saddle-skins. We slept till late in the afternoon, and set out just before sundown. During the night the horses were strong enough to carry us for five or six hours; but I did not care to tax them longer, and for the last part of the night and through the early morning we plodded along in dreary file.

It seemed to have been centuries that we had been crossing the Kara Kum Sands, and I could hardly remember a time when life did not consist of walking over white-hot dust, through long alternate stretches of stifling nights and blistering days.

When the sun had been up two hours or so, a rest-house appeared, high-mounted on a cloud to the east. The list made it out to be Dia Khateen, and we reached it after two more hours of travel. We had at last learned not to expect water in these wells of the desert, and great was our surprise to find here a fair

supply and not so brackish as that at the last station. We reveled in the water, using it to wash off the horses' backs, to soak our hands and faces, and to make bowl after bowl of steaming weak tea in which to soak the hard bread.

Before we slept, Samán made an elaborate prayer, looking like a venerable patriarch as he knelt on his carpet in the glare of the noon sun, bowing his forehead to the dust. All the tea that we had drunk could not keep us awake, and we slept the sun under the west. Before we started, we had more tea, I drinking from my old cracked Persian bowl of cornflower blue. Then, though it seemed a criminal waste, we emptied our saddlebags and bottles of the water, which had begun to "rot," and filled them anew from the well.

This night we were able to ride all the time, though our progress was barely faster than when we had walked the night before.

Before morning we came unexpectedly to the little rest-house of Kaba Khlee, where the well was dry. We did not stop, but rode on till the sun was up an hour or so. Then in the open we drank tea and watered the horses, but made no further halt till noon, when we stretched our boorkas on the ground, and propping up the corners on small saksaul bushes, sheltered our heads and fell asleep, sweating after half a dozen bowls of tea.

When we had slept a short three hours I awoke Samán, and told him to get the horses ready. The desire to finish the journey had grown to a fever, and I could not keep my mind off the letters and news that I expected to receive at Baku. Day and night I went along the trail, aware of the minuteness of single steps, yet realizing that without an almost infinite number of them I never could get out. Poor Samán suffered for my impatience; but he never complained, and he obeyed orders like a dog. The sun went down on our right, and before long the moon rose; but still we plodded on, swaying in the saddle as the horses walked, and jerking roughly at the slack bridles when they stumbled.

By midnight we came to Tashah Kur, and found the same empty, stall-like chambers, the same abandoned fireplace, and the same open shaft of the well, all

standing, as it were, in the center of a huge, rolling sand horizon. The place might have been any of the stations at which we had stopped for the last thousand years, and I was seized with terror lest all the time we had been traveling in a circle, and, after all, were no nearer home. But this idea was only part of the dream-feeling of the whole ride—a feeling which seemed to dull mercifully the real dangers and greater pains, but to exaggerate petty discomforts and impossible fears into staring facts.

The well had water in it, but only enough for the horses. We made tea, and slept till about two hours before morning, when we mounted and rode off. I decided that we had not been eating enough to sustain us, and so broke a piece of bread with the butt of my pistol, and proceeded to eat it without softening in tea. The consequence was that the whole side of a back tooth broke off, leaving it sensitive to the least motion. Every step of the horse seemed to be set directly on the nerve, and even sounds gave extra twinges. However, the pain was an effective counter-irritant to my thoughts, which had been poor company of late, and had taken the habit of running in exasperating circles, without beginning or end.

By noon of this day, our tent on the trail, we came to a little rest-house, with a dry well, not mentioned on my list, but which Samán said might be Ees Bos. In three hours more we came to Sultan Ak Su Kul. Here, too, there was no water, in spite of the name, which means "Sultan White-water Lake."

In the shelter of the little shed-like building we rested a few hours, and then taking up the trail again, slouched along on our weak-kneed horses for an endless time. At last, when I knew by the Dipper that it could not be much after midnight, we came under the shadow of a long wall and rode up to a big gate—the gate of Dinau.

We thumped till the gate was opened, and then rode in to a scene that I shall not soon forget.

It was a great square courtyard sprinkled with twinkling fires and groups of squatting men. A pleasant, confused murmur filled the place—the baaing of sheep and the quavering falsetto of

Oriental song, with the contented tinkle of dulcimers punctuating the whole. Samán and I rode in and picketed our horses in the middle, finding some difficulty in choosing a place where they would not be attacked by the other stallions tethered near, which strained at their lines and screamed at the newcomers.

Two jiggits conducted me to a little raised dais at the end of the court, on which was a low corded bedstead. Here Samán threw my boorka and saddle-traps, then, skilfully robbing one of the crooning groups that squatted round a fire, he brought their boiling water and made me tea.

That night I slept so soundly that the courtyard was half-empty when I woke, and I had heard none of the preparations for going, the screaming stallions, or the bleating sheep.

Samán was nowhere to be seen, and having sent several men after him, none of whom returned, I began to think that I was not receiving the attention due to a great bayair, and decided to assert myself Russian fashion. Strapping on my holster, I stood on the bedstead, stretched, yawned, and roared fiercely: "Beg bar-ma? Beg kereg!" ("Is there no head-man? I wish the chief!")

The effect was instantaneous: men came running to me from all sides, while others rushed off to find the Beg. Some brought me tea, and some bread, which they hoped might pacify me.

At last, in rode the great man, and hurling himself from his horse, came up to greet me. We sat on the bedstead, drinking tea, and passing compliments that stretched my Turcoman almost to the breaking-point. Meanwhile, I asked him for fresh horses with which to go to Chardjui, but he said he had none. Then thinking of the letter from the Natchalnik, one side written in Turcoman, and one side in Russian, I produced it; and the Beg, donning an immense pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, examined the signature with the air of a handwriting expert. The letter he did not attempt to read, but the signature having satisfied him, he said I should have his own horse, and pointed out the black stallion on which he had galloped in.

After more compliments, the Beg drew

from his finger a huge ring of silver set with a lump of semi-translucent stone that looked like a moistened cough-drop, and put it on my finger, and I gave him my two worn horses, explaining that they were poor beasts, but would soon grow fat.

Then Samán was found and mounted on a horse mysteriously produced from nowhere, and I got on the great black beast that stood squealing and pawing in the middle of the compound.

That ride was an exquisite joy. The morning was still early enough not to be uncomfortably hot, and after half an hour of desert trail we came to the river-side, and the two hours between Dinau and Chardjui I covered in a high-stepping, sidewise canter that was delightfully refreshing after eleven days of a stumbling shuffle. Even the tooth did not jump quite so badly, and when we came in sight of the great steel span of the Oxus bridge, with the cluster of houses at one end that meant the railroad

and news from home, I broke into song.

On looking back, I saw the ever-respectful Samán smothering a smile; but, then, he could not be expected to appreciate the sentiments of "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

We rode down the main street of the town, lined with blessed shade-trees, under which ran little brooks of blessed water, and stopped in front of the cool, white little "numero," or hotel. Here I paid Samán eleven rubles salary and ten rubles present, besides giving him the felt-covered bottles and the two saddle-skins.

We shook hands, and exchanged the pleasant Turcoman "Saül," which means either "Good-by" or "Thank you," and often has the flavor of both. Then I stood and watched the patient old man trot off on the Beg's black stallion.

This was the last of him, and if ever a man comes over the trail through the Kara Kum Sands, may it be his luck to have as good a servant to go with him as Samán.

THE END



"FAME IS A FOOD THAT DEAD MEN EAT"

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

(TO EDMUND GOSSE)

Fame is a food that dead men eat,—
I have no stomach for such meat.
In little light and narrow room,
They eat it in the silent tomb,
With no kind voice of comrade near
To bid the banquet be of cheer.

But Friendship is a nobler thing,—
Of Friendship it is good to sing.
For truly, when a man shall end,
He lives in memory of his friend,
Who doth his better part recall,
And of his faults make funeral.

WHISTLER'S ACADEMY OF PAINTING

BY CYRUS CUNEO

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR



HERE was a great stir in the Latin Quarter when it became known that a new academy was about to open, with Whistler as the instructor. Notwithstanding the fact that the fees were twice those of the ordinary Paris schools, girls of all nationalities flocked to the Passage Stanislas to put down their names. As there was to be only a limited number of pupils, the lucky forty who were admitted were the envied of all when the schools opened in the autumn of 1898. Men were rather more cautious in coming to the call, being slower to appreciate the chance of studying under a genius like Whistler. While admiring him immensely as an artist, they doubted his ability to teach.

All know how much Whistler despised the ordinary academic training, and how he himself broke away from the conventions. His idea was to get together a class of artists, and not ordinary students, for he considered that a large percentage of those who joined the schools would have done far better as carpenters or blacksmiths.

There was no mercenary side to the venture, as Whistler volunteered his services. It was done from a love of art; for, with his usual kindness, he wished to help those who were really artistic and in earnest. To carry out his idea, he installed his favorite Italian model and her husband in the academy, intrusting them with the business side of the affair. They ran the entire school, and whatever profits there were (and undoubtedly for a time they were very large), Whistler generously refused to share.

The house selected was an old three-storied one in the Passage Stanislas, off the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and immediately opposite the studio of the famous Carolus Duran. It contained a stable on the ground floor, which was ingeniously adapted to a studio, and it had another atelier at the top of the house. Whistler purchased some fine old carved oak from a château in the south of France, which he presented to the school. He had the handsome staircase fitted in bodily, with wainscot and hand-rail complete, and one had to mount these magnificent stairs to gain the studio on the third floor. The door leading into this room was of beautiful black oak, with iron latch and hinges; and in the room itself was a fireplace which, for the dignified simplicity of its carving, was worthy of a home in any museum. On all the landings and in the studios were simple draperies and divans with cushions, and at a glance one felt the presence of Whistler. In every sense the school was certainly a distinct innovation from the ordinary French academy.

There was no such thing as the professor coming twice a week at an appointed hour. Whistler came on any day and at any time, whenever, in fact, the spirit moved him; and, to the sorrow of all the students, the spirit moved him very seldom. Everything was done through Madame the proprietress, who was wont to inform the *maître*, or monitor, that "Monsieur Wheestlair is coom to-day." This announcement produced great excitement in the class. There was a great arranging of palettes, with frantic endeavors, to quote Whistler's words, "to make the Masterpiece appear as the

flower to the painter, perfect in its bud as in its bloom."

With his true politeness, Whistler would mount the stairs to visit the ladies first, and there were visible signs of anxiety on the faces of the men students as they listened for the well-known tap of the dainty feet descending the polished stair. Then, instead of the preliminary pause at our door, we might be exasperated by hearing his footsteps dying away down the passage, and hearing his high, piping voice say to Madame in French: "Perhaps to-morrow for the gentlemen. Au revoir!"

Whistler was certainly a genius but he showed some difficulty in imparting his knowledge. His criticisms were often foggy and uncertain, and he hardly ever found words in which to express himself. It was almost an impossibility to develop without becoming a slave and copying him in every way. With a majority of the students, this was a dangerous method. If one came with a spark of originality, it was extinguished immediately by the dominating personality of the master. He could see art only from his own standpoint, and he insisted on all of us using the same palette and the same brushes as himself, and on our seeing all objects with his eyes. The result, to an ordinary outsider, was ridiculously monotonous. I well remember a Frenchman, who wanted to join the class, coming to view some of the studies, and then remarking, with an amused smile, "Vous avez beaucoup des petits Wheest-lairs!" This was perfectly true of the majority, but there were a few matured men who hardly carried out Whistler's formulas as regards the palette and method, but who, owing to their more independent attitude, profited much by the criticisms.

Those students who were much hampered in the other schools, and discouraged by criticisms on their drawings, took sanctuary, as it were, in the Académie Whistler, where such a thing as faulty work was completely ignored. In all the time I studied with him, I never heard him once correct bad drawing, proportion, or character. This sort of criticism could be of great artistic value only to the student who was strong enough to understand; but it was fatal to those

who had not gone through the mill, as well as to those who failed to realize that a school is a place to study in, and not one in which to produce pictures.

I had just joined the academy, and of course was on the tiptoe of expectation at the idea of really seeing Whistler and living in the same room with him. My first experience with him revealed to me the whole object of his teaching. The announcement of his arrival was the signal for us all to shuffle off our tabourets to salute him. He had scarcely entered the room before he spotted an Englishman who was smoking as he worked, and he observed dryly: "You should be ve—ry careful. You know, you *might* get interested in your work and let your pipe go out." This remark produced a subdued chuckle on all sides. Anywhere else it would have caused a roar of laughter, but a hearty laugh before the professor would have been considered inartistic.

Instead of sitting down in the usual French fashion and giving each pupil in turn a clear and matter-of-fact criticism, Whistler airily picked his way among the easels, glancing here and there, ignoring some canvases altogether, greeting others with, "Yes—yes." To a third he would say, "I see you 're beginning to understand," and to still another, "Rather dirty, you know,—dirty, muddy in color." To a big military-looking German who towered over him he said, as he adjusted his monocle, "You know, you 're rather small in your treatment." Then, glancing up at his huge pupil with a twinkle in his eye, and his head on one side at a knowing angle, he added the admonition, "Broader—bigger—more simple."

I had come fresh from the Parisian schools, and, to my surprise, found that I was the only one doing a charcoal drawing. All the others were painting. I worked very hard at that drawing in order to impress Whistler. It certainly had the effect of attracting his attention, and he asked the massier, with his usual drawl, "Ah, w—who is that gentleman making a charcoal drawing?"

The massier replied, in a very subdued voice, "That is a new student—Mr. Cuneo."

"Oho—o—!" Whistler answered, and,



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHISTLER STARTED TO 'TRANSFER' TO THE CANVAS"

stepping daintily across the room, he stood behind me.

He was silent so long that I became horribly uncomfortable. He at last broke the silence by exclaiming: "Splendid! marvelous! ve—ry good, ve—ry good!" Then he paused. With a glow of satisfaction I felt that I had justified my existence. Alas! for my ignorance of Whistler! In a moment he resumed: "You know, er—r—r, that sort of work would get you prizes, and your drawings would be framed and hung on the walls at these other schools. Yes, yes. You know, you 'll go on working like that for four or five years, and you 'll never know anything." Another pause, and a ripple of amusement from the rest of the class. Then again: "There you sit, drawing a figure on a white sheet of paper, which, to begin with, is absolutely false, as er—er—if you will observe, the model is a delicate silhouette against a green background. The composition before me is emphasized by the entire absence of white. It is a tone-harmony, enveloped in atmosphere. Here you 've not only lost the effect, but changed the scheme entirely. My advice to you, Mr. Cuneo, is to paint—draw—draw with your brush, and endeavor to produce what you see before you." Then, as he walked off, "You may be shocked by the result."

Needless to say, that was the first and last drawing I made in that class. From that time forward I started to paint, and when I was noticed at all, I got the very brief and lucid criticisms for which Whistler was famous. "Yes, yes; now that 's better, that 's better. It rather looks as if you had squeezed the tubes on to the canvas."

My term of office as massier began in a very amusing way. I was summoned one day by Madame: Mr. Whistler wished to speak to me. I immediately concluded that my career at the academy was at an end—that I had been found wanting, and unworthy even to follow humbly in the great man's footsteps. This was also the general impression in the class; for, as I closed the door, the fellows called out, "Good-by, Cuneo, old chap!"

Whistler was standing an impressive figure in black, his long overcoat buttoned down to his ankles, with the poet's hat and black gloves all complete. I had

hardly entered the room before he wheeled round, and looking sternly at me, said: "Look here, Mr. Cuneo, you er—er—*seem* a very conscientious and hard-working young man, and I think—er—I think—er—you 'll get on."

In my agony I blurted out: "But, Mr. Whistler, I am painting entirely at present."

"Yes, yes, yes. I want you to become massier here, as Mr.—— is leaving. I know you will do your best to get the right sort of pupils in this class. You must understand my aim is not to get this school into the position of those other French académies, where anybody is accepted who will pay the usual fees. No, we don't want the ordinary student, just for the sake of filling up the class. We want real born artists, men who consider art a science, not a trade. Men—er—men—er— These fellows, these—er—we want none of your cow-punching Americans, who have done portraits for two bits [twenty-five cents] over there, and think they can come here and join *my* school. They are certainly undesirable, and are not wanted here—not wanted here."

Then, shaking his gloved finger in my face, he resumed: "And there are others who come from London, from that school—er—we 've got some of them here now. They are no credit to my school. You know, the girls are much stronger, much stronger. I 'll try and come round next Friday. Good day. Madame, j'ai parlé avec M. Cuneo: il comprend bien." And without another word he left me.

On the mornings of Whistler's intended visits all were on the alert, and ordinary things were thrust aside. Tordo, the excitable Italian attendant, acted as scout, and was stationed at the end of the passage, commanding a good view of Whistler's studio. Madame hung out of the window. At the first signs of Whistler's approach, Tordo raced back. Madame instantly took the alarm, burst into the studio, crying, "Signor Cuneo, Signor Wheestlair!" and vanished as suddenly as she had come, and we heard her ruthlessly silence her husband, who might be tranquilly playing Verdi's "Miserere" on his harp. Almost before the last strains had ceased there would be a violent ring at the bell, and one of



Cyrus Cuno

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"DRAWING FROM HIS POCKET HIS 'GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES,'
HE SOLEMNLY READ US EXTRACTS"

the Americans would remark, "That 's Whistler's clutch." Madame, by this time composed and smiling, opened the door in a calm and casual manner. After exchanging the usual greetings, she came to the studio and beckoned me out of the room, amid the sniggers of the others. Of course the understanding was that we were all unaware that Mr. Whistler was in the place.

He bowed to me, said good morning, and asked me to announce him, mentioning at the same time that he was "very busy this morning—very busy. Have only just come to see—er—how everybody is—really cannot stay."

I opened the studio door, and sheepishly walking down the shallow steps, said: "Gentlemen, Mr. Whistler." This naturally surprised them very much.

Whistler came forward and stood on the landing, bowing graciously. "Good morning, gentlemen; I hope you are all well."

The men, looking uncommonly like tin soldiers, mumbled some reply.

Having been relieved of his hat, coat, and cane, the great man was soon chatting among us. Suddenly dropping the subject he was discussing, he pointed to a canvas and said, "Wh-o-o-o- 's done that?"

The perpetrator of the study slowly emerged from the group, like a guilty schoolboy hauled up for some dreadful offense. Whistler's mere address always made you feel insignificant and small.

"Oho—you 're an American, are n't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Whistler; I come from—"

"Yes, yes: I thought so. There 's something in it, yes—you 've got a something; but there 's such a lack of—er—of—er—er—it—m-m-m, yes, yes, yes, I see in the model a beautiful envelopment, the atmosphere; there 's hardly an edge—it turns. By the way, what is your palette like? Let me see it, let me see it."

The palette was produced, and a look of horror overspread Whistler's face.

"Good gracious! I say, Mr. Cuneo, have you shown Mr.— the arrangement for the palette?"

"I am afraid, Mr. Whistler, he has n't been here very long."

"Well, let me see—have you got any brushes?"

They were handed to him, and he looked at them very doubtfully. He then took the palette and proceeded to get it into a fit condition to use. Deciding on the general tone of the model, he mixed with the knife a lump of paint to represent this tone, then dragged in similar colors, light and dark, to form the transitional tones from light to shadow. There was a look of great admiration at the sight of what he had produced. The palette was now a true harmony in every sense; in itself it would almost have served as a picture, thus illustrating Whistler's words that "the picture was practically finished on the palette."

Having now got everything in satisfactory working order, and oblivious of the fact that he had an engagement, that the poor model had been posing before he came, and had patiently stood through the tedious twenty minutes of preparatory work, Whistler started to "transfer" to the canvas.

We all crowded around, breathlessly watching his every movement: this was certainly a treat never to be forgotten. Intense interest was depicted on our eager, pleased faces, and I am sure we were all inwardly elated at the thought of those of our fellow-students who were not present.

There stood frail little Whistler, staring at the model as though she were a ghost. With open eyes and mouth, working on the palette, he held his breath, then slowly extending his arm, and gently but firmly drawing the brush along the canvas, he uttered a deep sigh—almost a puff of relief at the finish of the stroke. This painful process was repeated at almost every touch, and was exceedingly comical. It was marvelous, though, to see the transformation he wrought: from an ordinary study he changed it to a canvas containing all the qualities of a great master.

As time went on, uneasiness prevailed. We shifted from one foot to the other, leaned on one another's shoulders, and exchanged glances of sympathy with the model, who was lifting first one leg, then the other, in a wild endeavor to get the blood to circulate, and making horrible faces as she looked at the clock. (Whistler would



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HOW BEAUTIFULLY YOU 'VE PAINTED THE CANDLE!
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN'"



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE WAS DAINTILY WIPING HIS FINGER-TIPS ON A SNOWY HANDKERCHIEF
WHICH THE MASSIER HELD BEFORE HIM"

only have women models, never men.) This had not the slightest effect on Whistler, who became more and more excited, his strokes more energetic, while the white lock reared itself defiantly in his disheveled hair. Then with a louder puff than any that had preceded it, Whistler suddenly laid down the brushes, saying, "I think that's better."

Our enthusiastic praises were not wholly due, I fear, to the very fine lesson we had received. Being merely mortal, we thought of mundane things, and we were all keenly aware that our dinner-hour was long past. The model took instant advantage of the break, and limped across the room, incoherently muttering something about its being the last time she would pose here.

Whistler informed me, as I helped him into his coat, that he would come next Friday and read us some passages from his book that, he thought, would be of some benefit to us. Mounting the shallow steps, he paused on the little landing at the top, and with his usual courteous bow made his exit.

We surged round the picture, and several laughing offers were made for it; but the lucky possessor walked off triumphantly. I am sure that up to the last moment he had expected Whistler to say, "I'd better take this with me."

True to his word, on the following Friday he appeared, and, summoning us around him, he seated himself on a high tabouret, and drawing from his pocket his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies," he solemnly read us extracts, accentuating passages with his gloved hand, occasionally looking up and asking some of the foreigners if they understood, and sometimes even translating for their benefit.

A Scotchman who was very anxious to obtain Whistler's opinion of some of his sketches had begged me to speak to him that morning. I must mention here that no student could approach the professor direct, everything having to be done through the massier. I accordingly went up to Whistler and asked him if he would look at a few sketches Mr. ——— wished to show him.

"Sketches? oh, well—er—yes, yes, certainly."

Much elated, Mr. ——— ranged his works neatly in a row on a divan in a

good light, and waited with much complacency for the verdict.

They were of the sort that Whistler disliked extremely, being without harmony or thought—in fact, the first thing that presented itself. Whether it was the man's knickerbockers or the lack of quality in his work that influenced the judgment, one will never know.

Whistler stooped and most carefully studied each sketch one after the other, then coming back to the first one, an old peasant woman, her face brilliantly illuminated by a huge candle flaring in the foreground, he again looked at it long and hard, then quietly turning, said in a dangerously subdued tone:

"How beautifully you've painted the candle! Good morning, gentlemen."

I shall never forget the crestfallen aspect of ——— as he packed up his sketches.

This was Whistler at his worst; but the following incident shows how really kind he was beneath the crust of eccentricity when he saw an earnest and conscientious student.

A well-known American portrait-painter, armed with a full-length portrait study taken off the stretcher and rolled up under his arm, ventured to call on Whistler one Sunday morning. His modest knock brought the great man himself to the door. Opening it a very little way, he thrust out his head and demanded irritably: "What brings you here? What do you want?" The artist stammered out that he was a student and had a study that he would much like to show Whistler and get his opinion on. Whistler said, "M-m-m—just wait a minute," and, rushing back into the room, he turned every picture with its face to the wall, and took the one that he was engaged on off the easel. Then, motioning the American in, he sat down and said: "Now, what do you want? You know I'm fearfully busy to-day,—it's really not the day to come and see me,—but sit down, sit down."

This was an embarrassing start, but the visitor hid his nervousness in the process of unrolling the canvas.

Whistler scanned the painting most critically, and suddenly blurted out, "But what are you doing this for?"

"Well, I thought I could finish it and send it to the Salon."

"But what 's the good of that? What good will that do you? It 's hung on the walls and forgotten; it 's much better to work for yourself and not for the Salon."

Then stooping down and picking up the canvas and carefully pinning it on the wall, he surveyed it silently for some time. "Yes," he exclaimed at last, "it 's carefully done. You have a certain amount of charm and repose, and—er—the color is quiet. You don't work in the schools, do you?" Then putting back on the easel the picture he had been painting he said: "What do you think of this—what do you see in this?"

My friend said that he saw a beautiful feeling of atmosphere, and soft, subdued coloring, and so forth, Whistler going off into one of his quiet, chuckling laughs.

Suddenly Whistler said: "I see you are not here from any mercenary motives, so sit down and we 'll have a little chat."

He became quite confidential as they talked on American art and the different works of different men, and at last he said: "Well, you know, you 're a curious fellow, cutting a canvas off a stretcher like that."

"I thought," said the visitor, "it would be easier to carry; and then it does n't matter—I am going to paint it over again."

"Ah, that 's a good idea: you go home and paint twenty of those, and maybe you 'll get a good one."

"May I show you my next attempt, Mr. Whistler?" the visitor asked.

"Certainly; certainly; I shall be pleased to see anything you do. Good gracious! it 's after twelve, and I 've done nothing: you have wasted my time most horribly. Good morning, good morning."

I can hardly leave the subject of the Académie Whistler without referring to the girl students, whom he considered his stronger class. He never had a more ardent lot of followers. They adored him, and being more susceptible to the emo-

tional side of his influence, under his tuition they turned out really charming studies. On certain days the girls appeared more smartly dressed than usual,—some were even resplendent,—and to the uninitiated in the Quarter these gay toilettes almost suggested a festive occasion; but, no, it was merely that Mr. Whistler was expected. Only a few worked at their painting, blouses were discarded, and there was a general air of nervous expectation.

On these days visitors were denied admittance, and it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to be found in the place. By mistake one day I opened the door, and was rushing in, when I was stopped short by many angry eyes turned on me. I fled out of the room as I became aware that Mr. Whistler was criticizing.

The picture made an indelible impression on me: Whistler in his tightly buttoned black frock-coat, his monocle gleaming in his eye, surrounded by a bevy of girls who hung on his slightest word. He was daintily wiping his fingertips on a snowy handkerchief which the massier held before him. I heard him utter the monotonous words, in his most mocking manner, "And is that what they taught you at the Slade?"

The career of the academy came to an end mainly because Whistler's bad health made his visits infrequent. The students dwindled away, and eccentricity reigned supreme. Foolish quarrels arose, and in one instance there was nearly a fight because an American student would insist on coming to work in knickerbockers and painting with flat brushes. He was considered no artist, and was asked to leave the class. The school received its death-blow when, for some reason that I fail to remember, Whistler was absent for a month or more. The proprietor, in a far-seeing mood, incidentally collected three months' fees in advance from the girls, and then promptly closed the school.



THE SHUTTLE

WHICH WOVE THE DESTINIES OF BETTINA VANDERPOEL
AND OTHERS

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

I

THE WEAVING OF THE SHUTTLE



O man knew when the Shuttle began its slow and heavy weaving from shore to shore that it was held and guided by the great hand of Fate.

Fate alone saw the meaning of the web it wove, the might of it, and its place in the making of a world's history. Men thought but little of the web or the weaving, calling them by other names, and lighter ones, for the time unconscious of the strength of the thread thrown across thousands of miles of leaping, heaving gray and blue ocean.

Fate and Life planned the weaving, and it seemed mere circumstance which guided the Shuttle to and fro between two worlds divided by a gulf broader and deeper than the thousands of miles of salt, fierce sea—the gulf of bitter quarrel deepened by hatred and the shedding of brothers' blood.

But while the two worlds held apart, the Shuttle, weaving slowly in the great hand of Fate, drew them closer and held them firm, each of them all unknowing, for many a year, that what had at first been mere threads of gossamer was becoming a web whose strength none could compute.

The weaving was only in its early and slow-moving years when this story opens. Steamers crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, but they accomplished the journey at leisure, and with heavy rollings and all such discomfort as small craft can

afford. Their state-rooms and decks were not crowded with people to whom the voyage was a mere incident, in many cases a yearly one. In those days when a Shuttle wove at leisure, a man did not lightly run over to London, or Paris, or Berlin; he gravely "went to Europe."

The journey being likely to be made once in a lifetime, the traveler's intention was to see as much as possible—to see as many cities, to visit as many places, cathedrals, ruins, galleries, as his time and purse would allow. The period was a far cry from the time when the Shuttle, having shot to and fro faster and faster week by week, month by month, weaving new threads into its web each year, has woven warp and woof until they are of a strength not to be cut or torn or rent asunder, and bind far shore to shore.

It was in comparatively early days the first thread we follow was woven into the web. Many such have been woven since, and have added greater strength than any others, twining the cords of sex, and home-building, and race-founding. But this was a slight and weak one, being only the thread of the life of one Reuben Vanderpoel's daughter—the simple, pretty little one whose name was Rosalie.

The Vanderpoels were of the Americans whose fortunes were a portion of the history of their country. Literature touched upon them, moral systems considered them, stories for the young treated them gravely as illustrative.

The first Reuben Vanderpoel, who, in early days of danger, had traded with

savages for the pelts of wild animals, was the lauded hero of stories of thrift and enterprise. Throughout his hard-working life he had been irresistibly impelled to action by an absolute genius of commerce, expressing itself at the outset by the exhibition of courage in mere exchange and barter. An alert power to perceive the potential value of things, and the malleability of men and circumstances, had stood him in marvelous good stead. In his hands values increased; nothing remained unutilizable. The practical, sordid, uneducated little man developed the power to create demand for his own supplies. If he was betrayed into an error, he quickly retrieved it. He could live upon nothing, and consequently could travel anywhere in search of such things as he desired. He could barely read and write, and could not spell, but he was daring and astute. His untaught brain was that of a financier; his blood burned with the fever of one desire—the desire to accumulate. Money expressed to his nature not expenditure, but investment. The future held fascinations for him. He bought nothing for his own pleasure or comfort, nothing which could not be sold or bartered again. He married a woman who was a trader's daughter and who shared his passion for gain. She had excited his admiration by taking off her petticoat one bitter winter's day to sell it to a squaw for an ornament which she chanced to know was coveted by another squaw who would pay for it with a skin of value. The first Mrs. Vanderpoel was as wonderful as her husband. They were both wonderful. They were the founders of the fortune which a century and a half later was the delight—in fact the *pièce de résistance*—of New York society-reporters. The statement of it lent itself to infinite variety, and was always interesting to a particular class, some elements of which felt it encouraging to be assured that so much money could be a personal possession, and some regarding the fact as an additional argument to be used against the infamy of monopoly.

The first Reuben Vanderpoel transmitted to his son his accumulations and his fever for gain. He had but one child. The second Reuben built upon

the foundations this afforded him, a fortune as much larger than the first as the rapid growth and increasing capabilities of the country gave him enlarging opportunities to acquire. It was no longer necessary to deal with savages; his powers were called upon to cope with those of white men who came to a new country to struggle for livelihood and fortune. Some were shrewd, some were desperate, some were dishonest. But shrewdness never outwitted, desperation never overcame, dishonesty never deceived, the second Reuben Vanderpoel.

It was the common saying that the Vanderpoels were possessed of a money-making spell. Their spell lay in their entire mental and physical absorption in one idea. Their peculiarity was not so much that they wished to be rich as that Nature itself impelled them to collect wealth as the lodestone draws towards it iron. Having possessed nothing, they became rich; having become rich, they became richer; having founded their fortune on small schemes, they increased it by enormous ones. In time they obtained that omnipotence of wealth which it would seem no circumstance can control or limit.

The first Reuben Vanderpoel could not spell, the second could, the third was as well educated as a man could be whose sole profession is money-making. His children were taught all that expensive teachers and expensive opportunities could teach them. After the second generation the meager and mercantile physical type of the Vanderpoels improved upon itself. Feminine good looks appeared and were made the most of. The Vanderpoel element invested even good looks to an advantage.

The fourth Reuben Vanderpoel had no son and two daughters. They were brought up in a brown-stone mansion built upon a fashionable New York thoroughfare roaring with traffic. To the farthest point of the Rocky Mountains the number of dollars this "mansion" (it was always called so) had cost was known. There may have existed Pueblo Indians who had heard rumors of the price of it. All the shopkeepers and farmers in the United States had read newspaper descriptions of its furnishings and knew the value of

the brocade which hung in the bedrooms and boudoirs of the Misses Vanderpoel. It was a fact much cherished that Miss Rosalie's bath was of Carrara marble, and to good souls actively engaged in doing their own washing in small New England or Western towns it was a distinct luxury to be aware that the water in the Carrara marble bath was perfumed with Florentine iris. Circumstances such as these seemed to become personal possessions, and even to lighten somewhat the burden of toil.

Rosalie Vanderpoel married an Englishman of title, and part of the story of her married life forms my prologue. Hers was of the early international marriages, and the republican mind had not yet adjusted itself to all that such alliances might imply. In such matters it was still ingenuous, imaginative, and confiding.

A baronetcy, and a manor house reigning over an old English village, and over villagers in possible smock-frocks, presented elements of picturesque dignity to people whose intimacy with such allurements had been limited to the novels of Mrs. Oliphant and other writers. The most ordinary little anecdotes in which figured vicarages, gamekeepers and dowagers were exciting in these early days. "Sir Nigel Anstruthers," when engraved upon a visiting-card, wore an air of distinction almost startling. Sir Nigel himself was not as picturesque as his name, though he was not entirely without attraction, when, for reasons of his own, he chose to aim at agreeableness of bearing. He was a man with a good figure and a good voice, and but for a heaviness of feature, the result of objectionable living, might have given the impression of being better-looking than he really was. New York laid amused, and at the same time charmed, stress upon the fact that he spoke with an "English accent." His enunciation was in fact clear-cut, and treated its vowels well. He was a man who observed with an air of accustomed punctiliousness such social rules and courtesies as he deemed it expedient to consider. An astute worldling had remarked that he was at once more ceremonious and more casual in his manner than men bred in America.

"If you invite him to dinner," the

worldling said, "or if you die or marry or meet with an accident, his notes of condolence or congratulation are prompt and civil; but the actual truth is that he cares nothing whatever about you or your relations, and if you don't please him, he does not hesitate to sulk or be astonishingly rude, which last an American does not allow himself to be, as a rule."

By many people Sir Nigel was not analyzed, but accepted. He was of the early English who came to New York, and was a novelty of interest, with his background of manor house, and village, and old family name. He was very much talked of at vivacious ladies' luncheon parties; he was very much talked to at equally vivacious afternoon teas. At dinner-parties he was furtively watched a good deal, but after dinner, when he sat with the men over their wine, he was not popular. He was not perhaps exactly disliked, but men whose chief interest at that period lay in stocks and railroads did not find conversation easy with a man whose sole occupation had been the shooting of birds and the hunting of foxes, when he was not absolutely loitering about London with his time on his hands. The stories he told, and they were few, were chiefly anecdotes whose points gained their humor by the fact that a man was a comically bad shot or bad rider, and either peppered a gamekeeper or was thrown into a ditch when his horse went over a hedge, and such relations did not increase in the poignancy of their interest by being filtered through brains accustomed to applying their powers to problems of speculation and commerce. He was not so dull but that he perceived this at an early stage of his visit to New York, which was probably the reason of the infrequency of his stories.

He, on his side, was naturally not quick to rise to the humor of "a big deal" or a big blunder made on Wall Street, or to the wit of jokes concerning them. Upon the whole, he would have been glad to have understood such matters more clearly. His circumstances were such as had at last forced him to contemplate the world of money-makers with something of an annoyed respect. "These fellows," who had neither titles nor estates to keep up, could make

money. He, as he acknowledged disgustingly to himself, was much worse than a beggar. There was Stornham Court in a state of ruin, the estate going to the dogs, the farm-houses tumbling to pieces, and he, so to speak, without a sixpence to bless himself with, and head over heels in debt. Englishmen of the rank which in bygone times had not associated itself with trade had begun at least to trifle with it—to consider its potentialities as factors possibly to be made useful by the aristocracy. Countesses had not yet spiritedly opened milliners' shops, nor belted earls adorned the stage, but certain noblemen had dallied with beer and coquetted with stocks. One of the first commercial developments had been the discovery of America—particularly of New York—as a place, if one could make up one's mind to the plunge, where one might marry one's sons profitably.

At first younger sons who "gave trouble" to their families were sent out. Their names, their backgrounds of castles and manors, relatives of distinction, London seasons, fox-hunting, Buckingham Palace and Goodwood Races, formed a picturesque allurements. That the castles and manors would belong to their elder brothers, that the relatives of distinction did not encourage intimacy with swarms of the younger branches of their families, that London seasons, hunting and racing were for their elders and betters, were facts not realized in all their importance by the republican mind. In the course of time they were realized to the full, but in Rosalie Vanderpoel's nineteenth year they covered what was at that time almost unknown territory.

One may rest assured Sir Nigel Anstruthers said nothing whatsoever in New York of an interview he had had before sailing with an intensely disagreeable great-aunt, who was the wife of a bishop. She was a horrible old woman, with a broad face, blunt features, and a raucous voice whose tones added acidity to her observations when she was indulging in her favorite pastime of interfering with the business of her acquaintances and relatives.

"I do not know what you are going chasing off to America for, Nigel," she commented. "You can't afford it, and

it is perfectly ridiculous of you to take it upon yourself to travel for pleasure, as if you were a man of means instead of being in such a state of pocket that Maria tells me you cannot pay your tailor. Neither the bishop nor I can do anything for you, and I hope you don't expect it. All I can hope is that you know yourself what you are going to America in search of, and that it is something more practical than buffaloes. You had better stop in New York. Those big shopkeepers' daughters are enormously rich, they say, and they are immensely pleased by attentions from men of your class. They say they'll marry anything if it has an aunt or a grandmother with a title. You can mention the Marchioness, you know. You need not refer to the fact that she thought your father a black-guard and your mother an interloper, and that you have never been invited to Broadmere since you were born. You can refer casually to me and to the Bishop and to the palace, too. A palace—even a bishop's—ought to go a long way with Americans. They will think it is something royal." She ended her remarks with one of her most insulting snorts of laughter, and Sir Nigel became dark-red, and looked as if he would like to knock her down. He was furious at her impudence in speaking to him as if he were a villager out of work whom she was at liberty to bully and lecture.

Naturally Rosalie Vanderpoel knew nothing of this side of the matter. She had been a petted butterfly child who had been pretty and admired and indulged from her infancy, and she had grown up into a petted butterfly girl, pretty and admired and surrounded by inordinate luxury. Her world had been made up of good-natured, lavish friends and relatives who enjoyed themselves and felt a delight in her girlish toilettes and triumphs. She had spent her one season of belledom in being whirled from festivity to festivity, in dancing in rooms festooned with thousands of dollars worth of flowers, in lunching or dining at tables loaded with roses and violets and orchids, from which ball-rooms or feasts she had borne away wonderful "favors" and "gifts," whose prices, being recorded in the newspapers, caused a thrill of delight or envy to pass over

the land. She was a slim little creature, with quantities of light, feathery hair, like a French doll's. She had small hands and small feet and a small waist,—a small brain, also, it must be admitted,—but she was an innocent, sweet-tempered girl, with a childlike simpleness of mind. In fine, she was exactly the girl to find Sir Nigel's domineering temperament at once imposing and attractive so long as it was cloaked by the ceremonies of external good-breeding.

Her sister Bettina, who was still a child, was of a stronger and less susceptible nature. Betty, at eight, had long legs and a square but delicate small face. Her well-opened steel-blue eyes were noticeable for rather extravagant ink-black lashes and a straight young stare which seemed to accuse if not to condemn. She was being educated at a ruinously expensive school with a number of other inordinately rich little girls who were all too wonderfully dressed and too lavishly supplied with pocket-money. The school considered itself specially refined and select, but was, in fact, intensely vulgar. The inordinately rich little girls, who had most of them pretty and spiritual or pretty and piquant faces, ate a great many bonbons, and chattered a great deal in high, unmodulated voices about the parties their sisters and other relatives went to and the dresses they wore. Some of them were nice little souls who in the future would emerge from their chrysalis state enchanting women, but they used colloquialisms freely and had an ingenuous habit of referring to the price of things. Bettina Vanderpoel, who was the richest and cleverest and most promising handsome among them, was colloquial to slanginess, but she had a deep, mellow child voice and an amazing carriage.

She could not endure Sir Nigel Anstruthers. "He's a hateful thing," she said; "I loathe him. He's stuck up, and he thinks you are afraid of him, and he likes it."

Sir Nigel had known only English children, little girls who lived in that discreet corner of their parents' town or country houses known as "the school-room," apparently emerging only for daily walks with governesses; boys in little high hats, and with faces which seemed curiously made to match them.

It was quite true that Bettina talked too much and too readily at times, but it had not been explained to her that the opinions of the young are not always of absorbing interest to the mature. It was also true that Sir Nigel was a great fool for interfering with what was clearly no affair of his in such a manner as would have made him an enemy even had not the child's instinct arrayed her against him at the outset.

"You American youngsters are too cheeky," he said on one of the occasions when Betty had talked too much. "If you were my sister and lived at Stornham Court, you would be learning lessons in the school-room and wearing a pinafore. Nobody ever saw my sister Emily when she was your age."

"Well, I'm not your sister Emily, and I guess I'm glad of it," retorted Betty.

It was rather impudent of her, but it must be confessed that she was not infrequently rather impudent in a rude little-girl way, but she was serenely unconscious of the fact.

Sir Nigel flushed darkly, and laughed a short unpleasant laugh.

"I 'guess' that I may be congratulated, too," he sneered.

"If I was going to be anybody's sister Emily," said Betty, excited a little by the sense of the fray, "I should n't want to be yours."

"Now, Betty, don't be hateful," interposed Rosalie, laughing, and her laugh was nervous. "There's Mina Thalberg coming up the front steps. Go and meet her."

Rosalie, poor girl, always found herself nervous when Sir Nigel and Betty were in the room together. She instinctively recognized their antagonism and was afraid Betty would do something an English baronet would think vulgar.

When Bettina marched out of the room, with her extraordinary carriage finely manifest, Rosy's little laugh was propitiatory.

"You must n't mind her," she said. "She's a real, splendid little thing, but she's got a quick temper. It's all over in a minute."

"They would n't stand that sort of thing in England," said Sir Nigel. "She's deucedly spoiled, you know."

When, later, Bettina was told that her sister had become engaged to Sir Nigel Anstruthers, a flame of color flashed over her face; she stared silently a moment, then bit her lip, and burst into tears.

"Well, Bett," exclaimed Rosalie, "you are the queerest thing I ever saw."

Bettina's tears were an outburst, not a flow. She swept them away passionately with her small handkerchief.

"He 'll do something awful to you," she said. "He 'll nearly kill you. I know he will. I 'd rather be dead myself."

She dashed out of the room, and could never be induced to say a word further about the matter.

II

A LACK OF PERCEPTION

MERCANTILE as Americans were proclaimed to be, the opinion of Sir Nigel Anstruthers was that they were on some points singularly unbusinesslike. In the perfectly obvious and simple matter of the settlement of his daughter's fortune, he had felt that Reuben Vanderpoel was obtuse to the point of idiocy. A man of birth and rank, he argued, does not career across the Atlantic to marry a New York millionaire's daughter unless he anticipates deriving some advantage from the alliance. In England, to use his own words, there was no nonsense about it. Women's fortunes, as well as themselves, belonged to their husbands, and a man who was master in his own house could make his wife do as he chose.

But Sir Nigel had not in the least desired to saddle himself with a domestic encumbrance; in fact, nothing would have induced him to consider the step if he had not been driven hard by circumstances. He and his mother had been living from hand to mouth, so to speak, for years, and they had also been obliged to keep up appearances, which is sometimes embittering even to persons of amiable tempers. Lady Anstruthers, it is true, had lived in the country and in as niggardly a manner as possible, presenting at the same time a stern, bold front to the persons who saw her—to the insufficient staff of servants, to the village, to the vicar and his wife, and to the

few, far-distant neighbors who, perhaps, once a year, drove miles to call or leave a card. She was an old woman sufficiently unattractive to find no difficulty in the way of limiting her acquaintances. While she pinched herself, and harried her few hirelings at Stornham, it was necessary for Sir Nigel to show himself in town and present as decent an appearance as possible. His vanity did not permit him to drop out of the world to which he could not afford to belong. For a few years as part of the hospitality of his acquaintances he was invited to dine at good houses and go shooting and hunting. But a man who cannot afford to return hospitalities will find that he need not expect to avail himself of those of his acquaintances to the end of his career, unless he is an extremely engaging person. Sir Nigel Anstruthers was not an engaging person.

Finding that he had nothing to give in return for what he took as if it were his right, society gradually began to cease to retain any lively recollection of his existence. Driven occasionally down to Stornham by actual pressure of circumstances, he found the outlook there more embittering still. Lady Anstruthers could point out to him that he had no money, and that tenants would not stay in houses which were tumbling to pieces, and work land which had been starved. She could tell him just how long a time had elapsed since wages had been paid and accounts cleared off.

"You make the whole thing as deuced disagreeable as you can," Nigel would snarl.

"I merely state facts," she would reply with acrid serenity.

So Sir Nigel Anstruthers borrowed some money, went to New York, and made his suit to nice little silly Rosalie Vanderpoel.

But he now found himself face to face with a state of affairs such as he had not contemplated. In England, when a man married, certain practical matters could be inquired into and arranged by solicitors—the amount of the prospective bride's fortune, the allowances and settlements to be made, the position of the bridegroom with regard to pecuniary matters. To put it simply, a man found out where he stood and what he was to gain.



Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"WELL, I'M NOT YOUR SISTER EMILY, AND I GUESS I'M GLAD OF IT,"
REPLIED BETTY

But Sir Nigel gradually discovered that in America the general impression seemed to be that a man married purely for love and that delicacy would make it impossible for him to ask questions as to what his bride's parents were in a position to hand over to him as a sort of indemnity for the loss of his bachelor freedom.

Anstruthers began to discover this fact before he had been many weeks in New York. Millionaires, it appeared, did not expect to make allowances to men who married their daughters; young women, it transpired, did not in the least realize that a man should be liberally endowed in payment for assuming the duties of a husband. If rich fathers made allowances, they made them to their daughters themselves, who disposed of them as they pleased.

His most illuminating experience had been the hearing of some men,—hard-headed, rich stock-brokers, with a vulgar sense of humor,—enjoying themselves quite uproariously, one night at a club, over a story one of them was relating of an unsatisfactory German son-in-law who had demanded an income. He was a man of small title who had married the narrator's daughter, and after some months spent in his father-in-law's house, had felt it but proper that his financial position should be put on a practical footing.

"He brought her back after the bridal tour to make us a visit," said the storyteller, a sharp-featured man with a quaint mouth, which seemed to express a perpetually repressed appreciation of passing events. "I had nothing to say against that, because we were all glad to see her home and her mother had been missing her. But weeks passed and months passed, and there was no mention made of them going over to settle in the slosh we'd heard so much of and in time it came out that the slosh thing"—Anstruthers realized with gall in his soul that the "brute," as he called him, meant "schloss," and that his mispronunciation was at once a matter of humor and derision—"was n't his at all. It was his elder brother's. The whole lot of them were counts, and not one of them seemed to own a dime. The slosh count had n't more than twenty-five cents, and he was n't the kind to deal any of it out to

his family. So Lily's count would have to go clerking in a dry-goods store if he proposed to support himself. But he did n't propose to do it. He thought he'd got on to a soft thing. Of course we're an easy-going lot, and we should have stood him if he'd been a nice fellow. But he was n't. Lily's mother used to find her crying in her bedroom, and it came out by degrees that it was because Adolf had been quarreling with her and saying sneering things about her family. When her mother talked to him, he was insulting. Then bills began to come in, and Lily was expected to get me to pay them. And they were not the kind of bills a decent fellow calls on another man to pay. But I did it five or six times, to make it easy for her. I did n't tell her that they gave an older chap than himself side-lights on the situation. But that did n't work well. He thought I did it because I had to, and he began to feel free and easy about it, and did n't try to cover up his tracks as much when he sent in a new lot. He was always working Lily. He began to consider himself master of the house. He intimated that a private carriage ought to be kept for them. He said it was beggarly that he should have to consider the rest of the family when he wanted to go out. When I got on to the situation I began to enjoy it. I let him spread himself for a while, just to see what he would do. Good Lord! I could n't have believed that any fellow could have thought any other fellow could be such a fool as he thought I was. He went perfectly crazy after a month or so, and ordered me about and patronized me as if I was a bootblack he meant to teach something to. So at last I had a talk with Lily, and told her I was going to put an end to it. Of course she cried and was half-frightened to death, but by that time he had ill-used her so that she only wanted to get rid of him. So I sent for him and had a talk with him in my office. I led him on to saying all he had on his mind. He explained to me what a condescension it was for a man like himself to marry a girl like Lily. He made a dignified, touching picture of all the disadvantages of such an alliance, and all the advantages they ought to bring in exchange to the man who bore up under them. I rubbed my

head and looked worried every now and then, and cleared my throat apologetically, just to warm him up. I can tell you the fellow felt happy, downright happy, when he saw how humbly I listened to him. He thought I was going to pay up, just as a vulgar New York father-in-law ought to do, and thank God for the blessed privilege. Why, he was real eloquent about his blood, and his ancestors, and the hoary-headed slosh. So when he 'd finished, I cleared my throat in a nervous, ingratiating kind of way again, and I asked him, kind of anxiously, what he thought would be the proper thing for a base-born New York millionaire to do under the circumstances—what he would approve of himself."

"What did he say, Stebbins?" some one cried.

"He said," explained Mr. Stebbins, deliberately—"He said that an allowance was the proper thing. He said that a man of his rank must have resources and that it was n't dignified for him to have to ask his wife, or his wife's father, for money when he wanted it. He said an allowance was what he felt he had a right to expect. And then he twisted his mustache and asked, What proposition did I make—what would I allow him."

The story-teller's hearers evidently knew him well. They gave a shout of laughter.

"Let 's hear the rest, Joe!"

"Well," replied Mr. Stebbins, thoughtfully, "I just got up and said: 'Well, it won't take long for me to answer that. I 've always been fond of my children, and Lily is rather my pet. She 's always had everything she wanted, and she always shall. She 's a good girl and she deserves it. I 'll allow you'—there was a significant deliberation to his drawl—'I 'll allow you—just five minutes to get out of this room before I kick you out; and, if I kick you out of the room, I 'll kick you down the stairs; and if I kick you down the stairs, I shall have got my blood comfortably warmed up, and I 'll kick you down the street, and round the block, and over to Hoboken, because you 're going to take, a steamer there and go back, steerage-passage, to the place you came from, to the slosh thing, or whatever you call it. We have n't a d——d bit of use for you

here,' and, believe it or not, gentlemen"—looking round with a wry-mouthed smile,—"he took that steerage-passage, and back he went. And Lily 's living with her mother, and I mean to hold on to her."

When the story was finished Sir Nigel got up and left the club. He took a long walk down Broadway, gnawing his lip and holding his head in the air. "Confound it!" he said, "I 'm like a rat in a trap."

It was plain enough that he could not arrange his fortune as he had anticipated when he decided to begin to make love to little pink-and-white doll-faced Rosy Vanderpoel. If he began to demand monetary advantages in his dealings with his future wife's people, in their settlement of her fortune, he might arouse suspicion and inquiry. He did not want inquiry either in connection with his own means or his past manner of living.

"I am supposed to be moonstruck over a simpering American chit—moonstruck!"

But when he returned to his hotel, he had made up his mind, and was beginning to look over the situation in ugly cold blood. Matters must be settled without delay. He had seen at an early stage of their acquaintance that he could make Rosy blush with embarrassment when he conveyed to her that she had made a mistake, that he could chill her miserably when he chose to assume a lofty stiffness. When he was safely married, he could pave the way to what he felt was the only practical and reasonable end. If he had been marrying a woman with more brains, she would be more difficult to subdue, but with Rosalie Vanderpoel processes were not necessary. If you shocked, bewildered, or frightened her with accusations, sulks, or sneers, her light, innocent head was set in such a whirl that the rest was easy. It was possible, upon the whole, that the thing might not turn out so infernally ill after all. Suppose that it had been Bettina who had been the marriageable one!

III

YOUNG LADY ANSTRUTHERS

MISS VANDERPOEL's trousseau was minutely, ecstatically described in the daily

papers. Her frocks were multitudinous and wonderful, as also her jewels purchased at Tiffany's. She carried a thousand trunks, more or less, across the Atlantic. When the ship steamed away from the dock, the wharf was like a flower-garden in the blaze of brilliant and delicate attire worn by the bevy of wedding guests, who stood waving their handkerchiefs and laughingly calling out farewell good wishes:

"What a deuce of a row Americans make," Sir Nigel said, before they were out of hearing of the voices. "It will be a positive rest to be in a country where the women do not cackle and shriek with laughter."

"I suppose we do make more noise than English people," she admitted a second or so later. "I wonder why?" And without waiting for an answer,—somewhat as if she had not expected or quite wanted one,—she leaned a little farther over the side to look back, waving her small, fluttering handkerchief to the many still in tumult on the wharf.

She was not sufficiently perceptive, or quick enough to take offense, to realize that the remark was significant and that her husband had already begun as he meant to go on. Sir Nigel had been brought up in the good Early Victorian days when girls were educated to fetch slippers as retrievers were trained to go into the water after sticks, and terriers to bring back balls thrown for them.

An Atlantic voyage, some years ago, was capable of offering to a bride and bridegroom days enough to begin to glance into their character with a premonition of the waning of the honeymoon; at least, especially if they were not sea-proof, to wish wearily that the first half of it were over. Rosalie was not weary, but she began to be bewildered. As she had never been a clever girl or quick to perceive, and had spent her life among women-indulging American men, she was not prepared with any precedent which made her situation clear to her. The first time Sir Nigel showed his temper to her she simply stared at him, her eyes looking like those of a puzzled, questioning child. Then she broke into her nervous little laugh because she did not know what else to do.

At his second outbreak her stare was rather startled, and she did not laugh.

Her first awakening was to an anxious wonderment concerning certain moods of gloom, or what seemed to be gloom, to which he seemed prone.

"Is anything the matter, Nigel?" she asked, wondering if she was guilty of silliness in trying to slip her hand into his. She was sure she had been when he answered her.

"No," he said chillingly.

"I don't believe you are happy," she returned. "Somehow you seem so—so different."

"I have reasons for being depressed," he replied.

She vaguely felt herself put in the wrong, and he preferred that it should be so. He was, in fact, confronting disdainfully his position. He had her on his hands, and he was returning to his relatives with no definite advantage to exhibit as the result of having married her. She had been supplied with an income, but he had no control over it. The quality he found most maddeningly irritating in Rosalie was her absolute unconsciousness of the fact that it was entirely natural and proper that her resources should be in her husband's hands.

These were the things he was thinking over when he walked up and down the deck in unamiable solitariness. Rosy awakened to the amazed consciousness of the fact that, instead of being pleased with the luxury and prettiness of her wardrobe and appointments, he seemed to dislike and disdain them.

"You American women change your clothes too much and think too much of them," was one of his first criticisms. "You spend more than well-bred women should spend on mere dresses and bonnets. In New York it always strikes an Englishman that the women look *endimanchée* at whatever time of day you come across them."

She could not think of anything more to say than, "Oh, Nigel!"

That she was an American and a New Yorker was being impressed upon poor little Lady Anstruthers in a new way.

She was sitting in her state-room enclosed in a dressing-gown covered with cascades of lace tied with knots of embroidered ribbon, and her maid Hannah,

who admired her greatly, was brushing her fair, long hair with a gold-backed brush ornamented with a monogram of jewels.

If she had been a French duchess of a piquant type, or an English one with an aquiline nose, she would have been beyond criticism; if she had been a plump, over-fed woman, or an ugly, ill-natured, gross one, she would have looked vulgar: but she was a little thin fair New Yorker, and though she was not beyond criticism if one demanded high distinction, she was pretty and nice to look at. But Nigel Anstruthers would not allow this to her. His own tailors' bills being far in arrears and his pocket disgustingly empty, the sight of her ingenuous sumptuousness and the gay, accustomed simplicity of outlook with which she accepted it as her natural right, irritated him and roused his venom.

He made a gesture of distaste.

"This sachet business is rather overpowering," he said. "It is the sort of thing a woman should be particularly discreet about."

"Oh, Nigel!" cried the poor girl, agitatedly. "Hannah, do go and call the steward to open the windows. Is it really strong?" she implored, as Hannah went out. "How dreadful. It's only orris, and I did n't know Hannah had put it in the trunks."

"My dear Rosalie,"—with a wave of the hand taking in both herself and her dressing-case—"it is all too strong."

"All—wh—what?" she said gaspingly.

"The whole thing. All that lace and love-knot arrangement, the gold-backed brushes, and scent-bottles with diamonds and rubies sticking in them."

"They—they were wedding presents. They came from Tiffany's. Every one thought them lovely."

"They look as if they belonged to the dressing-table of a French woman of the *demi-monde*. I feel as if I had actually walked into the apartment of some notorious Parisian soubrette."

Rosalie Vanderpoel was a clean-minded little person, and her people were of the clean-minded type; therefore she did not understand all that this ironic speech implied; but she gathered enough of its significance to cause her to turn first red and then pale and then to burst into

tears. She was crying, and trying to conceal the fact, when Hannah returned.

Perhaps,—the bewildered girl began to think,—perhaps Nigel ought to have married one of the clever ones, someone who would have known how to understand him and who would have been more entertaining than she could be. Perhaps she was beginning to bore him. At this point the always too ready tears would rise to her eyes, and she would be overwhelmed by a sense of home-sickness.

By the time they landed she had been living under so much strain in her effort to seem quite unchanged that she had lost her nerve. She did not feel well, and was sometimes afraid that she might do something silly and hysterical in spite of herself. But when she reached London, the novelty of everything so excited her that she thought she was going to be better; and then, she said to herself, it would be proved to her that all her fears had been nonsense. This return of hope made her quite light-spirited, and she was almost gay in her little outbursts of delight and admiration as she drove about the streets with her husband. She did not know that her ingenuous ignorance of things he had known all his life, her rapture over common monuments of history, led him to say to himself that he felt rather as if he were taking a house-maid to see a Lord Mayor's show.

Before going to Stornham Court, they spent a few days in town. There had been no intention of proclaiming their presence to the world, and they did not do so; but, unluckily, certain tradesmen discovered the fact that Sir Nigel Anstruthers had returned to England with the bride he had secured in New York. The conclusion to be deducted from this circumstance was that the particular moment was a good one at which to send in bills for "acc't rendered." By each post Sir Nigel received sheafs of bills. Sometimes letters accompanied them, and once or twice respectful but firm male persons brought them by hand and demanded interviews which irritated Sir Nigel extremely.

The truth was that Rosalie knew nothing whatever about unpaid bills. Reuben Vanderpoel's daughters had never

encountered an indignant tradesman in their lives. Consequently, Rosalie did not recognize signs which would have been obviously recognizable by the initiated. If Sir Nigel Anstruthers had been a nice young fellow who had loved her, and had been honest enough to make a clean breast of his difficulties, she would have thrown herself into his arms and implored him effusively to make use of all her available funds; and if the supply had been insufficient, would have immediately written to her father for further donations, knowing that her appeal would be responded to at once. But Sir Nigel Anstruthers cherished no sentiments for any other person than himself, and he had no intention of explaining that his mere vanity had caused him to mislead her, that his rank and estate counted for nothing, and that he was, in fact, a pauper loaded with dishonest debts. He wanted money, but he wanted it to be given to him as if he conferred a favor by receiving it.

Poor Rosalie went joyfully forth shopping after the manner of all newly arrived Americans. She bought new toilettes and gewgaws, and presents for her friends and relatives in New York, and each package which was delivered at the hotel added to Sir Nigel's rage.

"You are spending a great deal of money," he said one morning.

Rosalie looked up from the lace flounce which had just been delivered and gave a little nervous laugh which was becoming entirely uncertain of propitiating.

"Am I?" she answered. "They say all Americans spend a good deal."

"Your money ought to be in proper hands and properly managed," he went on, with cold precision. "If you were an English woman, your husband would control it."

"Would he?" The simple, sweet-tempered obtuseness of her tone was infuriating. There was the usual shade of troubled surprise in her eyes as they met his. "I don't think men in America ever do that. I don't believe the nice ones want to. You see, they have such a pride about always giving things to women and taking care of them. I believe a nice American man would break stones in the street rather than take money from a

woman—even his wife. I mean while he could work. Of course if he were ill, or had ill luck, or anything like that, he would n't be so proud as not to take it from the person who loved him most and wanted to help him. You do sometimes hear of a man who won't work and lets his wife support him, but it's very seldom, and they are always the low kind that other men look down on."

"Wanted to help him." Sir Nigel selected the phrase and quoted it between puffs of the cigar he held in his fine, rather cruel-looking, hand, and his voice expressed a not too subtle sneer. "A woman is not 'helping' her husband when she gives him control of her fortune. She is only doing her duty and accepting her proper position with regard to him. The law used to settle the thing definitely."

"Did—did it?" Rosy faltered weakly. She knew he was offended again and that she was once more somehow in the wrong.

During their journey to Stornham Court the next day he was in one of his black moods. Once in the railway carriage he paid small attention to his wife, but sat rigidly reading his "Times" until, about midway to their destination, he descended at a station and paid a visit to the buffet in the small refreshment-room, after which he settled himself to doze in an exceedingly unbecoming attitude, his traveling-cap pulled down, his rather heavy face congested with a dark flush.

Rosy thought the green-clothed country lovely as the train sped through it, and a lump rose in her small throat because she knew she might have been so happy if she had not been so frightened and miserable. The thing which had been dawning upon her took clearer, more awful form. Incidents she had tried to explain and excuse to herself, upon all sorts of futile simple grounds, began to loom up before her in something like their actual proportions. She had heard of men who had changed their manner toward girls after they had married them, but she did not know they had begun to change so soon. This was so early in the honeymoon to be sitting in a railway carriage, in a corner remote from that occupied by a bridegroom,

who read his paper in what was obviously intentional, resentful solitude. Emily Soame's father, she remembered against her will, had been obliged to get a divorce for Emily after her two years of wretched married life. But Alfred Soames had been quite nice for six months at least. It seemed as if all this must be a dream, one of those nightmare things in which you suddenly find yourself married to someone you cannot bear, and you don't know how it happened, because you yourself have had nothing to do with the matter. She felt that presently she must waken with a start and find herself breathing fast, and panting out, half-laughing, half-crying: "Oh, I am so glad it's not true! I am so glad it's not true!"

But this was true, and there was Nigel, and she was in a new, unexplored world. It was not Rosalie Vanderpoel who pressed her colorless face against the glass of the window, looking out at the flying trees; it was the wife of Nigel Anstruthers; and suddenly by some hideous magic she had been snatched from the world to which she belonged and was being dragged by a jailer to a prison from which she did not know how to escape. Already Nigel had managed to convey to her that in England a woman who was married could do nothing—nothing to defend herself against her husband, and that to endeavor to do anything was the last, impossible touch of vulgar ignominy.

The vivid realization of the situation seized upon her like a possession as she glanced sideways at her bridegroom, and hurriedly glanced away again with a little hysterical shudder. New York, good-tempered, lenient, free New York was millions of miles away, and Nigel was so loathly near, and—and so ugly. She had never known before that he was so ugly, that his face was so heavy, his skin so thick and coarse, and his expression so evilly ill-tempered. She was not sufficiently analytical to be conscious that she had with one bound leaped to the appalling point of feeling uncontrollable physical abhorrence of the creature to whom she was chained for life. But he was her husband—her husband—and she was a wicked girl.

This inward struggle was a bad prepa-

ration for any added misery, and when their railroad journey terminated at Stornham Station she was met by new bewilderment.

The station itself was a rustic place where wild roses climbed down a bank to meet the very train itself, with the station-master's cottage, and roses, and clusters of lilies waving in its tiny garden. The station-master, a good-natured, red-faced man, came forward, baring his head to open the railroad-carriage door with his own hand. Rosy thought him delightful, and bowed and smiled sweet-temperedly to him and to his wife and little girls, who were curtsying at the garden gate. But as she smiled, she glanced furtively at Nigel, to see if she was doing exactly the right thing.

He himself was not smiling, and did not unbend even when the station-master, who had known him from his boyhood, felt at liberty to offer a differential welcome.

"Happy to see you home with your ladyship, Sir Nigel," he said; "very happy, if I may say so."

Sir Nigel responded to the respectful amiability with a half-military lifting of his right hand, accompanied by a grunt.

"D'ye do, Wells," he said, and strode past him to speak to the footman who had come from Stornham Court with the carriage.

The new and nervous little Lady Anstruthers, who was left to trot after her husband, smiled again at the ruddy, kind-looking fellow, this time in conscious deprecation. She had even parted her lips to venture a word of civility when she was startled to hear Sir Nigel's voice raised in angry rating.

"D——d bad management not to bring something else," she heard. "Kind of thing you fellows are always doing."

She made her way to the carriage, flurried again by not knowing whether she was doing right or wrong. Sir Nigel had given her no instructions, and she had not yet learned that when he was in a certain humor there was equal fault in obeying or disobeying such orders as he gave.

The carriage from the Court—not in the least a new or smart equipage—was drawn up before the entrance of the sta-

tion, and Sir Nigel was in a rage because the vehicle brought for the luggage was too small to carry it all.

"Very sorry, Sir Nigel," said the coachman, touching his hat two or three times in his agitation. "Very sorry. The omnibus was a little out of order,—the springs, Sir Nigel,—and I thought—"

"You thought!" was the heated interruption. "What right had you to think? You are not paid to think; you are paid to do your work properly. Here are a lot of infernal boxes which ought to go with us, and—where 's your maid?" wheeling round upon his wife.

Rosalie turned toward the woman, who was approaching from the waiting-room.

"Hannah," she said timorously.

"Drop those confounded bundles," ordered Sir Nigel, "and show James the boxes her ladyship is obliged to have this evening. Be quick about it, and don't pick out half a dozen. The cart can't take them."

Hannah looked frightened. This sort of thing was new to her, too. She shuffled her packages on to a seat, and followed the footman to the luggage. Sir Nigel continued rating the coachman. The man leaned forward on his box and spoke at last in a low tone.

"The 'bus has been broken some time," he said. "It 's—it 's an expensive job, Sir Nigel. Her ladyship thought it better to—"

Sir Nigel turned white about the mouth.

"Hold your tongue!" he commanded, and the coachman got red in the face, saluted, biting his lips, and sat stiff and upright on his box.

The station-master edged away uneasily, and tried to look as if he were not listening; but Rosalie could see that he could not help hearing, nor could the country people who had been passengers by the train, and who were collecting their belongings and getting into their traps.

Lady Anstruthers was ignored, and remained standing while the scene went on. She could not help recalling the manner in which she had been invariably received in New York on her return from any journey, how she was met by comfortable, merry people, and taken care of at once.

"Oh, never mind, Nigel dear," she said at last with innocent indiscretion. "It does n't really matter, you know."

Sir Nigel turned upon her a blaze of haughty indignation.

"If you 'll pardon my saying so, it does matter," he said. "It matters confoundedly. Be good enough to take your proper place in the carriage."

He moved to the carriage door, and not too civilly put her in. She gasped a little for breath as she sat down. He had spoken to her as if she had been an impertinent servant who had taken a liberty.

"May I request that in future you will be good enough not to interfere when I am reproving my servants," he remarked.

"I did n't mean to interfere," she apologized tremulously.

"I don't know what you meant. I only know what you did," was his response.

"You American women are too fond of cutting in. An Englishman can think for himself without his wife's assistance."

The tears rose to her eyes. The introduction of the international question overpowered her, as always.

"Don't begin to be hysterical. I should scarcely wish to present you to my mother bathed in tears."

She wiped the salt drops hastily away, and sat for a moment silent in the corner of the carriage. She must not be silly because she was unused to things. She ought not to be disturbed by trifles. She must try to be nice and look cheerful. When she had recovered herself she tried again.

"English country is so pretty," she said, when she thought she was quite sure that her voice would not tremble. "I do so like the hedges, and the darling little red-roofed cottages."

"It is so picturesque and so unlike America," was the pathetic little commonplace she ventured next. "Ain't it, Nigel?"

He turned his head slowly toward her, "Wha—at?" he drawled.

It was almost too much for her to sustain herself under. Her courage collapsed.

"I was only saying how pretty the cottages were," she faltered, "and that there 's nothing like this in America."

"You ended your remark by adding, 'ain't it?' There is nothing like that in

England. I shall ask you to do me the favor of leaving Americanisms out of your conversation when you are in the society of English ladies and gentlemen. It won't do."

"I did n't know I said it," Rosy answered, feebly.

"That is the difficulty," was his response. "You never know; but educated people do."

The girl felt like a beggar or a scullery-maid, who, being rated by her master, had not the refuge of being able to "give warning."

She made no further propitiatory efforts, but sat and stared in simple blankness at the country, which seemed to increase in loveliness at each new point of view. Sometimes she saw sweet, wooded rolling lands made lovelier by the homely farm-houses and cottages enclosed and sheltered by thick hedges and trees; once or twice they drove past a park enfolding a great house guarded by its huge sentinel oaks and beeches; once the carriage passed through an adorable little village, where children played on the green and a square-towered, gray church seemed to watch over the steep-roofed cottages and creeper-covered vicarage. If she had been a happy American tourist traveling in company with impressionable friends, she would have broken into ecstatic little exclamations of admiration every five minutes; but it had been driven home to her that her rapture would merely represent the crudeness which had existed in contentment in a brown-stone house, on a noisy thoroughfare, through a life which had been passed tramping up and down numbered streets and avenues.

They approached at last a second village with a green, a grass-grown street, and the irregular, red-tiled cottages which, to the unaccustomed eye, seemed rather to represent studies for sketches than absolute realities. The bell in the church-tower broke forth into a chime, and people appeared at the doors of the houses. The men touched their foreheads as the carriage passed, and the children made bobbing curtsies. Sir Nigel straightened himself a trifle in his seat, and recognized the greetings with the stiff, half-military salute. She looked at him questioningly.

"Are they—must I?" she began.

"Make some civil recognition," answered Sir Nigel, as if he were instructing an ignorant child. "It is customary."

So she bowed and tried to smile, and the joyous clamor of the bells brought the awful lump into her throat again. It reminded her of the ringing of the chimes at the New York church on that day of her marriage which had been so full of gay, luxurious bustle, so crowded with wedding presents and flowers and warm-hearted, affectionate congratulations and good wishes uttered in merry American voices.

The park at Stornham Court was large and beautiful and old. The trees were magnificent, and the broad sweep of sward, and rich dip of ferny dell, all that the imagination could desire. The court itself was old and many-gabled and mellow, red, and fine. Rosalie had learned from no precedent as yet that houses of its kind may represent the apotheosis of discomfort and dilapidation within, and only become more beautiful without. Tumble-down chimneys and broken tiles, clambered over by tossing ivy, are pictures to delight the soul. As she descended from the carriage, the girl was tremulous and uncertain of herself, and much overpowered by the unbending air of the man-servant who received her as if she were a parcel in which it was no part of his duty to take the smallest interest. As she mounted the stone steps, she caught a glimpse of broad gloom within the threshold, a big, square, dingy hall, where some other servants were drawn up in a row. She had read of something of the sort in English novels, and she was suddenly embarrassed afresh by her realization of the fact that she did not know what to do.

An elderly woman came out of a room opening into the hall. She was an ugly woman, of a rigid carriage, which, with the obvious intention of being severely majestic, was only antagonistic. She had a flaccid chin and was interestingly like Nigel. She also presented the expression he wore when he wanted to be disagreeable. She was the Dowager Lady Anstruthers.

"Well, Nigel," she said in a deep voice, "here you are at last."

This was of course a statement not to be refuted. She held out a leathern cheek and, as Sir Nigel also presented his, their caress of greeting was not effusive.

"Is this your wife?" she asked, giving Rosalie a bony hand. And as he did not indignantly deny this to be the fact, she added: "How do you do?"

Rosalie murmured a reply, and tried to control herself by making another effort to swallow the lump in her throat. But she could not swallow it. She had been keeping a desperate hold on herself too long. She had been brought to a point where this meeting between mother and son—these two, stony, unpleasant creatures exchanging a reluctant rub of uninviting cheeks, as two savages might have rubbed noses—proved the finishing impetus to hysteria. They were so hideous, these two, and so ghastly comic and fantastic in their unresponsive glumness that the poor girl lost all hold upon herself and broke into a trembling shriek of laughter.

"Oh!" she gasped in terror of what she felt to be her indecent madness.

"Oh, how—how!" And then seeing Nigel's furious start, his mother's glare, and all the servants' alarmed stare at her, she rushed staggering to the only creature she felt she knew,—her maid Hannah,—clutching her, and broke down into wild sobbing.

"Oh, take me away!" she cried. "Oh, do! Oh, do! Oh, Hannah! Oh, mother—mother!"

"Take your mistress to her room!" commanded Sir Nigel. "Go downstairs!" he called out to the servants. "Take her up-stairs at once, and throw water in her face," he added, to the excited Hannah.

And as the new Lady Anstruthers was half-led, half-dragged, in humiliated, hysteric disorder up the staircase, he took his mother by the elbow, marched her into the nearest room, and shut the door. There they stood and stared at each other, breathing quick, enraged breaths, and looking particularly alike with their heavy-featured, thick-skinned, infuriate faces.

"Well," said her ladyship, "so *this* is what you have brought home from America!"

(To be continued)



ON READING THE SYMPOSIUM

BY JOHN ERSKINE

PLATO, what splendid names I link with thine!

My poets all, who had from thee their dream:
Sweet Spenser first, who of our English line

Love earliest learned and Beauty made his theme;
Milton the next, from whom no veiled sun

Could Wisdom hide nor Virtue's lamp remove;
Then Shelley, heart of hearts! and, nearest, one

Loyal to these, who bred me in their love.

He taught me Shelley, who his own youth nursed;

Taught me the loftier music Milton sings;

Spenser he taught, and thee through these to trace.

Now I have felt thee mine, as the eaglet first

Craves the deep heaven and clothes his heart with wings

To join the star-wide hunting of his race.



From a photograph by Arnold Genthe. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A STUDY OF JULIA MARLOWE

JULIA MARLOWE

INCLUDING COMMENT BY HER ON CHARACTERS
SHE HAS PLAYED

BY ELIZABETH McCracken



ONCE I happened to be present when some one asked Professor Peirce of Harvard, one of Miss Marlowe's oldest friends, whether he regarded her "as a woman" or "as an actress."

The old gentleman meditated for an instant, and then he answered: "Mr. Emerson, in speaking of the scholar, has said that, in the right state, he is not a thinker, but man thinking. Is it not identical in the case of a woman who acts? In the right state, she is not an actress, but woman acting. I regard Miss Marlowe as being in the right state."

Certain it is that Miss Marlowe's personal and professional life cohere; that between her private and her public hours, however opposed their surfaces may appear, there is a basic consistency. In a deep sense she is what she acts, because she acts what she knows, and acts it knowingly. Her work in the theater is invariably the most delicate conscious expression of what subtly she understands herself to understand. Moreover, she is aware of this.

Last winter, when Miss Marlowe played *Portia* for the first time, and by her somewhat radically original presentation of the character so distressed various Shaksperian scholars that they clamored in their unhappiness until she overheard them, she merely said: "I am sorry; but I can't act their *Portia*, nor Miss Terry's, nor Miss Rehan's, nor any other person's. I must act mine."

Doctor Rolfe, to whom one evening I heard her make this remark, agreed. "My dear young lady," he said heartily,

"you are correct, perfectly correct. And," he continued, "to my mind, so is your *Portia*."

"I am glad you like her," Miss Marlowe replied quaintly. "She is the only one I have—the only one I can find in the play, for me, at least. I cannot see that the trial scene," she went on, "whatever it may be for *Shylock* or *Antonio*, is the climax of the play for *Portia*. I think that is found in the casket-scene, where *Bassanio* makes his choice. *Portia* loved *Bassanio*; she wanted him to choose rightly; she was almost tempted to be forewarned, to teach him how. And he did choose rightly. It seems to me that what she says then,—that speech beginning,

'How all the other passions fleet to air,'—is the deepest thing, the truest thing, in short, the most important thing, she has to say."

Another Shaksperian scholar had been listening. "Of course there is the mercy speech," he now interposed.

"Yes, there is," Miss Marlowe acquiesced; "but *Portia* thought that; the other speech she felt. And I am sure her emotions were stronger than her intellect, or she would have seen, which she did not, that *Bassanio* was not a very fine-grained person—a fortune-hunter who let his best friend risk his life that he might be a fortune-hunter!"

Doctor Rolfe entered a plea in *Bassanio's* defence: "Though he does say,

'In Belmont is a lady richly left,' he also says,

'And she is fair.'
He remembered that."

"But he did n't remember it first," Miss Marlowe returned.

The conversation wandered, I recall, to the evident amusement, taken by Miss Marlowe's *Portia* at the expense of the Prince of Morocco. "He loved her," some one declared. "So few of the suitors did that, she should have been touched, not amused, by him."

"It was n't his love that amused her," Miss Marlowe said gravely; "it was his apology for his complexion. No one with a sense of humor could take him seriously after that."

I must confess that I had been not undismayed by Miss Marlowe's *Portia*. Indeed, since she has been acting it, I have become almost letter perfect with regard to even the briefest of those speeches in "The Merchant of Venice" which in the slightest particular might affect one's judgment of *Portia's* nature and disposition.

Occasionally when this play was in progress, and I chanced to be staying with Miss Marlowe behind the scenes, we would discuss it during the entr'actes. One night I began, "You say that *Portia* had a sense of humor—"

Miss Marlowe turned upon me in astonishment. "Surely," she exclaimed, "you are not thinking of attempting to disprove that! There is the scene with *Nerissa*, where she describes her suitors; and there is the last act; and, in fact, there is everything to show that she had."

"I was just going to remind you," I continued, "that humor is a mental, not an emotional quality. You say that *Portia's* emotions were stronger than her intellect."

"I did n't mean to imply that she had no mind," Miss Marlowe elucidated patiently. "Her very sense of humor, if nothing else, shows that she had intellect."

"But in the trial scene you don't make her very intellectual," I suggested.

"I think I do," she insisted. "I make her simple in her manner, and quiet in her dress; and, since she was only a girl, after all, and unused to courts of law, I make her a little shy; and, because her being there, with all its serious intent and purpose, was rather comic, I make her a bit merry." She smiled. "Now, that may not be 'very intellectual,' but it is as intellectual as I can see *Portia*."

Though she would play only her own *Portia*, Miss Marlowe made no secret of the fact that the rôle was not to her a specially attractive one to assume. "Why, then," questioned some one to whom she confessed this, "do you have for her so many more, and so much more gorgeously beautiful, costumes than you ever have had for any of your other parts?"

"Well, you see," Miss Marlowe replied soberly, "*Portia* was very rich—richer than any one else I ever played. She had such things, and quantities of them."

Miss Marlowe's attitude toward the costuming of a play is contained in these words. She neither wishes it to be nor objects to its being elaborate. Her endeavor, in her own production, is to have the costumes appropriate.

Before the play, on the first night of her appearance in "Romeo and Juliet" with Mr. Sothorn, I was in her dressing-room. "That rose-colored and green brocaded cloak," she said, indicating a vividly picturesque drapery, "I wear when I go to the Friar's cell to get the potion."

"I like better that plain, dark, almost black velvet one you used to wear," I commented.

"So do I," she responded quickly; "but *Juliet* would not. I should wear that; but she would wear this. That combination of colors is in many of the Italian portrait-paintings of that period. In soul *Juliet* was universal; but outwardly she was probably not different from other Italian girls of the Renaissance."

When, on another evening, previous to the first performance of "Hamlet," looking at Miss Marlowe's costumes for *Ophelia*, and observing a cloak, I said: "I never saw an *Ophelia* who wore a cloak. When does she need it?"

"In the mad scene," was the reply. "She had been gathering flowers outside the castle. It was cold; you remember *Hamlet*, and the soldiers, too, say so."

"Yes," I admitted; "but poor *Ophelia* was 'importunate, indeed, distract.' Would she have thought of putting on a cloak?"

"Perhaps not," Miss Marlowe answered; "but her attendants would have thought of it for her. She lived in the



Drawn by Barry Faulkner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JULIA MARLOWE AS "SAPPHO" IN PERCY MACKAYE'S DRAMA



From a photograph by Arnold Genthe. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JULIA MARLOWE AS "MONA LISA"

U OF I
LIBRARY

castle; she was the daughter of the lord chamberlain; she unquestionably had waiting gentlewomen. They, no doubt, in their pity for her, after she became mad, yielded to her in her desire to wander about alone; but there is no reason to suppose that they did not attire her properly."

The *Ophelia* of Miss Marlowe, as we all remember, was for all her poignant pathos, not without the dignity befitting a noble prince's chosen bride. As Miss Marlowe more than once said, in discussing the personality of *Ophelia*: "She was no ordinary girl. Her father was only the lord chamberlain. His daughter, as he himself, and her brother also, told her, was beneath the Prince in birth. Yet not only did *Hamlet* desire her for his wife, but the *King* wished it, too, and the *Queen*. Neither *Polonius* nor *Laertes* believed this; but it was true."

Even in *Ophelia's* misstatement to *Hamlet* touching her father, Miss Marlowe found additional proof of her superiority. "It shows *Ophelia's* poise," she affirmed. "*Polonius* was annoying to *Hamlet*, under any circumstances. *Ophelia* could n't have lived all her life at the court of Denmark without having discovered that. How unendurably it would have nettled *Hamlet* to hear that *Polonius* had been listening behind the arras to his so personal, so private words to *Ophelia*! She knew that; and she tried both to protect her father and to spare *Hamlet*. She failed; that was her tragedy that she always failed. She tried to save the persons she loved, and she could not."

Careful as she is in the selection of such costumes as befit the condition and accord with the inferred taste of the person whom she may be enacting, Miss Marlowe never essays—if one may be permitted the infelicitous phrase—to "look the part." She never, for instance, wears a wig, and such "make-up"—to employ another unhappy term—as she uses, is of the very slightest description. It is not by the outward and visible sign of any character that she would have herself recognized as that character, but by the inward and spiritual grace.

One night, going to her dressing-room during a performance of "*Hamlet*," I

found her beginning to arrange her hair for the mad scene. She had taken the artificial daisies from the wreath belonging to her dress for that scene, and was fastening in some real daisies, sent to her from the country by an admiring little girl.

"Let me do it," I suggested. So she gave me the wreath and the flowers.

"If we had some 'crow-flowers, nettles, and long purples,'" I said, when I had finished crowning her with the daisies, "your 'coronet weeds' would be quite academically accurate."

She arose, and going to a mirror, regarded her reflection thoughtfully. "I should n't be, however," she made answer. "I don't look in the remotest degree as *Ophelia* must surely have looked. She was a Dane. I could n't look like her if I tried; and I would n't try." I only try to be as she was, and to do as she did."

The academic standpoint in relation to the interpretation of a play has always been apt to arouse in Miss Marlowe a certain half-reluctant, half-expectant, and wholly amused interest. Once when some acquaintances were discussing the question of *Hamlet's* age with a heat that easily reminded the bystanders of a political debate on the eve of an election, Miss Marlowe said to me: "Of course every one would like to know whether *Hamlet* was twenty years of age or thirty; but how can any one take the matter so to heart?"

One day she told me that some one had asked her if she knew of any line in the play that threw the faintest light on the obscure problem of *Ophelia's* exact age. I said idly: "Why did n't you mention that line *Laertes* has—'O rose of May'? Why did n't you say that she was probably very young; that, if she had n't been, he would have said, 'O rose of June'?"

"I should have done so," she retorted; "but I was afraid he might take me seriously."

Nevertheless, she herself occasionally takes the academic position. Not long ago Miss Marlowe read aloud to me Mr. Percy Mackaye's new play, "*Jeanne d'Arc*," inspired by her, and written primarily for her. Subsequently we talked a great deal about it; first, as

something to be acted; second, as something to be staged; and finally, as something to be costumed.

"Shall you have a red dress in the first act?" I inquired. "There is a line in the play which says that *Jeanne* had one. I cannot imagine you having one."

"Neither can I; nor can I imagine *Jeanne* having one," Miss Marlowe said decidedly.

Later, in Mr. Douglas Murray's "Maid of Orleans," I found, in the "Depositions of Domremy," the source of Mr. Mackaye's line about the red dress.

"*Jeanne* really had one," I said to Miss Marlowe. "Jean Morel, one of her godfathers, speaks of it in his examination."

"I know," Miss Marlowe replied. "She had it, but she did n't keep it. Jean Morel says distinctly that she gave it to him."

To suggest that Miss Marlowe's method of considering a play is not academic, is not to imply that she is not of scholarly inclination and habit, but quite the reverse. She concerns herself with the words of a player far more than do those persons who concern themselves only with the words.

I remember going with her one morning to hear a lecture on "Much Ado About Nothing." The lecturer, in reference to *Don John*, said, "Like *Iago*, he loved villainy for its own sake."

"How can she conclude that," Miss Marlowe whispered to me, "when the only villainy *Don John* committed he committed, as he himself confesses, not for its own sake at all, but to revenge himself on *Claudio*? Do you recall? He says, 'That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way.'"

Nothing in a critic so commends itself to her as a fuller and clearer perception than her own of the meaning of even a single line in a play and of the bearing of that meaning upon the play as a whole. In "Hamlet," in the players' scene, when the Prince says, "Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?" Miss Marlowe, when first she acted *Ophelia*, made the answering speech with this emphasis: "'T is brief, my lord."

Doctor Rolfe, commenting upon this,

reminded Miss Marlowe that "the posy of a ring" was just what *Prologue* had been uttering—a short verse. "Would not *Ophelia*, therefore," he queried, "reply to *Hamlet's* question a mere agreement: "'T is brief, my lord'?"

"Doctor Rolfe was perfectly right," said Miss Marlowe, relating the conversation to me. "*Ophelia* would. I shall do it henceforth."

Regarding her *Beatrice*, some one else inquired of Miss Marlowe, after the first night of the recent revival of the play: "Why don't you weep sooner in the church scene? You don't begin until *Benedick* says: 'Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?' Not only that, but you say then: 'Yea, and I will weep a while longer.' Why don't you weep sooner?"

"I shall, after this," was Miss Marlowe's prompt reply.

Not infrequently I hear some person speak of knowing Miss Marlowe "as an actress," and some other person speak of knowing her "as a woman." Often I have begged these persons to explain to me their respective meanings, and they have obligingly tried; but I still find it well-nigh impossible to understand how any person can know Miss Marlowe otherwise than as woman acting—finding her in what she expresses in the theater, and finding what she expresses in the theater in her. Robert Louis Stevenson once declared genius to be "a certain ardor of the soul"; and this spiritual eagerness Miss Marlowe indubitably possesses. In whatever she does, whether on or off the stage, its presence is to be felt and perceived.

Because of it, she never flags. Her interest is always a little keener than that of an ordinary person; her sympathy is always a little warmer. To a worker, whatever the nature of his work, she is of all friends the most inspiring. She is sure that what must be done, will be done. In my own work, for instance, in social and college settlements, among the people of tenement neighborhoods, no one has helped me so wisely and so well as she, though she has been but seldom in the tenements and even more seldom in settlement-houses. She may not know the particular persons of whom I speak to her, but she sees what those



From a photograph by Arnold Genthe. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JULIA MARLOWE AS "JULIET"

things I tell her concerning them indicate, and she never suggests that the task which these indications place upon the settlement-worker, is impossible of performance. On the contrary, she lends, for the moment, what some one has designated as "the dynamics of her genius."

Even in the slightest thing she herself does, an unwearied zestfulness attends the doing. I went one night to see her behind the scenes at the theater. "To-day is the birthday of one of the members of the company," were the words with which she greeted me. "Don't you think it would be nice to get a cake, and decorate it, and present it as a surprise?"

A white-frosted cake, and some white wax candles having been obtained, she, not without difficulty, took a mirror from the wall, and put the cake on it. "When the candles are lighted, the reflection in the mirror will make it all look that much more brilliant and festive," she explained.

She placed the candles, ornamenting each one with a white artificial flower, and then we lighted them, in order to judge of the effect of the whole. "It is too bridal," Miss Marlowe said critically; "the flowers should be pink."

Whereupon she searched in one of her trunks until she found some flowers that were pink. Then, blowing out the candles, she removed all the white

flowers, and replaced them with the pink ones. "Now let 's light it up again," she said, "and see if it is all right."

So we did, and having seen that it was all right, Miss Marlowe wrote a note to be sent with it, and tied it with a pink ribbon of the color of the roses. All this happened during the entr'actes of a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing." Before the end of the play, every member of the company, excepting that member for whom it was intended, came to view the birthday-cake. When the play was over, it was presented.

"The casual observer," I found myself saying to Miss Marlowe a little later, "would have every reason to think that celebrating birthdays was your profession."

"Well," she replied whimsically, "when I'm doing it, somehow it is."

In my copy of "Leaves of Grass," between the pages containing the poem beginning, "There was a child went forth," I find a spray of white honeysuckle. Miss Marlowe put it there one day, temporarily to mark the place. And I left it, because to me she has always been the child of that poem, who

* * * went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that
object he became,
And that object became part of him for the
day or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years or stretching cycles of years.



The Borrowers



BY JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH

IT'S an ideal little flat for two, Bruce; I don't see why you and your wife wanted to give it up. But what's your loss is our gain. My wife is delighted to think we're coming here to live."

"Yes, Spencer, it's a mighty cozy flat, and we don't want to give it up. Mary's pretty near sick over it. We'd like to stay; but the truth is, old man, we can't afford to: it costs too much."

"Costs too much! Why, you told me you're moving into apartments that cost ten a month more than these."

"So they do, Spencer; but there'll be only two in the family—just Mary and I. At least that's what we hope. You see, there are seven here, and sometimes nine or ten. It costs an awful lot to feed them."

"Seven—sometimes nine or ten! Bruce, are you crazy?"

"No; but I've had a narrow escape. I was n't going to say anything about it, because I did n't want to discourage a young couple just starting housekeeping. If you were strangers 't would be different, but being friends, it seems to me you ought to be given a word of warning. You'll have from seven to ten in your family when you move in here if you're not careful."

"Don't look so horrified, old man, and I'll explain. You see, there's a family across the hall—a widow with four children, three girls and a boy. That makes five, and Mary and I make seven. Frequently the widow has two or three in for company, so we never know when our family may jump from seven to ten. Aside from the cost, it's lots of worry. You never know how much to provide, with two or three extra ones dropping in."

"What the deuce are you talking about, Bruce? What difference does it make how large your neighbor's family is or how much company they have?"

"Why, if we don't provide enough for all, it means that Mary and I must go hungry. I hate to see my wife hungry, to say nothing about my own disinclination to endure the pangs."

"Tersely put, Spencer, Mrs. Judson—that's the widow—is a borrower. And all her children take after her. Their minds are active and work over-time. When the front door-bell is n't ringing, the back one is. If it is n't Mrs. Judson or Fanny or Lizzy after something at the back door, it's little Julia or Johnnie at the front door. Sometimes both bells are ringing at once, and Mary is busy supplying the back door demands while

I attend to the front entrance. If there was a third door, we should have to hire a maid, something Mary detests. Their wants range all the way from a pinch of salt to the whole flat. Mary is so good-natured, and I'm so easy-going, that we have n't the heart to refuse them. The bell rings before we're up in the morning and after we're in bed at night; and it's wearing on us. Company came in unexpectedly at 11 o'clock one night, and Fanny came over to know if we could loan them our bed-couch. Getting it through the hall and round into the room where they wanted it was hard work, and 't was midnight before I got to bed again.

"They live on butter, eggs, and cream principally; but they like ham and bacon, and will even eat salt pork or corned beef at a pinch. They have healthy appetites for potatoes—new ones preferred—and for all vegetables in their season. They enjoy fruits and berries, and they are particularly fond of the brand of coffee we buy. They don't care much for tea, but if they happen to have borrowed our last spoonful of coffee, they will drink it. They are fond of cheese and olives. Johnnie especially likes olives, and often asks for them between meals. Sugar, molasses, vinegar, olive-oil, salt, pepper, catsup, Worcestershire sauce, pickles, preserves, and everything of that sort there is a brisk demand for, as the mercantile agencies say. And nothing is ever returned; that is, nothing in the food line. Kitchen utensils and china sometimes come back, the dinner plates nicked and the kitchen dishes bent and battered. For we not only have to furnish their food, but we have to provide the pans to cook it in and the dishes to eat it on. One time the widow gave a swell dinner, and borrowed all our

best dinner dishes and wondered if we could lend her some solid silver. The people she was entertaining she was particular about, she said. When the things came back, Mary declared they had n't been washed, and she washed them all over again and I wiped them. Mary was about ready to cry that night. There were several nicks in the china,—new ones,—and I tried to console her by saying

that they showed the dishes had been washed, or at least that an attempt to wash them had been made.

"The Judsons are catholic in their wants. They don't confine their borrowing to food stuffs, tableware, and bed-couches, by any means. Nickels for their telephone are always in demand, and there is occasional inquiry for two and five dollar bills to pay for C. O. D. packages from the downtown stores. The younger children frequently feel the need of candy or ice-cream, and do not hesitate to ask for a dime or a quarter with which to gratify their wants. Sometimes the C. O. D. money is returned; the small change never. Two or three times they've borrowed the whole flat—

that is, all but the kitchen. When the widow gives a party she does that, for her own flat is n't big enough for all her guests. Then Mary and I spend the evening in the kitchen. If the widow were poor we might not mind so much, but she is n't; her means are abundant.

"Now don't be discouraged, Spencer. I'm just giving you a few pointers, so you'll know what to expect. But you are young and strong, and have a good income, and if you and Mrs. Spencer don't let trifles worry you, you may pull through all right. The widow may move out any year. She's been talking about it for the last three years, and some-



"WHAT 'S YOUR NAME?" MRS.
SPENCER ASKED"

time she may really do it. So keep up your courage and try to be cheerful. It certainly is a pleasant flat you 're moving into, and the Judsons usually go away a few weeks in the summer."

"Thank you, Bruce, for your friendly confidences," retorted Spencer. "Your well-known love of the truth shines out with a clearer radiance than ever. Still, very likely there may be two or three grains of truth in what you 've told me, and forewarned is forearmed, you know. We shall be ready for the enemy."

THE morning after the Spencers moved in, the back door-bell rang, and a girl of twelve or thirteen asked: "Could you lend us a few eggs, please? We 're all out."

"What is your name?" Mrs. Spencer asked.

"Fanny Judson," answered the girl, looking at Mrs. Spencer in some surprise.

"Where do you live, Fanny?"

"Why, right across from here—in that flat," she answered, looking yet more surprised.

"Bert," called Mrs. Spencer, "here 's some one wants to borrow some eggs. Have we got any?"



"I DON'T KNOW WHETHER WE 'RE GOING TO LIKE IT OR NOT, BERT! HIS WIFE ANSWERED"

"Have n't seen any. Ask them to come again," Spencer called back, loud enough for Fanny to hear; and reluctantly, and with a puzzled face, the girl turned away from the door.

Then the front door-bell rang, and a smaller girl asked: "Please, can you let us have a nickel for the telephone? Mama has n't any change."

Spencer drew a five dollar bill from his pocket, and looked at it. "You could n't use this, I suppose; no, of course not. Well, when I go out, I 'll get it changed," he said, and the little girl, much mystified, went home nickelless.

"It 's evident Bruce was n't exaggerating," Spencer said to his wife. "Well, we must lay out our campaign."

"They won't come again after two such rebuffs, surely," said Mrs. Spencer.

"Oh, yes, they will. I know the type now; they 're natural spongers," retorted Spencer. "The nerve of trying to borrow money from entire strangers!" he added savagely.

When he left his office that afternoon Spencer dropped into a basement grocery-store where things looked about as uninviting as possible.

"How much are your best eggs?" he asked.

"Twenty-five a dozen, sir."

"Fairly fresh?"

"Just in, sir."

"Got some cheaper ones?"

"Yes, sir; twenty-two cents."

"Any cheaper than those?"

"Nineteen cents," answered the clerk, eying Spencer's clothes, which were not shabby.

"Those the cheapest?" Spencer asked.

"Well, we 've got a few for fourteen cents; I could n't recommend 'em, sir."

"All right; I 'll take a dozen," Spencer said. "Now, how about your butter? Have you several grades?"

"Yes, sir; thirty-five cents for the best, eighteen for the cheapest."

"Could you recommend the eighteen-cent?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; I 'll take a pound," Spencer said.

"WELL, Lucy, you 're pretty near settled, I see," Spencer remarked when he came home that night. "I think we 're



"HE HANDED THE YOUNGSTER THE SECTION CONTAINING THE CLASSIFIED 'ADS'"

going to like it here. The Bruces were foolish to get out."

"I don't know whether we 're going to like it or not, Bert," his wife answered, a worried look in her eyes.

"Why, what 's the matter? Anything gone wrong?"

"It 's those Judsons," Mrs. Spencer said. "They 've been over ten times to-day, if they 've been over once."

"Did they get what they came for?" Spencer inquired.

"Yes; some of the things. I did n't have any molasses, and I could n't find the cinnamon; but they got some canned chicken, and half of the blueberries I bought of that fruit-vender, and three Rocky Ford melons, and some vinegar, and two nickels for their telephone, and some sausage, and a few pickles. I could n't lend them any port wine, because we never keep it in the house, you know; but they borrowed a little brandy. They have n't brought back the hammer, and I don't know whether they 're going

to or not. It was the new one that you bought yesterday.

"Well, I 'd like to know how you 're going to help it," she added a little defiantly in answer to Spencer's look. "That little Julia is as pretty and sweet as an angel, and when a little angel comes lisping for things, I don't know who 'd have the heart to refuse."

"Not you, dear, certainly," her husband answered. "At the same time we owe a duty to society, and the great army of spongers must not be encouraged. However, it would be unneighborly not to lend some of the simple necessities like butter and eggs and things of that sort. To-morrow is Sunday, and, as I shall be home all day, I 'll take charge of the loan-office. I can see that it 's too worrying for you. Perhaps by Monday the demand for supplies will have fallen off somewhat; I hope so."

The next morning before the Spencers were up there came a heavy pounding at the back door. Spencer put on his bath-robe and went to the door. It was Fanny.

"I know you 'll think I 'm awful," she began, "but we 're all out of eggs, and mama wanted to know if you could lend us a few."

"Certainly; glad to," responded Spencer, cheerfully. "Will a dozen be enough?"



"YOU SEE, BRUCE, YOU MADE THE MISTAKE OF LIVING TOO HIGH"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Fanny.

Spencer got the fourteen-cent eggs, which had not been taken from the bag, and handed them to her. "Don't need any butter, do you?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir; I'll ask mama," answered the girl, darting off. She reappeared an instant later. "Mama says, thank you, she would like some; she's just out, she says."

Well, here's some I bought yesterday," Spencer said. "I have n't tried it, so don't know how good it is," and he handed her the eighteen-cent butter.

"Thank you ever so much," the girl said beamingly, and disappeared.

When they were eating breakfast there came another knocking at the back door. Spencer went.

"I know you'll think I'm awful," Fanny began, "but could you let us have a little cream? The milkman did n't leave us any."

"Wait a minute; I'll see," Spencer said, and went back to his wife. "Have you any of yesterday's cream left?" he asked.

"Yes; there's half a bottle on top of the refrigerator. It's sour."

"That's all right; I hoped it was." Spencer got the cream, and accepted calmly Fanny's effusive thanks.

A few minutes later the front door-bell rang. It was little Johnnie. "Please, sir, may we take some of your Sunday paper?" he asked.

"Sure," answered Spencer; "glad to get rid of it; they give us too much these days," and he handed the youngster the section containing the classified "ads."

A few weeks later Spencer met Bruce on the street.

"Well, how do you like the flat?" Bruce asked.

"Fine," Spencer answered. "It's just what we've been looking for."

"Bothered any by neighbors wanting to borrow?" quizzed Bruce.

"Not a bit," Spencer answered. "Oh, at first they borrowed a few things," he added—"eggs, and butter, and things,—but they quit after a day or two. Guess they did n't like them. You see, Bruce, you made the mistake of living too high. When you have a big family you can't afford to buy the best, and borrowers soon get tired of cheap stuff. They have n't been after anything for three weeks. But if they should happen to run out of eggs some morning, I've got a dozen I can lend them. I bought them three weeks ago for ten cents."



HER VOICE

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

HER voice thrills through the wintry air,
A banner free, unfurled,
In careless triumph o'er the bare
Bleak world.

Hark how those wild, exultant notes,
Uplift the lyric words,
And rise as from the myriad throats
Of birds.

What ecstasy of heart-life, this,
That gives full sweet and strong
The rapture of the lover's kiss
In song—

The soul's abandonment to joy,
The heart's desire confessed,
Youth's glad free life without alloy
Expressed!

Unconscious lute, whose music floods
The somber skies with tune,
Even as the ardent sap the woods
Of June!

What wonder Love should claim his kin—
He has no other choice,
As mute he hears his own, within
Her voice.



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher

PEARL OYSTERS

THE LURE OF THE PEARL

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD

Author of "Present-Day Egypt," "Mahmoud Pasha of the D. P. W.," etc.

WITH PICTURES FROM THE AUTHOR'S PHOTOGRAPHS



THE bed of the Gulf of Manar, the arm of the Indian Ocean that separates Ceylon from India, has given the world more pearls than all other fisheries combined, for it has been prolific as a pearling-ground for thousands of years. Pearling in the gulf was an occupation hoary with age before the dawn of Christianity, for history tells us that Mardis, admiral of Alexander the Great, when returning from a voyage having to do with the Indian invasion, traversed the strait separating Ceylon from the continent, and was informed of the importance of the pearl-banks over which his fleet was passing. The great sailor was specially interested in the manner of drilling the holes in pearls for stringing, which was probably the same that it is to-day.

In the exuberant phraseology of the Orient, Ceylon is "the pearl-drop on India's brow," and the Gulf of Manar is "the sea abounding in pearls" and "the sea of gain." Ceylon appeals irresistibly to any possessor of the wandering foot, for it is an island paradise. It is well governed, of course, for its administration is that of a seasoned colony

of Edward VII's realm, and the guidance of austere, dignified Britain countenances nothing like gambling in any of its lands—oh, dear, no! State lotteries are pretty well relegated in these times to Latin countries, as everybody knows.

Yet the world's most gigantic gamble, pregnantly fruitful with chance in all variations and shadings, is unquestionably the Ceylon pearl-fishery; compared with it, any state lottery pales to insignificance. From the taking of the first oyster to the draining of the last vatful of "matter," every step is attended by fickle fortune; and never is the interest of the people of Portugal or of Mexico keener over a drawing of a lottery, the tickets of which may have been sold at the very thresholds of the cathedrals, than is that of the natives of Ceylon and southern India over the daily results of a Manar fishery.

Each bivalve is a lottery ticket; it may contain a gem worthy of place in a monarch's crown, or be a seed pearl with a mercantile value of only a few rupees. Perhaps one oyster in a hundred contains a pearl, and not more than one pearl in a hundred, be it known, has a value of importance. Nature furnishes the sea, pearling-banks, oysters, and all therein

contained; the Ceylon administration conducts the undertaking, and for its trouble and trifling outlay exacts a "rake-off" of two thirds of all that may be won from the deep. And mere man, the brown or black diver, receives for his daring and enterprise one oyster in every three that he brings from the ocean's depths—and his earnings must be shared with boat-owner, sailors, attendants, and assistants almost without number.

who intimately knows the habits of the pearl-oyster of the East, advances two interesting if not startling premises. One is that the pearl is produced as a consequence of the presence of the dead bodies of a diminutive parasitical tapeworm which commonly affects the Ceylon bivalve. The living tapeworm does not induce pearl formation. The popular belief has been that the pearl was formed by secretions of nacre deposited upon a grain



MAP OF THE GULF OF MANAR, "THE SEA ABOUNDING IN PEARLS"

For size of "rake-off," there is no game of hazard in the world offering a parallel. The Ceylon government used to exact three out of every four oysters brought in, the current tribute of two out of three having become operative only a few years since.

It should be known that the pearl-bearing oyster of the Indian Ocean is only remotely related to the edible variety of America and Europe. It is the *Margaritifera vulgaris*, said to belong to the animal kingdom, and not to the fish family, and is never eaten. The eminent marine biologist in the service of the Ceylon government, Professor Hornell,

of sand or other foreign particle drawn within the oyster through its contact with the sea's bottom. The other Hornell assertion is that the oyster goeth and cometh at its pleasure; that it is mobile and competent to travel miles in a few weeks.

Scientists have long been aware that the pearl shell-fish possesses locomotive powers, which it uses when in quest of food or protection, and to escape impure localities. During the Dutch occupation of Ceylon, for example, there was a period of several years when the oysters' boycott of the Manar banks was virtually unanimous.



PEARL FISHING FLEET RACING FOR PLACES



A BUSY TIME ON THE BEACH



SCENE AT THE PEARL BANKS



COOLIE AND DIVER



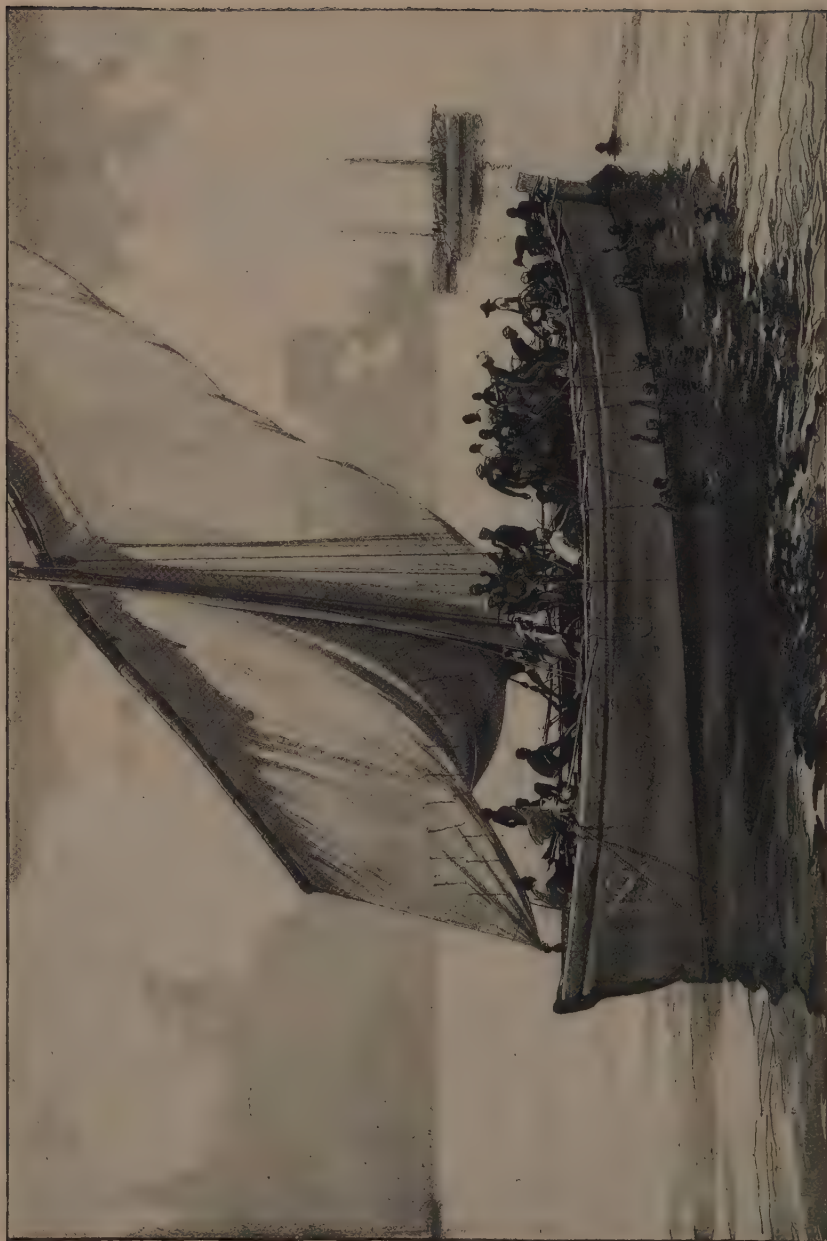
DIVING BOAT CHANGING ANCHORAGE



PEONS DRINKING



WOMEN AT THE PUBLIC POOL



Drawn by Corwin K. Linson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DIVING BOAT, AND DIVERS RESTING IN THE WATER BEFORE DESCENDING

It is an accepted fact that pearls are excretions of superimposed concentric *laminæ* of a peculiarly fine and dense substance, consisting in major part of carbonate of lime. Linnæus, believing in the possibility of producing pearls by artifice, suggested the collecting of mussels, piercing holes in their shells to produce a wound, and bedding them for five or six years to give pearls time to grow. The Swedish government succeeded in producing pearls of a sort by this process; but as they were of trifling value, the experiments were discontinued.

Cunning Chinese and Japanese have sought of late years to assist or improve on nature's pearl-making methods by inserting tiny shot or grains of sand between the mantle and the shell, which in time become coated with nacre. Not long since there was a movement in

Japan to embark in pearl production upon a basis wholly commercial, and its promoters discussed it as they might a project for supplying a city with vegetables. One of the claims of those exploiting the venture was that they could keep pace with fashion's changes by supplying pearls of any shape, pear, oval, or spherical. This has been accomplished in other countries, and European and American dealers have had years of acquaintance with the "assisted" pearl, a showy and inexpensive counterfeit, but one attaining to no position in the realm of true gems. The dis-

tinction between fine pearls and these intrusive nacre-coated baubles, alluringly advertised as "synthetic pearls," has been demonstrated by more than one devotee of science.

There are definite rules for determining when a Ceylon fishery will be held, for twice a year the banks are systematically examined by the marine biologist,

and estimates made of the number of oysters present on each bank. Whenever their age and size appear to warrant the step, a sample catch of twenty thousand oysters is made by divers employed by the government, and a valuation is formed of the pearls they produce. If found to average ten or twelve rupees to a thousand oysters, the government is advised to proclaim a fishery. Advertisements are then published throughout the East, especially in vernacular



Drawn by Corwin K. Linson. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

DIVER SUSPECTED OF PEARL-STEALING, UNDER ARREST

papers reaching the Persian Gulf and the two coasts of southern India, at the instance of the Colonial Secretary's office at Colombo. These detail the valuation of the sample pearls, area of beds to be fished, and the estimated number of oysters likely to be available upon each.

The advertisements are printed in Cingalese, Tamil, and English. As rapidly as information can spread, it becomes known from Karachi to Rangoon, and along the chain of sea-ports of the Malay states, that a fishery is to be held. Divers, gem-buyers, speculators, money-lenders, petty



Drawn by Corwin K. Linson. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

COOLIES CARRYING PEARL OYSTERS FROM THE BOATS TO THE "KOTTU,"
OR GOVERNMENT STOCKADE

mèrchants, and persons of devious occupations, make speedy arrangements for attending. Indian and Cingalese coolies flock by the thousand to the coast of the Northern province, longing to play even humble rôles in the great game of chance. The "tindals" and divers provide boats and all essential gear for the work afloat; while ashore the government supplies buildings and various forms of labor for dealing with the curious industry.

It is during the calm period of the northeast monsoon,—February, March and April,—when the sea is flat and the sky is bright and unclouded, that the fishery is carried on. The line of banks—they are "paars," in the languages of Ceylon—cover an extensive submarine plateau off the island's northwest coast, from ancient Hippuros southward to Negombo. This is of flat-surface rock, irregularly carpeted with coarse sand, and dotted with colonies of millions of oysters. Dead coral and other products of the sea are scattered everywhere on this

plateau, and it is a theory that these surface interruptions prevent overcrowding of the oysters, and consequently assist the bivalve in reaching the pearl-producing stage. It is claimed that a crowded paar contributes to a stunting of growth, bringing disease and premature death to the oyster, and consequently no pearls of account.

The estimate of the experts upon which it was decided to announce a fishery last year was that there were on the Southwest Cheval paar 3,500,000 oysters which might be gathered, on the Mideast Cheval paar 13,750,000 oysters, on the North and South Moderagam 25,750,000, and on the South Cheval 40,220,000.

The announcement of this total of 83,000,000 bivalves produced an electrical effect, and an unprecedented attendance, for it was equal to announcing a lottery with that many tickets, and who knows how few prizes!

The student seeking to determine the eighth wonder of the world should not

overlook the city of Marichchikkaddi. Stories of towns rising overnight wherever gold is found, or diamonds discovered, or oil struck, have become common to the point of triteness. Tales of the uprising of Klondike and South African cities, once amazing, fade to paltriness in the opinion of one who has seen the teeming city of Marichchikkaddi. In a sense it is a capital, yet it is found in no geography; no railway connects it with the world, yet a dozen languages are spoken in its streets. Marichchikkaddi's population numbers no young children, no persons too aged to toil, and the four or five hundred women sojourners merit the right of being present through serving as water-carriers to camp and fishing fleet.

This place with double-mouthful name, almost defying pronunciation, is the pearl metropolis of the universe. Probably there is not a stocked jewel-case that does not contain gems that have been filtered through this unique city by the sea. For a dozen reasons it is a wonderful town, and the foremost of these is that it is the

only city of size that comes and goes like the tide's ebbing and flowing.

When a fishery is proclaimed, Marichchikkaddi is only a name—a sand-drifted waste lying between the jungle of the hinterland and the ocean. Yet nine months before, forty thousand people dwelt here under shelter of roofs, and here the struggle for gain had been prosecuted with an earnestness that would have borne golden fruit in any city in the Western world. There, where lies the skeleton of



GOVERNMENT
TREASURY AND
GUARD



Drawn by Corwin K. Linson. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

THE MAIN STREET OF MARICHCHIKKADDI

a jackal half-buried in sand, an Indian banker had his habitat and office only a few months before, with a lakh of rupees stacked in a conspicuous place as glittering earnest of his ability to pay well for anything remarkable in the way of a pearl. And beyond, where occurs the rift in the sand, stood the shanty in which venturesome divers whiled away time and money in trying to pitch rings upon the ends of



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE LATE RANA OF DHOLPUR IN HIS PEARL REGALIA

This Indian prince is said to have owned pearls valued at seven and a half millions of dollars, the accumulation, perhaps, of his ancestors during several centuries

walking-sticks, as do farmers' boys at New England county fairs.

Colombo is facetiously spoken of by Englishmen as the Clapham Junction of the East, for the reason that one can

there change to a steamer carrying him virtually to any place on the globe. But it is simpler for a white man to get to Melbourne, or Penang, or New York, from Colombo, than to obtain passage to



From a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA

Marichchikkaddi, only a hundred and fifteen miles up the coast. If he can wait long enough, passage may be found, of course; but otherwise all the official and editorial persuasion of Colombo availeth nothing. Now and then he may hear of

a speculative Parsee's dhow that may be going to Manar for a cargo of oysters, or of a native owned launch that will carry a limited number of passengers at an unlimited fare. A fast-sailing outrigger canoe may always be



Drawn by Corwin K. Linson. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

INDIAN PEARL MERCHANTS READY FOR BUSINESS

chartered. Another opportunity is to travel two days by post-cart to a village one never heard of, transferring there to a bullock hackery that may take him through jungle roads to Marichchik-kaddi—provided he is able to give instructions in Tamil, or a college-bred coolie can be found who knows English. Still another way is to take the semi-weekly steamer from Colombo to Tuticorin, in southern India, then zigzag about the continent of Asia until he makes Paumben. Then it is a matter of only a few days when there will be a boat crossing to the pearl-camp. This is the surest way of getting to Marichchik-kaddi; but it is like making the journey from New York to Boston by way of Bermuda.

Ceylon's substitute for virtually everything elsewhere used in the construction of buildings is the cadjan: it is at once board, clapboard, shingle, and lath. Cadjans are plaited from the leaf of the cocoanut or date palm, and are usually

five or six feet long and about ten inches wide; the center rib of the leaf imparts reasonable rigidity and strength. Half the shelters for man and beast throughout the island are formed of cadjans, costing nothing but the making, and giving protection from the sun and a fair amount of security from the elements. The frame of a house is made of stakes planted in the ground, with rafters and beams resting in crotches conveniently left by the wood-cutter. This slender frame is covered with cadjans, arranged systematically, and sewn together with cocoanut-leaf strands or tender rattans. Not a nail is used, and cadjan flaps that may be raised or lowered from within the building take the place of glazed windows. A dwelling of this character, carpeted with palm-mats, and flanked with verandas, brings a flowing measure of comfort to the dweller in the tropics; but the gales of the annual southwest monsoon play havoc with cadjan roofs and walls.

It being known that a fishery will

bring together at least forty thousand souls, a small army of coolies hastens to Marichchikkaddi a few weeks prior to the announced date for opening the fishery, to prepare the buildings necessary to house all and sundry, and to erect bungalows for the British functionaries having the enterprise in charge. Public buildings almost pretentious in size and design rise from the earth in a few days, including a residence for the Governor of Ceylon, who is expected to grace the fishery by a visit; one for the Government agent of the province in which the interesting industry is carried on; and another for the delegate of the Colonial Office. There rise, mushroom-like, as well, a court-house, treasury, hospital, prison, telegraph-office and post-office, and a fair example of that blessing of the East known as a rest-house, each reflecting surprising good taste, and being adequate to its purpose, and presumably completed at a cost well within the appropriation. Jerry-builders and grafters have yet to be discovered in Ceylon.

Marichchikkaddi parades structures dedicated neither to religion nor dissipation. But the bazaar-like alleys branching from the thoroughfares of the Cadjan City purvey many things not obtrusively obvious to the British official. Whatever his faith, the disciple of the pearl may solitarily prostrate himself beneath a convenient palm-tree, with face turned toward Mecca, or on the sea-front indulge the devotions stamping him a Hindu of merit.

In an administrative sense the important building is the "Kachcherie"—mayor's office and superintendent's headquarters in one; but the structure of material interest is the "kottu," wherein every sackful of oysters taken from the boats is counted and apportioned between the government and the divers. It is a parallelogram enclosure of two or three acres in area, fenced with bamboo palings, and roofed here and there to protect the coolies from the sun. For convenience, one end is as near the sea as prudence will admit; and the other, the official end, where accountants and armed guards are in command, is not far from the governmental offices. A system perfected by years of experience makes thieving within the kottu virtually im-

possible, and the clerks who record the count of oysters, and issue them upon official order, might safely conduct a bankers' clearing-house. On occasions they handle without error more than three million oysters in a day.

A quarter of a mile from the official section of the city is the great human warren and business region, where black men and brown—Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and others—dwell and traffic in peaceful communion. A broad thoroughfare, starting from the edge of the plateau overlooking the sea and extending inland until the settlement yields to the open country, is the "Main street;" and here, for ten or twelve weeks, is one of Asia's busiest marts. This part of Marichchikkaddi is planned with careful regard for sanitary needs and hygiene. Streets cross at right angles, and at every corner stands a lamp-post rudely made from jungle wood, from which suspends a lantern ingeniously fashioned from an American petroleum tin. Sites on the principal streets are leased for the period of the fishery to persons proving their purposes to be legitimate. For a good corner lot, perhaps twenty feet square, the government receives as much as a thousand rupees; and a few hours after the lease is signed up goes a cadjan structure—and a day later pearls worth a king's ransom may there be dealt in with an absence of concern astounding to a visitor.

Can these Easterners, squatting on mats like fakirs in open-front stalls, judge the merits of a pearl? Yes, decidedly. In the twinkling of an eye one of them estimates the worth of a gem with a precision that would take a Bond Street dealer hours to determine. The Indian or Cingalese capitalist who goes with his cash to Marichchikkaddi to buy pearls is not given to taking chances; usually he has learned by long experience every "point" that a pearl can possess, knows whether it be precisely spherical, and has a good "skin," and a luster appealing to connoisseurs. A metal colander or simple scale enables him to know to the fraction of a grain the weight of a pearl, and experience and the trader's instinct tell him everything further that may possibly be known of a gem. It would be as profitless to assume to instruct an Egyptian

desert sheikh upon the merits of a horse as to try to contribute information to the pearl-dealer of the East.

The calm period of the northeast monsoon is gentleness itself by the middle of February, and the Gulf of Manar is seldom more than rippled by its zephyrs. It is then the fishery begins. For weeks the divers have been arriving by craft of every conceivable type and rig. They are the aristocrats of the camp, and as they roam bazaars and streets or promenade the sea-front they are admired by coolies and peons as bull-fighters would be in Spain.

Sturdy fellows they are, lithe of limb and broad of chest. Each brings a tangle of pots and kettles, bags and bales, but wears nothing throughout the fishery save a loin-cloth and now and then a turban denoting nationality or caste. Last year there were forty-five hundred of them, and those from the Madras Presidency were the backbone of the enterprise. Nearly half the divers were registered from Kilakari, and hundreds came from the tip end of India.

The only Ceylon city contributing divers was Jaffna, whose men were of the fisher caste, said to be descendants of Arabs who settled sixty years ago at Jaffna. The divers coming the greatest distance were the negroes and Arabs from Aden and the Persian Gulf, most of whom landed at Colombo from trading steamers, and made their way by small boat or bullock hackery to the Cadjan City.

These fellows have few equals as divers, but the administrative officers of the camp always fear that they will come into conflict with the police or launch a war in the name of Mohammed against the Hindus or Cingalese. Consequently, only a limited number are allowed to take part in the fishery.

An amusing incident was furnished last season by the arrival of a diver of some renown in India, who had participated profitably in several fisheries. With his "manduck," (assistant) the fellow had crossed from Paumben as a deck passenger on a British India steamer. When the vessel was anchored, the diver summoned a rowboat to take himself and his belongings ashore. Wearing nothing but loin-cloth and turban, the man descended

the side-steps an example of physical perfection, and so thoroughly smeared with cocoanut butter that he shone like a stove-polish advertisement. The boat grounding on the shelving bottom a hundred feet from shore, this precious Indian, who was to pass a good share of the ensuing ten weeks in the water, even at the bottom of the sea, deliberately seated himself astride the shoulders of his manduck, and was borne to dry land with the care of one whose religion might forbid contact with water. Throughout the trip from the small boat he carried beneath one arm a gingham umbrella, and under the other an Indian railway-guide.

There are neither wharves nor landing-stages at Marichchikkaddi. Even His Excellency the Governor must lay aside his dignity in going from his boat to the shore. The horde of people working about the pearling fleet, amphibious by nature, have little need for those accommodations and necessities which the commercial world calls "landing facilities."

The world over, gambling and speculation are joined in many ways to superstition; and the Eastern diver is superstitious to the hour of his death. At Marichchikkaddi he devotedly resorts to the mystic ceremony of the shark-charmer, whose exorcism for generations has been an indispensable preliminary to the opening of a fishery. The shark-charmer's power is believed to be hereditary. If one of them can be enlisted on a diver's boat, success is assured to all connected with the craft. The common form of fortune-tempting nowadays is for a diver to break a cocoanut on his sinking-weight just before embarking. If it be a clean and perfect break, success is assured; if irregular and jagged, only ordinary luck may be anticipated; and if the shell be broken in without separating into halves, it spells disaster, and the alarmed fisher probably refuses to go with the boat.

Last year's fleet was the largest ever participating in a Ceylon fishery, three hundred and twenty boats being enrolled. The largest boats came from Tuticorin, and carried thirty-four divers each. The smallest boat had a complement of seven divers. Each diver was faithfully at-

tended by a manduck, who ran his tackle and watched over his interests with jealous care both in and out of the water.

Besides the manducks, every boat had numerous sailors, food- and water-servers, and a riffraff of hangers-on. It was estimated that divers and manducks aggregated nine thousand souls. A system of apportionment gives every man in a boat an interest in the take, the divers generally retaining two thirds of the bivalves left over by the government rules controlling the fishery. The Kilakari divers observe a time-honored custom of giving to their home mosque the proceeds of one plunge each day.

Nature obligingly assists the workers on the banks by supplying a gentle off-shore breeze at daybreak, which sends the fleet to the fishing ground, six or eight miles from the shore. By two o'clock in the afternoon a gun from a government vessel directs the boats to set sail for the return. By this hour the breeze is accommodatingly from the sea, and the fleet runs home with flowing sheets. Navigation, it will be seen, plays a very subordinate part in Marichchik-kaddi's marine enterprise.

With the exception of the divers from the Malabar coast, who plunge head foremost from a spring-board, the men go into the water in an upright position, and are hurried in their journey to the bottom by a stone weighing from forty to fifty pounds. Each diver's attendant has charge of two ropes slung over a railing above the side of the boat: one suspends the diving-stone, and the other a wide-mouthed basket of network. The nude diver, already in the sea, places the basket on the stone and inserts one foot in a loop attached to the stone. He draws a long breath, closes his nostrils with the fingers of one hand, raises his body as high as possible above water, to give force to his descent, and, loosening the rope supporting the weight, is carried quickly to the bottom. An Arab diver closes the nostrils with a tortoise-shell clip, and occasionally a diver is seen whose ears are stopped with oil-saturated cotton. The manduck hoists the weight from the bottom and adjusts it for the next descent. Meanwhile, the diver, working face downward, is rapidly filling

the basket with oysters. When the basket is filled or his breath exhausted, the diver signals, and is drawn up as speedily as possible by the rope attached to the basket, and a specially agile diver facilitates the ascent by climbing hand over hand on the line. When a man has been in the water half an hour, and has made perhaps seven or eight descents, he is glad to get a rest and a sun-bath, but in a few minutes he is taking part in the interminable chatter of the Orient.

A diver coming up with basket filled wears a face of benign contentment; but when the oysters are few and far between, as they often are, and the man has prolonged his stay below to the limit of his air supply, his head is out of water not many seconds before he is volubly denouncing the official control forcing him to work on a "paar" where little but sand exists, and his conferees on the boat hurl savage invective at any government functionary within earshot.

The powerful Eastern sun illumines the bottom sufficiently for a diver to plan his operations before going down; and nine days out of ten the overhead sun renders the sea sufficiently transparent to guide a boat's crew to promising anchorages. Pearling economists insist that dredging by machinery or the use of diving-suits can never compete with the simple and inexpensive method in vogue on the Manar banks. At Marichchik-kaddi one hears frequent discussion of the time a diver may stay under water, and many improbable accounts of what has been done are told to visitors. An average Tamil or Moorman stays down not longer than forty-five seconds, while the broad-chested Arab thinks nothing of being under water from sixty to eighty seconds.

Depth has much to do with the time, and it is admitted that divers do not suffer unduly from the trying nature of their calling except when forced to work in unusually deep water. Seven or eight fathoms—about the average on the Ceylon banks—produces no injurious effect, but nine fathoms tell on all but men of sturdy build. Occasionally a declivity perhaps ten fathoms below the surface has to be fished, and this demands the service of picked men, divers possessing the highest vitality. Every season several

divers collapse through toiling at unusual depths, and two or three pay the penalty of death. Most divers, however, live to as full a span as men pursuing other humble callings.

When a fishery is at its height, the scene on the banks is one of extreme animation, and a picture full of strangeness to New World eyes. Each craft is a floating hive of competitive noise and activity, and the center of a cordon of disappearing and reappearing seal-like heads, with baskets splashing in the water or being hauled by excited hands. In the distance floats the majestic barque *Rengasamy Puravey*, an old-timer, with stately spars, a quarter-deck, and painted portholes that might cause a landsman to believe her a war-ship. For half the year the barque is the home of the government's marine biologist, and his office and laboratory, wherein scientific investigation and experimentation are in constant progress, are in houses built on the quarter-deck. Small steamers, having an official cut, move here and there among the fishing boats, doing patrol duty and carrying instructions when necessary from the *Rengasamy Puravey*.

"Would you like to go down in a diving-costume from a boat alongside the barque?" asked the biologist; "it's perfectly safe, and I have a dress that will fit you. Frequently I go to the bottom to study the curious growths there, and last season the Colonial Secretary went down two or three times." But I promptly declined the courtesy, explaining that I was content to accept a vicarious description of things at the bottom of the sea.

The instant the "cease-work" gun is fired the dingy fleet blossoms into a cloud of canvas, with every boat headed for Marichchikkaddi. The scene suggests a regatta on a gigantic scale, and from a distance the leaning lug and lateen sails of the East give the idea of craft traveling at terrific speed. It is a regatta, a free-for-all, devil-take-the-hindmost affair. The prizes are choice berths on the beach as near as possible to the kottu, and the coolies who must carry the sacks of oysters see to it that the "tindal" and his sailors make no retard-ing error.

The camp has been peaceful and somnolent while the boats have been out;

but the word that the fleet is coming in rouses every laborer, every petty dealer, speculator, and harpy to nervous activity. Everybody goes to the sea-front to witness the beaching of the boats and to watch the unloading. An hour probably elapses between the coming of the leader of the fleet and the arrival of the slowest boat. During this period the important functionary is the beach-master, who shouts his commands to boats seeking to crowd into positions not rightly theirs. When a boat is securely drawn upon the strand, there is no waste of time in getting the cargo started for the government storehouse. Muscular porters glistening in their perspiring nudeness, go in single file between boat and kottu like ants executing a transportation feat. In a very few minutes the oysters are being counted by nimble-handed coolies. Important gamblers in oysters, men with sharp eyes and speculative instincts, have only to note the number of sacks delivered from one or two boats—and secure a hint from an obliging diver as to whether the bivalves are "thin" or "thick"—to arrive at a safe hypothesis of what the day's take has been, and also whether the oysters promise to be fairly pearliferous. The opinions of two or three of these experts make a basis for starting the prices at the auction in the evening, and these "sharps" are seldom wrong in their estimate of what would be a safe offer for a thousand chances in the great lottery of Asia.

The count in the kottu is soon completed, and each boat's catch is divided into three piles, when an official selects two for the government, and the third is so expeditiously removed that a quarter of an hour later the share of the divers is being huckstered throughout the camp to small speculators.

Upon each craft throughout the day has been a native watchman of supposed honesty, in the government's employ, whose duty has been to see that no oysters were surreptitiously opened on the banks or during the run home. If any member of the crew is suspected the police are informed, and an arrest follows. A favorite way of hiding pearls is to tie the gems in a rag attached to the anchor that is thrown overboard when the boat lands. Another is to fasten a packet to a piece of rigging adroitly run to the masthead,

there to remain until opportunity admits of its unobserved removal.

On their way to their sleeping quarters it is interesting to observe divers stopping at boutiques and tea-saloons for refreshments, paying their score with oysters, extremely acceptable to the shopkeeper itching to test his luck. In a small way, oysters pass current in the Cadjan City as the equivalent of coins. Probably the variations in value lead to fluctuations in exchange, but these are so keenly understood that the quotations are apparently adjusted automatically, like exchange between nations.

The sale is held in the building where the camp magistrate all the afternoon has been dispensing justice in breaches of Marichchikkaddi's morals—simple assaults, thieving, and other petty misdemeanors usual to police courts. Punctually at sunset the auction begins. If the universe offers a stranger gathering for which commerce is responsible, it would be difficult to give it location. The gentle Government agent sits on the platform, and in front of the rostrum is the splendidly appareled chief mudiliyar, to interpret between auctioneer and buyers. The bidders-to-be number half a hundred, and their eager faces are directed toward the august official of the government, each probably praying secretly to his god that undue competition be not inspired to the extent of excluding bargains. In the throng are chetties, Moor merchants, and local hawkers, hoping to get a few thousand bivalves at a price assuring a profit when peddled through the coastwise villages.

"Do these men represent actual capital?" I asked the agent. "They do, indeed," is the reply; "and collectively they are backed by cash in hand and satisfactory credits in Ceylon banks of at least a hundred lakhs of rupees." Forced as you are to accept the statement, you inwardly confess that they don't look it, for \$3,200,000 is a goodly credit anywhere.

In the fading light of day the agent announces that approximately two million oysters are to be sold, and he invites offers for them by the thousand—the highest bidder to take as many as he chooses, the quotation to be effective and apply to others until it is raised by some

one who fears there will not be oysters enough to satisfy the demands of everybody. It is the principle of supply and demand reduced to simplicity. The competition to fix the price of the first lot consumes perhaps a minute. The initial bid is, perhaps, thirty rupees; this is elevated to thirty-two, and so on until thirty-six is the maximum that can be induced from the motley assemblage. With his pencil the agent taps the table, and the mudiliyar says something in Hindustani meaning "sold." The buyer is an Arab from Bombay, operating for a syndicate of rich Indians taking a flier in lottery tickets. In a manner almost lordly he announces that he will take four hundred thousand oysters. Then a sale of two thousand follows at an advanced price to a nondescript said to have come all the way from Mecca; a towering Sikh from the Punjab secures twenty thousand at a reduced rate, and so on. In ten or twelve minutes the day's product is disposed of to greedy buyers for the sum of 62,134 good and lawful rupees. A clerk records names of buyers with expedition, glancing now and then at a document proving their credit, and in a few minutes issues the requisitions upon the kottu for the actual oysters; and these drafts will be honored in the early morning.

The primitive process by which the pearls are extracted from the oysters is tedious, offensive to the senses, and of a character much too disagreeable to be associated with the jewel symbolizing purity. A few million oysters are shipped to southern India, and some go to Jaffna and Colombo; but the preponderating bulk is dealt with in the private kottus in the outskirts of the camp belonging to the men who crowd the auction-room. To open fresh from the sea and scrutinize every part of the oyster would be too slow a method to be applied to the business of pearl-getting. The native who obtains a few dozen seeks shelter under the first mustard-tree and, with dull-edged knife, dissects each bivalve with a thoroughness permitting nothing to escape his eye.

The burning sun, bringing decay and putrefaction to the oyster, is the operator's agency for securing what pearls his purchase may contain. For a week or ten days the oysters are stacked in his

private kottu, and the process of disintegration is facilitated by swarms of flies and millions of maggots. When the tropical sun can do no more, the contents of the shells—putrid, filthy, and overpoweringly odoriferous—are gathered in troughs and other receptacles to be put through a process of cleansing by washing with water frequently drawn away. The residue, carefully preserved, is picked over when dry by experts, working under the watchfulness of the owner or his deputy—and in this manner are wrested from nature the pearls of my lady's dainty necklace or engagement ring.

Sometimes an impatient speculator is seen with his coolies on the beach carefully washing vatfuls of "matter," perhaps employing a dugout canoe as a washing trough. Wherever the work is done the stench is almost overpowering, and the odors defy neutralization. The wonder is that some dread disease of the Orient does not make a clean sweep of the city's population. The medical officers claim that the malodorous fumes are not dangerous, and experience has taught these officials to locate the compounds, wherein millions of oysters are to decompose, in a position where the trade winds waft the smells seaward or inland, without greatly affecting the health of the camp. The British official whose olfactory organ survives a season at the pearl camp deserves from his home government at least the honor of knighthood.

Interesting as Marichchikkaddi is to the person making a study of the conduct of unusual industries and the government of Eastern people, the medical officer looms important as the functionary shouldering a greater responsibility than any other officer of the camp. To draw forty thousand people from tropical lands, grouping them on a sand plain only a few hundred miles above the equator, is an undertaking pregnant with danger, when considered from the standpoint of hygiene. Strange to say, Marichchikkaddi's health is always satisfactory; but tons of disinfectants have to be used. Malarial fever is ever present, but it is of a mild type. The outdoor dispensary does a rushing business, but only seventy-five cases were sufficiently serious last season

to be sent to hospital, and only ten of these were fatal. The divers are prone to pneumonia and pleurisy, and these diseases carried off five. The deaths out of hospital totaled twenty-two.

As an illustration of the white man's supremacy in dealing with black and brown peoples, Marichchikkaddi probably has no equal. Here, in an isolated spot on the coast of Ceylon, hours from anywhere by sea, and shut off from the large towns of the island by jungle and forest wherein roam elephants, leopards, and other wild animals, twelve or fifteen Britishers rule, with an authority never challenged, more than forty thousand adventurous Asiatics—men whose vocation is largely based on their daring, and whose competing religions and castes possess the germ of fanaticism that might be roused to bloodshed. The white man's control is supported by the presence of two hundred policemen, it is true, but these are natives. The keynote of this exposition of a multitude ruled by a handful of Europeans is the absolute fairness of their control. Otherwise it would be inviting disaster for the white official to apprehend a wrongdoer, place him on trial, and personally administer with lash or birch the corporal punishment to be witnessed any morning in front of the camp lockup.

And what might happen if the divers, through their ringleaders, should object to surrendering to the government the demanded "rake-off" of two thirds the oysters rescued from the sea by their efforts, in the event of these courageous fellows being assured that all the law in the world on the subject says that all the sea and all therein contained, beyond the distance of three nautical miles from shore, belongs to the universe? But, presumably, the Manar diver knows naught of the three-mile law.

Does the fishery pay? So far as facts are obtainable, one must answer,—tremendously. The government treasury is sometimes enormously expanded. Last year, the most prosperous of all Manar fisheries, the government sold its fifty million oysters for two and one-half million rupees, and at least \$600,000 of this was profit. Years ago, it is true, there were several fisheries that produced for the treasury nothing but deficits. Nobody

ever knows what reward visits the purchasers of oysters, for it is their habit to spread the report of disappointment or failure. But the buyers and speculators come each year in larger numbers, with augmented credits, and they pay in competition with their kind a larger price for the oysters. The conclusion is, therefore, that they find the business profitable.

Did I try my luck? Of course I did. Who could resist the temptation? I purchased two great sackfuls of oysters, a thousand in number, which were brought off to the Government tug *Active* by salaaming peons from the Government agent's office.

Yes, as we steamed away from Marichchikkaddi that evening, I was confident that the bags on the stern grating that had been freshly soured with seawater contained a wealth of pearls. In the early morning I would subsidize the eight native sailors, getting them to open the shelled treasures, while I garnered the pearls. With this thought uppermost, I turned in on a cushionless bench to snatch a few hours' sleep. But slumber was out of the question; my brain was planning what might be done with the pearls I was soon to possess. Yes, there surely would be plenty for a pearl-studded tiara for the loved one awaiting me; and any superfluity might be made into ropes and collars for admiring relatives at home.

Cousin Jessie had always coveted a necklace of pearls with a diamond clasp. The dainty baubles were in those sacks; there was no question about that. Yes, my luck at pearl-getting would compensate for missing Sir Thomas Lipton's dinner in Colombo. And when sleep came at last I fell to dreaming of my cargo of priceless gems.

Suddenly I was awakened by excruciating pains. In an instant I was rolling on the deck and shrieking. Could it be cholera, the plague, or simply appendicitis with which I was stricken? The sailors held me down, but not a soul on board knew a word of English. I was positive that my end had come, and the thought of expiring away from friends and with a pocketful of prepaid around-the-world tickets was not agreeable. The pain continued for ten long hours with varying severity. Morning came, and the Indian skipper was plying his furnace with lubricating oil and turpentine—with anything that would help him get me to Colombo and medical skill. At last, eighteen hours out from Marichchikkaddi, the *Active* was in the harbor and I was being carried to the Grand Oriental Hotel.

"What about the two bags of oysters, the captain wishes to know?" asked the hotel interpreter.

"Oh, give them to the men," I answered; "what I want is a doctor."



RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

XII

THE HOUSE OF THE RUNNING WATER



WEEK later, on a sunlit afternoon, Sylvia and her father drove northward out of Weymouth, between the marshes and the bay. Sylvia was silent, and looked about

her with expectant eyes.

"I have been lucky, Sylvia," her father had previously said to her. "I have secured for our summer holiday the very house in which you were born. It cost me some trouble; but I was determined to get it if I could, for I had an idea that you would be pleased. However, you are not to see it until it is quite ready."

There was a prettiness and a delicacy in this thought which greatly appealed to Sylvia. He had spoken it with a smile of tenderness. Affection, surely, could alone have prompted it, and she thanked him very gratefully. They were now upon their way to take possession.

A little white house set back under a hill, and looking out across the bay from a thick cluster of trees, caught Sylvia's eye. Was that the house? she wondered. The carriage turned inland and passed the white house, and half a mile farther on turned again eastward along the road to Wareham, following the valley, which runs parallel to the sea. They ascended the long, steep hill which climbs to Osmington, until, upon their left hand, a narrow road branched off between hawthorn hedges to the downs. The road dipped to a little hollow, and in the hollow a village was set. A row of deep-thatched white cottages, with

leaded window-panes, opened upon a causeway of flagstones, which was bordered with purple phlox and raised above the level of the road. Farther on, the roof of a mill rose high among trees, and an open space showed Sylvia the black, massive wheel against the yellow wall. Then the carriage stopped at a house on the left-hand side, and Garratt Skinner got out.

"Here we are," he said.

It was a small square house of the Georgian days, built of old brick, dusky red. One entered it at the side, and the big, level windows of the living-rooms looked out upon a wide and high walled garden, where a little door under a brick archway in the wall gave a second entrance upon the road. Into this garden Sylvia wandered. If she had met with few people who matched the delicate company of her dreams, here, at all events, was a mansion where that company might fitly have gathered. Great elms and beeches bent under their load of leaves to the lawn; about the lawn flowers made a wealth of color; and away to the right of the house, twisted stems and branches, where the green of the apples was turning to red, stood evenly spaced in a great orchard. And the mill-stream, tunnelling under the road and the wall, ran swiftly between banks in the garden and the orchard, singing as it ran. There lingered, she thought, an ancient grace about this old garden, some flavor of forgotten days, as in a room scented with potpourri; and she walked the lawn in a great contentment.

The house within charmed her no less. It was a place of many corners and quaint nooks, and of a flooring so unlevel that she could hardly pass from one room

to another without taking a step up or a step down. Sylvia went about the house quietly and with a certain thoughtfulness. Here she had been born, and a mystery of her life was becoming clear to her. On this summer evening the windows were set wide in every room, and thus in every room, as she passed up and down, she heard the liquid music of running water, here faint, like a whispered melody, there pleasant, like laughter, but nowhere very loud, and everywhere quite audible. In one of these rooms she had been born. In one of these rooms her mother had slept at nights during the weeks before she was born, with that music in her ears at the moment of sleep and at the moment of waking. Sylvia understood now why she had always dreamed of running water. She wondered in which room she had been born. She tried to remember some corner of the house, some nook in its high-walled garden; and that she could not, awoke in her a strange and almost eery feeling. She had come back to a house in which she had lived, to a scene on which her eyes had looked, to sounds which had murmured in her ears, and everything was as utterly new to her and unimagined as though now for the first time she had crossed the threshold. Yet these very surroundings to which her memory bore no testimony had assuredly modified her life, had given to her a particular possession,—this dream of running water,—and had made it a veritable element of her nature. She could not but reflect upon this new knowledge, and as she walked the garden in the darkness of the evening, she built upon it, as will be seen.

As she stepped back over the threshold into the library, where her father sat, she saw that he was holding a telegram in his hand.

"Wallie Hine comes to-morrow, my dear," he said.

Sylvia looked at her father wistfully.

"It is a pity," she said, "a great pity. It would have been pleasant if we could have been alone."

The warmth of her gladness had gone from her; she walked once more in shadows; there was in her voice a piteous appeal for affection, for love, of which she had had too little in her life,

and for which she greatly craved. She stood by the door, her lips trembling, and her dark eyes, for a wonder, glistening with tears. She had always, even to those who knew her to be a woman, something of the child in her appearance, which made a plea from her lips most difficult to refuse. Now she seemed a child on whom the world pressed heavily before her time for suffering had come, she had so motherless a look. Even Garratt Skinner moved uncomfortably in his chair; even that iron man was stirred.

"I, too, am sorry, Sylvia," he said gently; "but we will make the best of it. Between us—" and he laughed gaily, setting aside from him his momentary compassion—"we will teach poor Wallie Hine a little geography, won't we?"

Sylvia had no smile ready for a reply; but she bowed her head, and into her face and her very attitude there came an expression of patience. She turned and opened the door, and as she opened it, and stood with her back toward her father, she said in a quiet and clear voice, "Very well," and so passed up the stairs to her room.

It might, after all, merely be kindness in her father which had led him to insist on Wallie Hine's visit. So she argued, and the more persistently because she felt that the argument was thin. He could be kind. He had been thoughtful for her during the last week in the small attentions which appeal much to women. Because he saw that she loved flowers, he had engaged a new gardener for their stay; and he had shown, in one particular instance, a quite surprising thoughtfulness for a class of unhappy men with whom he could have had no concern—the convicts in Portland prison. That instance remained for a long time vividly in her mind, and at a later time she spoke of it, with consequences of a far-reaching kind. She thought then, as she thought now, only of the kindness of her father's action, and for the first week of Hine's visit that thought remained with her. She was on the alert, but nothing occurred to arouse in her a suspicion. There were no cards, little wine was drunk, and early hours were kept by the whole household. Indeed, Garratt Skinner left entirely to his daughter the task of entertaining his guest; and although

once he led them both over the great down to Dorchester and back at a pace which tired his companions out, he preferred, for the most part, to smoke his pipe in a hammock in the garden with a novel at his side. The morning after that one expedition, he limped out into the garden, rubbing the muscles of his thigh.

"You must look after Wallie, my dear," he said. "Age is beginning to find me out. And, after all, he will learn more of the tact and manners which he wants from you than from a rough man like me." It did not occur to Sylvia, who was of a natural modesty of thought, that he had any other intention in throwing them thus together than to rid himself of a guest with whom he had little in common.

But a week later she changed her mind. She was driving Wallie Hine one morning into Weymouth, and as the dog-cart turned into the road beside the bay, and she saw suddenly before her the sea sparkling into sunlight, the dark battle-ships at their firing practice, and over against her, through a shimmering haze of heat, the crouching mass of Portland, she drew in a breath of pleasure. It seemed to her that her companion gave the same sigh of enjoyment, and she turned to him with some surprise. But Walter Hine was looking at the wide beach, so black with holiday-makers that it seemed, at that distance, a great and busy ant-heap.

"That 's what I like," he said, with a chuckle of anticipation—"lots o' people. I 've knocked about too long in the thick o' things, you see, Miss Sylvia. Kept it up, I have seen it right through every night till three o'clock in the morning for months at a time. Oh, that 's the real thing!" he exclaimed "It makes you feel good."

Sylvia laughed.

"Then, if you dislike the country," she said, and perhaps rather eagerly, "why did you come to stay with us at all?"

"Oh, you know," he said, and almost he nudged her with his elbow. "I would n't have come, of course, if old Garratt had n't particularly told me that you were agreeable." Sylvia grew hot with shame. She drew away, flicked the

horse with her whip, and drove on. Had she been used, she wondered, to lure this poor, helpless youth to the sequestered village where they stayed? A chill struck through her even on that day of July. The plot had been carefully laid, if that were so: she was to be hoodwinked no less than Wallie Hine. What sinister thing was then intended? She tried to shake off the dread which encompassed her, pleading to herself that she saw perils in shadows like the merest child. But she had not yet shaken it off when Walter Hine cried out excitedly to her to stop.

"Look!" he said, and he pointed toward a hotel upon the sea-front which at that moment they were passing.

Sylvia looked, and saw obsequiously smirking upon the steps of the hotel, with his hat lifted from his shiny head, her old enemy, Captain Barstow. Fortunately, she had not stopped. She drove quickly on, just acknowledging his salute. It needed only this meeting to confirm her fears. It was not coincidence which had brought Captain Barstow on their heels to Weymouth. He had come with knowledge and a definite purpose.

"Oh, I say," protested Wallie Hine, "you might have stopped, Miss Sylvia, and let me pass the time of day with old Barstow."

Sylvia stopped the trap at once.

"I am sorry," she said. "You will find your own way home. We lunch at half past one."

Hine looked doubtfully at her and then back toward the hotel.

"I did n't mean that I wanted to leave you, Miss Sylvia," he said, "not by a long chalk."

"But you must leave me, Mr. Hine," she said, looking at him with serious eyes, "if you want to pass the time of day with your 'red-hot' friend."

There was no hint of a smile about her lips. She waited for his answer. It came, accompanied with a smile which aimed at gallantry and was merely familiar.

"Of course I stay where I am. What do you think?"

Sylvia hurried over her shopping and drove homeward. She went at once to her father, who lay in the hammock, in the shade of the trees, reading a

book. She came up from behind him across the grass, and he was not aware of her approach until she spoke.

"Father," she said, and he started up.

"Oh, Sylvia!" he said, and just for a second there was a palpable uneasiness in his manner. He had not merely started; he seemed also to have been startled. But he recovered his composure.

"You see, my dear, I have been thinking of you," he said, and he pointed to a man at work among the flower-beds. "I saw how you loved flowers,—how you liked to have the rooms bright with them,—so I hired a new gardener as a help. It is a great extravagance, Sylvia; but you are to blame, not I."

He smiled, confident of her gratitude, and had it been yesterday, he would have had it offered to him in full measure. To-day, however, all her thoughts were poisoned by suspicion. She knew it, and was distressed. She knew how much happiness so simple a forethought would naturally have brought to her. She did not, indeed, suspect any new peril in her father's action. She barely looked toward the new gardener, and certainly neglected to note whether he worked skilfully. But the fears of the morning modified her thanks. Moreover, the momentary uneasiness of her father had not escaped her notice, and she was wondering upon its cause.

"Father," she resumed, "I saw Captain Barstow in Weymouth this morning."

Though her eyes were on his face, and perhaps because her eyes were resting there with so quiet a watchfulness, she could detect no self-betrayal now. Garratt Skinner stared at her in pure astonishment. Then the astonishment gave place to annoyance.

"Barstow!" he said angrily. He lay back in the hammock, looking up to the boughs overhead, his face wrinkled and perplexed. "He has found us out and followed us, Sylvia. I would not have had it happen for worlds. Did he see you?"

"Yes."

"And I thought that here, at all events, we were safe from him! I wonder how he found us out. Bribe the caretaker in Hobart Place, I suppose."

Sylvia did not accept the suggestion. She sat down upon a chair in a disconcerting silence, and waited. Garratt Skinner crossed his arms behind his head and deliberated.

"Barstow's a deep fellow, Sylvia," he said. "I am afraid of him."

He was looking up at the boughs, but he suddenly glanced toward her, and then quietly removed one of his hands and slipped it down to the book which was lying on his lap. Sylvia took quiet note of the movement. The book had been lying shut upon his lap, with its back toward her. Garratt Skinner did not alter its position; but she saw that his hand now hid from her the title on the back. It was a big book, and had the appearance of an expensive book. She noticed the binding—a dull-green cloth. She was not familiar with the look of it, and it seemed to her that she might as well know, and as quickly as possible, what the book was and the subject with which it dealt.

Meanwhile Garratt Skinner repeated: "A deep fellow—Captain Barstow," and anxiously he debated how to cope with that deep fellow. He came at last to his conclusion. "We can't shut our doors to him, Sylvia."

Even though she had half expected just that answer, Sylvia flinched as she heard it uttered.

"I understand your feelings, my dear," he continued in tones of commiseration. "for they are mine; but we must fight the Barstows with the Barstows' weapons. It would never do for us to close our doors, he has far too tight a hold of Wallie Hine as yet. He has only to drop a hint to Wallie that we are trying to separate him from his true friends and keep him to ourselves—and just think, my dear, what a horrible set of motives a mean-minded creature like Barstow could impute to us! Let us be candid, you and I," cried Garratt Skinner, starting up as though carried away by candor. "Here am I, a poor man; here are you, my daughter, a girl with the charm and the beauty of the spring, and here's Wallie Hine, rich, weak, and susceptible. Oh, there's a story for a Barstow to embroider! But, Sylvia, he shall not so much as hint at the story. For your sake, my dear—for your sake," cried Gar-

ratt Skinner, with all the emphasis of a loving father. He wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"I was carried away by my argument," he went on in a calmer voice. Sylvia, for her part, had not been carried away at all, and no doubt her watchful composure helped him to subdue as ineffective the ardor of his tones. "Barstow has only to drop this hint to Wallie Hine, and Wallie will be off like a rabbit at the sound of a gun. And there's our chance gone of helping him to a better life. No, we must welcome Barstow, if he comes here—yes, actually welcome him, however repugnant it may be to our feelings. That's what we must do, Sylvia. He must have no suspicion that we are working against him. We must lull him to sleep. That is our only way to keep Wallie Hine with us. So that, Sylvia, must be our plan of campaign."

The luncheon bell rang as he ended his oration. He got out of the hammock quickly, as if to prevent discussion of his plan; and the book which he was carrying caught in the netting of the hammock and fell to the ground. Sylvia could read the title now. She did read it, hastily as Garratt Skinner stooped to pick it up. It was entitled, "THE ALPS IN 1864. A PRIVATE JOURNAL." She knew the book by repute, and was surprised to find it in her father's hands. She was surprised still more that he should have been to so much pains to conceal the title from her notice. After all, what could it matter? she wondered.

SYLVIA lay deep in misery that night. Her father had failed her utterly. All the high hopes with which she had set out from Chamonix had fallen; all the rare qualities with which her dreams had clothed him as in shining raiment must now be stripped from him. She was not deceived. Parminter, Barstow, Garratt Skinner—there was one "deep fellow" in that trio, but it was neither Barstow nor Parminter. It was her father. She had only to set the three faces side by side in her thoughts, to remember the differences of manner, mind, and character. Garratt Skinner was the master in the conspiracy, the other two were his mere servants. It was he who for some dark end had brought Barstow

down from London. He loomed up in her thoughts as a relentless and sinister figure, unswayed by affection, yet with the power to counterfeit it, long-sighted for evil, sparing no one, not even his daughter. She recalled their first meeting in the little house in Hobart Place; she remembered the thoughtful voice with which, as he had looked her over, he had agreed that she "might be useful." She thought of his caresses, his smile of affection, his comradeship, and she shuddered. Walter Hine's words had informed her to-day to what use her father had designed her. She was his decoy.

She lay upon her bed with her hands clenched, repeating the word in horror. His decoy! The moonlight poured through the open window, the music of the stream filled the room. She was in the house in which she had been born, a place mystically sacred to her thoughts, and she had come to it to learn that she was her father's decoy in a vulgar conspiracy to strip a weakling of his money. The stream sang beneath her windows, the very stream of which the echo had ever been rippling through her dreams. Always she had thought that it must have some particular meaning for her which would be revealed in due time. She dwelt bitterly upon her folly. There was no meaning in its light laughter.

In a while she was aware of a change. There came a grayness into the room. The moonlight had lost its white brilliancy; the night was waning. Sylvia rose from her bed and slowly, like one very tired, she began to gather together and pack into a bag such few clothes as she could carry. She had made up her mind to go, and to go silently before the house waked. Whither she was to go, and what she was to do once she had gone, she could not think. She asked herself the questions in vain, feeling very lonely and very helpless as she moved softly about the room by the light of her candle. Her friend might write to her, and she would not receive his letter. Still, she must go. Once or twice she stopped her work, and crouching down upon the bed, allowed her tears to have their way. When she had finished her preparations, she blew out her candle, and leaning upon the sill of the open window, gave her face to the cool night air.

There was a break in the eastern sky; already here and there a blackbird sang in the garden boughs, and the freshness, the quietude, swept her thoughts back to the chalet de Lognan. With a great yearning she recalled that evening and the story of the great friendship so quietly related to her in the darkness, beneath the stars. The world and the people of her dreams existed; only there was no door of entrance into that world for her. Below her the stream sang, even as the glacier stream had sung, though without its deep note of thunder. As she listened to it, certain words, spoken upon that evening, came back to her mind and gradually began to take on a particular application.

"What you know, that you must do, if by doing it you can save a life or save a soul."

That was the law—"If you can save a life or save a soul." And she *did* know. Sylvia raised herself from the window and stood in thought.

Garratt Skinner had made a great mistake that day. He had been misled by the gentleness of her ways, the sweet aspect of her face, and by a look of aloofness in her eyes, as though she lived in dreams. He had seen surely that she was innocent, and since he believed that knowledge must needs corrupt, he thought her ignorant as well. But she was not ignorant. She had detected his trickeries. She knew of the conspiracy, she knew of the place she filled in it herself, and, furthermore, she knew that as a decoy she had been doing her work. Only yesterday Walter Hine had been forced to choose between Barstow and herself, and he had let Barstow go. It was a small matter, no doubt. Still, there was a promise in it. What if she stayed, strengthened her hold on Walter Hine, and grappled with the three who were ranged against him?

Walter Hine was, of course, and could be, nothing to her. He was the mere puppet, the opportunity of obedience to the law. It was of the law that she was thinking, and of the voice of the man who had uttered it. She knew that by using her knowledge she could save a soul. She did not think at this time that she might be saving a life, too.

Quietly she undressed and slipped into

her bed. She was comforted. A smile had come upon her lips. She saw very near to her in the darkness the face of her friend. She needed sleep to equip herself for the fight, and while thinking so, she slept. The moonlight faded altogether, and left the room dark. Beneath the window the stream went singing through the lawn. After all, its message had been revealed to her in its due season.

XIII

CHAYNE PAYS A VISIT

"HULLO!" cried Captain Barstow, as he wandered round the library after luncheon, "here 's a scatter-gun."

He took the gun from a corner where it stood against the wall, opened the breech, shut it again, and turning to the open window, lifted the stock to his shoulder.

"I wonder whether I could hit anything nowadays," he said, taking careful aim at a tulip in the garden. "Any cartridges, Skinner?"

"I don't know, I am sure," Garratt Skinner replied testily. The newspapers had only this moment been brought into the room, and he did not wish to be disturbed. Sylvia had never noticed that double-barreled gun before, and she wondered whether it had been brought into the room that morning. She watched Captain Barstow bustle into the hall and back again. Finally he pounced upon an oblong card-box which lay on the top of a low book-case. He removed the lid, and pulled out a cartridge.

"Hullo!" said he, "No. 6. The very thing! I am going to take a pot at the starlings, Skinner. There are too many of them about for your fruit-trees."

"Very well," said Garratt Skinner, lazily lifting his eyes from his newspaper and looking out across the lawn. "Only take care you don't wing my new gardener."

"No fear of that," said Barstow, and, filling his pockets with cartridges, he took the gun in his hand and skipped out into the garden. In a moment a shot was heard, and Walter Hine rose from his chair and walked to the window. A second shot followed.

"Old Barstow can't shoot for nuts,"

said Hine, with a chuckle, and in his turn he stepped out into the garden. Sylvia made no attempt to hinder him, but she took his place at the window, ready to intervene. A flight of starlings passed straight and swift over Barstow's head. He fired both barrels, and not one of the birds fell. Hine spoke to him and the gun at once changed hands. At the next flight Hine fired, and one of the birds dropped. Barstow's voice was raised in jovial applause.

"That was a good egg, Wallie, a very good egg. Let me try now."

So alternately they shot as the birds darted overhead across the lawn. Sylvia waited for the moment when Barstow's aim would suddenly develop a deadly precision, but that moment did not come. If there was any betting upon this match, Hine would not be the loser. She went quietly back to a writing-desk and wrote her letters. She had no wish to rouse in her father's mind a suspicion that she had guessed his design and was setting herself to thwart it. She must work secretly, more secretly than he did himself. Meanwhile the firing continued in the garden, and, unobserved by Sylvia, Garratt Skinner began to take in it a stealthy interest. His chair was so placed that, without stirring, he could look into the garden and at the same time keep an eye on Sylvia. If she moved an elbow or raised her head, Garratt Skinner was at once reading his paper with every appearance of concentration. On the other hand, her back was turned toward him, so that she saw neither his keen gaze into the garden nor the good-tempered smile of amusement with which he turned his eyes upon his daughter.

In this way perhaps an hour passed; certainly no more. Sylvia had, in fact, almost come to the end of her letters when Garratt Skinner suddenly pushed back his chair and stood up. At the noise, as abrupt as a startled cry, Sylvia turned swiftly round. She saw that her father was gazing with a look of perplexity into the garden, and that for the moment he had forgotten her presence. She crossed the room quickly and noiselessly and standing just behind his elbow, saw what he saw. The blood flushed her throat and mounted into her cheeks; her

eyes softened; and a smile of welcome transfigured her grave face. Her friend Hilary Chayne was standing under the archway of the garden door. He had closed the door behind him, but he had not moved thereafter, and he was not looking toward the house. His attention was riveted upon the shooting-match. Sylvia gave no thought to his attitude at the moment. He had come: that was enough. And Garratt Skinner, turning about, saw the light in his daughter's face.

"You know him!" he cried roughly.

"Yes."

"He has come to see you?"

"Yes."

"You should have told me," said Garratt Skinner, angrily. "I dislike secrets." Sylvia raised her eyes and looked her father steadily in the face. But Garratt Skinner was not easily abashed; he returned her look as steadily.

"Who is he?" he continued in a voice of authority.

"Captain Hilary Chayne." It seemed for a moment that the name was vaguely familiar to Garratt Skinner, and Sylvia added: "I met him this summer in Switzerland."

"Oh, I see," said her father, and he looked with a new interest across the garden to the door. "He is a great friend?"

"My only friend," returned Sylvia, softly; and her father stepped forward and called aloud, holding up his hand.

"Barstow! Barstow!"

Sylvia noticed then and not till then that the coming of her friend was not the only change which had taken place since she had last looked out upon the garden. The new gardener was now shooting alternately with Walter Hine, while Captain Barstow, standing a few feet behind them, recorded the hits in a little book. He looked up at the sound of Garratt Skinner's voice, and perceiving Chayne, at once put a stop to the match. Garratt Skinner turned again to his daughter, and spoke now without any anger at all. There was just a hint of reproach in his voice; but, as if to lessen the reproach, he laid his hand affectionately upon her arm.

"Any friend of yours is welcome, of course, my dear; but you might have told me that you expected him. Let us



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE HAD BEEN BEHIND HIM WHILE HE HAD SPOKEN, AND
* * * HAD HEARD EVERY WORD"

have no secrets from each other in the future! Now bring him in, and we will see if we can give him a cup of tea."

He rang the bell. Sylvia did not think it worth while to argue that Chayne's coming was a surprise to her as much as to her father. She crossed the garden toward her friend; but she walked slowly and still more slowly. Her memories had flown back to the evening when they had bidden each other good-by on the little platform in front of the chalet de Lognan. Not in this way had she then planned that they should meet again, or in such company. The smile had faded from her lips, the light of gladness had gone from her eyes. Barstow and Walter Hine were moving toward the house. It mortified her exceedingly that her friend should find her among such companions. She almost wished that he had not found her out at all. And so she welcomed him with a great restraint.

"It was kind of you to come," she said. "How did you know I was here?"

"I called at your house in London. The caretaker gave me the address," he replied. He took her hand, and holding it, looked with the careful scrutiny of a lover into her face.

"You have needed those memories of your one day to fall back upon," he said regretfully; "already you have needed them. I am very sorry."

Sylvia did not deny the implication of the words that "troubles" had come. She turned to him, grateful that he should so clearly have remembered what she had said upon that day.

"Thank you," she answered gently. "My father would like to know you. I wrote to you that I had come to live with him."

"Yes."

"You were surprised?" she asked.

"No," he answered quietly. "You came to some important decision on the very top of the Aiguille d'Argentière. That I knew at the time, for I watched you. When I got your letter I understood what the decision was."

To leave Chamonix, to break completely with her life, it was just to that decision she would naturally have come just on that spot during that one sunlit hour. So much his own love of the

mountains taught him. But Sylvia was surprised at his insight; and what with that, and the proof that their day together had remained vividly in his thoughts, she caught back something of its comradeship. As they crossed the lawn to the house her embarrassment diminished. She drew comfort, besides, from the thought that whatever her friend might think of Captain Barstow and Walter Hine, her father, at all events, would impress him, even as he had impressed her. Chayne would see at once that here was a man head and shoulders above his companions, finer in quality, different in speech.

But that afternoon her humiliation was to be complete. Her father had no fancy for the intrusion of Captain Chayne into his quiet sequestered house. The flush of color on his daughter's face, the leap of light into her eyes, had warned him. He had no wish to lose his daughter. Chayne, too, might be inconveniently watchful. Garratt Skinner desired to spy upon his little plans. Consequently he set himself to play the host with an offensive geniality which was calculated to disgust a man with any taste for good manners. He spoke in a voice which Sylvia did not know, so coarse it was in quality, so boisterous and effusive; and he paraded Walter Hine and Captain Barstow with the pride of a man exhibiting his dearest friends.

"You must know 'red-hot' Barstow, Captain Chayne," he cried, slapping the little man lustily on the back—"one of the very best. You are both brethren of the sword."

Barstow sniggered obsequiously, and screwed his eyeglass into his eye.

"Delighted, I am sure. But I sheathed the sword some time ago, Captain Chayne."

"And exchanged it for the betting book," Chayne added quietly.

Barstow laughed nervously.

"Oh, you refer to our little match in the garden," he said. "We dragged the gardener into it."

"So I saw," Chayne replied. "The gardener seemed to be a remarkable shot. I think he would be a match for more than one professional."

Turning away, he saw Sylvia's eyes

fixed upon him, and on her face an expression of trouble and dismay so deep that he could have bitten off his tongue for speaking. She had been behind him while he had spoken, and though he had spoken in a low voice, she had heard every word. She bent her head over the tea-table and busied herself with the cups; but her hands shook, her face burned, she was tortured with shame. She had set herself to do battle with her father, and already, in the first skirmish, she had been defeated. Chayne's indiscreet words had laid bare to her the elaborate conspiracy. The new gardener, the gun in the corner, the cartridges which had to be looked for, Barstow's want of skill, Hine's superiority, which had led Barstow naturally to offer to back the gardener against him—all was clear to her. It was the little round game of cards all over again, and she had not possessed the wit to detect the trick. And that was not all: her friend had witnessed it and understood!

She heard her father presenting Walter Hine, and with almost intolerable pain she realized that had he wished to leave Chayne no single opportunity of misapprehension, he would have spoken just these words, and no others.

"Wallie is the grandson—and, indeed, the heir—of old Joseph Hine. You know his name, no doubt. Joseph Hine's Château Marlay, what? A warm man, Joseph Hine; I don't know a man more rich. Treats his grandson handsomely into the bargain, eh, Walter?"

Sylvia felt that her heart would break. That Garratt Skinner's admission was boldly and cunningly deliberate did not occur to her. She simply understood that here was the last necessary piece of evidence given to Captain Chayne which would convince him that he had been this afternoon the witness of a robbery and swindle.

She became aware that Chayne was standing beside her. She did not lift her face, for she feared that it would betray her. She wished, with all her heart, that he would just replace his cup upon the tray and go away without a word. He could not want to stay, he could not want to return; he had no place here. If he would go away quietly, without troubling to take leave

of her, she would be very grateful, and do justice to him for his kindness.

But though he had the mind to go, it was not without a word.

"I want you to walk with me as far as the door," he said gently.

Sylvia rose at once. Since, after all, there must be words, the sooner they were spoken the better. She followed him into the garden, making her little prayer that they might be very few and that he would leave her to fight her battle and to hide her shame alone.

They crossed the lawn without a word. He held open the garden door for her, and she passed into the lane. He followed, and closed the door behind them. In the lane a hired landau was waiting. Chayne pointed to it.

"I want you to come away with me now," he said: and since she looked at him with the air of one who does not understand, he explained, standing quietly beside her, with his eyes upon her face. And though he spoke quietly, there was in his eyes a hunger which belied his tones; and though he stood quietly, there was a tension in his attitude which betrayed the extreme suspense. "I want you to come away with me; I want you never to return. I want you to marry me."

The blood rushed into her cheeks and again fled from them, leaving her very white. Her face grew mutinous, like an angry child's, but her eyes grew hard, like a resentful woman's.

"You ask me out of pity," she said in a low voice.

"That's not true," he cried, and with so earnest a passion that she could not but believe him. "Sylvia, I came here meaning to ask you to marry me. I ask you something more now, that is all. I ask you to come to me a little sooner, that is all. I want you to come with me now."

Sylvia leaned against the wall and covered her face with her hands.

"Please!" he said, making his appeal with a great simplicity. "For I love you, Sylvia."

She gave him no answer. She kept her face still hid, and only her heaving breast bore witness to her stress of feeling. Gently he removed her hands, and holding them in his, urged his plea.

"Ever since that day in Switzerland I have been thinking of you, Sylvia, remembering your looks, your smile, and the words you spoke. I crossed the Col Dolent the next day, and all the time I felt that there was some great thing wanting. I said to myself, 'I miss my friend.' I was wrong, Sylvia. I missed you. Something ached in me—has ached ever since. It was my heart. Come with me now!"

Sylvia had not looked at him, though she made no effort to draw her hands away, and still not looking at him, she answered in a whisper:

"I can't! I can't!"

"Why?" he asked. "Why? You are not happy here; you are no happier than you were at Chamonix. And I would try so very hard to make you happy. I can't leave you here—lonely; for you are lonely. I am lonely, too—all the more lonely because I carry about with me—you—you, as you stood in the chalet at night, looking through the open window, with the candle-light striking upward on your face, and with your reluctant smile upon your lips; you as you lay on the top of the Aiguille d'Argentière, with the wonder of a new world in your eyes; you as you said goodbye in the sunset, and went down the winding path to the forest. If you only knew, Sylvia!"

"Yes; but I don't know," she answered, and now she looked at him. "I suppose that if I loved I should know, I should understand."

Her hands lay in his, listless and unresponsive to the pressure of his. She spoke slowly and thoughtfully, meeting his gaze with troubled eyes.

"Yet you were glad to see me when I came," he urged.

"Glad, yes. You are my friend, my one friend. I was very glad; but the gladness passed. When you asked me to come with you across the garden, I was wanting you to go away."

The words hurt him; they could not but hurt him. But she was so plainly unconscious of offence, she was so plainly trying to straighten out her own tangled position, that he could feel no anger.

"Why?" he asked; and again she frankly answered him.

"I was humbled," she replied, "and

I have had so much humiliation in my life."

The very quietude of her voice, and the wistful look upon her young, tired face, hurt him far more than her words had done.

"Sylvia," he cried, and he drew her toward him; "come with me now! My dear, there will be an end of all humiliation. We can be married, we can go down to my home on the Sussex Downs. That old house needs a mistress, Sylvia. It is very lonely." He drew a breath and smiled suddenly. "And I would like so much to show you it, to show you all the corners, the bridle-paths across the downs, the woods, and the wide view from Arundel to Chichester spires. Sylvia, come!"

Just for a moment it seemed that she leaned toward him. He put his arm about her and held her for a moment closer. But her head was lowered, not lifted up to his; and then she freed herself gently from his clasp.

She faced him with a little wrinkle of thought between her brows, and spoke with an air of wisdom which went very prettily with the childlike beauty of her face.

"You are my friend," she said—"a friend I am very grateful for; but you are not more than that to me. I am frank. You see, I am thinking now of reasons which would not trouble me if I loved you. Marriage with me would do you no good, would hurt you in your career."

"No," he protested.

"But I am thinking that it would," she replied steadily, "and I do not believe that I should give much thought to it, if I really loved you. I am thinking of something else, too,—” and she spoke more slowly, choosing her words with care,—“of a plan which before you came I had formed, of a task which before you came I had set myself to do. I am still thinking of it, still feeling that I ought to go on with it. I do not think that I should feel that if I loved. I think nothing else would count at all except that I loved. So you are still my friend, and I cannot go with you."

Chayne looked at her for a moment sadly, with a mist before his eyes.

"I leave you to much unhappiness,"

he said, "and I hate the thought of it."

"Not quite so much now as before you came," she answered. "I am proud, you know, that you asked me," and putting her troubles aside, she smiled at him bravely, as though it was he who needed comforting. "Good-by! Let me hear of you through your success."

So again they said good-by at the time of sunset. Chayne mounted into the landau and drove back along the road to Weymouth. "So that 's the end," said Sylvia. She opened the door and passed again into the garden. Through the window of the library she saw her

father and Walter Hinè watching, it seemed, for her appearance. It was borne in upon her suddenly that she could not meet them or speak with them, and she ran very quickly round the house to the front door, and escaped unaccosted to her room.

In the library Hine turned to Garratt Skinner with one of his rare flashes of shrewdness.

"She did n't want to meet us," he said jealously. "Do you think she cares for him?"

"I think," replied Garratt Skinner, with a smile, "that Captain Chayne will not trouble us with his company again."

(To be continued)



THE CHILD THAT CAME

BY ELIZABETH WHITING

O CHILD my mouth has never kissed,
My body never known,
By all the joys that I have missed,
I claim you as my own.

Love called you to me from the dark,
But as your spirit heard,
Death laid his fingers cold and stark
Upon my heart that stirred.

I yearned for you with every breath,
O never had, yet lost,
While on my heart the touch of death
Struck deeper down like frost.

I watched the tides creep out and in,
The darkness wax and wane,
The years lag by, and could not win
To any rest from pain.

But as to-night I sit alone,
With only shadows near,
O child incredibly my own,
I know that you are here.

I hold you tight against the ache
Within my breast and croon
A song my mother used to make
For me about the moon.

O little child forever mine,
Yet safe from life that harms,
Not all of human and divine
Can take you from my arms!

The bitter road that I have trod
Has brought this thing to be:
I need not give you back to God
Who gave you not to me.

Come soon or late the day when earth
Shall grant its gift of rest,
The child to whom I gave not birth
Shall lie upon my breast.

TRADING HIS MOTHER

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "Seeing France with Uncle John"



EX and his mother lived together in a large house covered with ivy. The curate said that one end of the house was Early-English and that the other was distinctly James the First, a statement which Rex regarded as more than silly, since it was all alike of stone, and anyone could see the stone whenever and wherever the wind blew the ivy aside. There was a tower at one end, and the curate said that the foundation of this tower was undoubtedly Norman. Rex coaxed Magda to take him down the dark way to see what the curate meant by "undoubtedly Norman," and a lizard ran out, and Magda dropped the candle, and screamed, and it was all dark and trying and awful. Rex never pardoned the curate for having been the one who had led him to embark in an enterprise that had terminated in tears and cries for Clemens to bring a light "Wight off! wight off!" From that hour he transferred his partiality to Colonel Arkwright, who came out from the city twice a week in a "puff-puff," and always let the man who wore the leather eye-glasses take Rex and Magda to ride while he sat on the terrace and talked to Rex's mother. Rex was fond of riding in the "puff-puff," and after a while the colonel developed other charms which made him glad that he had given him the *pas* over the curate. These charms consisted in wonderful toys, invariably hidden in the box under the back seat and invariably meant for Rex. There are certainly very few men with such a delicate intuition as to the pressing need of new toys as this friend of Rex's mother possessed, and it was only after several weeks of mechanical mon-

keys, tin regiments, and puzzle-games that Rex's mother's son first discovered a wonder that the intuition was not omniscient.

"I should surely sink he would bwing me a pony," he told Magda one morning, and then, as Magda continued tatting and unresponsive, he waited until he saw his mother, and then voiced his surprise to her.

She was dressing, and Nina was doing her hair, and a beautiful gown of muslin ruffles and pink-rose embroidery lay spread out on the bed.

"Come here on my lap," said Rex's mother, to Nina's great distress, and she kissed him and hid her face in his tumble of curls, to Nina's utter despair. "You are too little for a pony," she said after a minute or so. "Ponies come when men are five years old."

"But I 'm four," said Rex, "and four is dess back of five."

"Yes," said his mother, and then the "puff-puff" was heard in the avenue, and she put him from her quickly, and snatched up her rings from the dressing-table, and held her head straight for Nina, and was quite changed in all ways.

Rex stood and watched the muslin ruffles slipped into place and the black velvet tied round her little waist, and then, when she was done, he put his hand in hers, and they went down the stairs and out on the terrace together. The colonel was waiting there, and he smiled, as he always did, and came, and stooped, and shook hands with Rex, and then took Rex's mother's hand and raised it to his lips; and Rex's mother's cheeks grew quite pink, and she said nothing; and Rex, standing by and watching, felt sure that the colonel took a long time to ac-

comply a very small thing, and as soon as he was through, he went up to his mother, stood on tiptoe, pulled her down to his level and gave the big man with the brown mustache an object-lesson in how much better and more satisfactorily it may be done.

The mother laughed, and a curl which the caress had dislodged blew across her eyes as she did so. She put her pretty hands up to the curl, and started to tuck it back among the other curls; and, as she did so, she looked at the visitor and said: "He loves me so—don't you?" to Rex.

Rex felt that this was no moment to prevaricate.

"Well, I would wuhver have a pony," he said frankly.

At that the colonel began to laugh and his mother began to laugh, and after a minute he thought he must be in a good joke, even if he did n't just grasp it, and so he laughed, too.

"Would you trade your mama for a pony?" the colonel asked him, picking him up and setting him on the edge of the great marble vase that held the flowers when they had dinner-parties on the terrace. "Do you mean what you say?"

"I want a pony worse of all," Rex confessed.

"And we have worried," said the colonel to the mother, "we have tormented our brains and vexed our souls, over a problem of such simple solving!" And then he put the small boy down again and told him to go and see if there was a package from London in the motor. Rex departed in haste, rejoicing over the certainty of the present and the possibility of the future. He found a long box in the motor, and inside the box was a tower and twelve mice. When the mice were set on the top of the tower, they ran all the way down to the bottom through a little circular passage and then pitched into numbered holes. It was a game, and a very thrilling one, and Magda and the man in the leather spectacles (which he took off occasionally) chose mice, and played it with zest for fifteen minutes.

Afterward they took a ride down the avenue and past the lodge and round by Dougan's farm, and, when they came back, Rex went to bid his mother good-night. And although the wind had died

away, it had been so tempestuous first as to loosen three of her curls and drive her and her visitor into the library, where she was sitting in the corner of the big seat, and the colonel was standing in an aimless and unsettled manner, doing nothing in particular, by the window.

Rex climbed upon the seat and kissed his mother heartily. He threw back his head afterward and eyed the colonel proudly, because he felt somehow that he had been at a disadvantage there. And then he went to bed, and ever so much later the "puff-puff" woke him as it "puff-puffed" back to London.

All that week the house was very quiet, and on Friday his mama and Nina went up to town and stayed two days. Then they came back, and Rex's aunt and his great-uncle and some others came, too, and the next day his grandmama and her maid and her doctor and her funny, fuzzy black dog came, too, and the next day a great many more came, too, and the house was full of flowers, and the bishop was there to luncheon, and the curate. Only the curate looked so badly that Rex wondered if he had been looking for something Norman and found a lizard.

The next morning Rex was awakened by music, and somewhere there was the most wonderful song being sung by voices that sounded just like birds. He went to the window to listen, and Magda was there listening, too. She was standing behind the curtains, because she was in her night-gown and the voices were filling the air—the air that was soft and pink because the sun was not yet risen, and the day was not yet old enough to be sure how he would like her and treat her.

"Where is zat moosic?" Rex asked Magda.

"They are on the Tower," said Magda, whispering—"they are singing because it is the story that they shall sing on the tower whenever there is a bride in the house."

"And is there a bwide in our house?" Rex asked, whispering also.

"Yes," Magda told him, and kissed him.

After a little the song stopped, and they went back to bed, and slept later than usual—at least, Rex did. The

next time that he awoke, his mother was kissing him. She had her big blue-velvet coat thrown around her, and underneath she was all white, with little, pale-green ribbons tying little knots of lace. She had on white slippers that had buckles with green stones in them, and her hair was wonderfully lovely.

She kissed Rex over and over, and put a big, lovely picture of herself in a frame made of white daisies and blue forget-me-nots on the chimney-piece. But she said hardly a word.

After she went away Magda brought out a white suit with a white belt and a big gold belt-buckle, and told him to be a good boy, for they were all going to church. It was not Sunday, but they were all going to church just the same, she explained, and then when he was dressed, his grandmama came in and looked him all over through her lorgnette, and made him feel really very uncomfortable.

There was a great deal of noise in the court and up and down the avenue, and Magda told him he could go out on the balcony and look over, but, for the love of Heaven, not to lean against anything in that suit. His grandmama was quite nervous, and told Magda that she would do better to hold him than to risk anything, so Magda went out after him and held him.

There were ever so many carriages below, and his aunt in a black-lace dress, and all the other people in all sorts of dresses were down there, laughing and talking, and then getting in and driving away. All of a sudden Magda put him down, took his hand, and told him to hurry, and they almost ran through all the halls and out of the big door; and there was his grandmama and her doctor in a carriage waiting for him and Magda to go to church with them.

So they drove away down the avenue, and past the lodge, and between the hedges that smelt so sweet because the may was all in bloom, and then they came to the church, which was gray and covered with ivy, like their own house at home. There was a great crowd around the church, and they all bowed and curtsied and hummed and buzzed when Rex's grandmama and her doctor and her grandson and Magda got out of the car-

riage and went in under the little stone-roofed porch.

The church was quite different from usual and most beautifully trimmed with flowers, and every seat was full, and the organ was playing softly. Rex's grandmother took the arm of a gentleman who had come in another carriage, and the doctor took Rex's hand, and they went to their own pew, with the carved door and the velvet cushions. Rex curled up in the corner and listened to the organ and smelled the flowers, and then suddenly he saw his grandmama begin to fan herself very fast, and the doctor took the fan and fanned her instead, and the organ swelled louder, and Rex suddenly saw that something very lovely indeed in a white-lace dress and a large hat with a pale-green plume was almost in front of him, and that the bishop and the curate (the curate looking as if a whole cellar of lizards were after him) and the colonel were all there, too, standing close together.

Then for a little while it was really church and every one but Rex's grandmama said their prayers, and the voices sang, and the organ played.

When the prayers were done, and the bishop had said a little more, the beautiful creature with the pale-green plume turned around and Rex saw that it was his mother. She looked up at him and his grandmama and smiled sweetly. And then she put her hand upon the colonel's arm, seeming to prefer him to the bishop or the curate, and walked down the aisle with him.

Rex's grandmama rose at once, and the doctor rose, too. Rex rose also, and the gentleman who had led his grandmama in stood there at the pew door ready to lead her out. No one else moved in their seats, and Rex could see all their faces smiling at him as he passed along between them.

When he came to the outside world he was quite startled and bewildered.

The bishop and the curate were both there, although how they had gotten there he could not see, and the crowd was ever so much bigger. They were very quiet, though, and he was not surprised at that, because his mother was standing before them looking so like an angel come straight out of a happy

heaven down to a happy earth, that it was enough to make any one stare only to look at her eyes and lips.

They all seemed waiting for him, and his mother bent, putting her hand up to steady her great hat as she did so, and kissed him. Just as she straightened up again he saw, with a gasp, something that he had not noticed before.

Perhaps it was because the carriage with the bouquets in the lamp-sockets and the great white rosettes by the horses' ears had overshadowed it completely; perhaps it was because the bishop and the curate and the colonel and the doctor had been standing between it and him; perhaps it was because he, like the crowd, had been blinded to all else by the sight of the mother's joy and starry loveliness: but, at any rate, he saw now.

Before the carriage-step, taking precedence over that big carriage with its white bouquets and rosettes, were a pony and a cart—a black pony in a white leather harness, and a red-straw cart with small lamps and with a robe folded on the seat! A man was at the pony's head, and Magda was standing behind the cart.

Rex was speechless.

The colonel took his hand and led him up close to the wondrous equipage.

"Rex," he said, "you remember telling me the other day that you would rather have a pony than your mother? I really think that you will regret trading her outright at that figure, but I am willing to pay a pony for a fortnight of her society. Shall we call it a bargain?"

"Oh, yes," said Rex, and took possession that instant. His mother and the bishop were smiling very much indeed, and the crowd were cheering under their breaths. Magda took the place beside him, and the man who had been guarding the pony's head gave him the reins and shook out the robe over their knees.

Then the people began to cheer loudly, and then the pony began to walk and then to trot, and Rex, turning his head for one beatific backward glance, saw the carriage moving up to the step, the people pouring out of the church, his grandmama fanning violently, and his mother, with one hand on the colonel's arm, waving the other at him.

"Where shall we go?" he said to Magda, when the turn had hidden all from them.

"Let us go to my mother's" suggested Magda.

So they drove there, and Magda's mother was overjoyed to see them. If she had been expecting them she could not have been gladder or more ready. There were buns and milk on the table, and a new calf and four kittens (just pleasantly playful) to be looked at after the luncheon.

Later they had a very nice dinner, and just as they were finishing, James came driving in and left some of the kind of cake that Rex had always been forbidden to eat, a piece for each member of the family and a piece for the pony. Magda went down to the gate to talk with James for a moment, and when she came back after many, many moments, she found a small boy sound asleep. He slept nearly the whole afternoon, and when he woke, there were more buns and more milk, and then they drove back home.

All the company was gone except Rex's grandmama, and she was in bed and was to have her dinner in her own room. The house was odd and still and very different. Rex went all over it, and wondered at the flowers, which were everywhere. Then he passed his mother's room; and the door was open, so he went in. It was all very odd and still, too, and his picture in the gold frame was gone. He remembered then that he had traded her for the pony, and an odd lump came up in his throat. It was a long while before he remembered that the colonel had said that it was only for a "forty"; he wondered what a "forty" was.

Just then Magda came in. She had been hunting for him everywhere, she said. He went for his bath and to be put to bed.

"What is a forty?" he asked, as he climbed in among his pillows half an hour later.

"You can count up to ten," said Magda; "Well, four tens are forty."

He laid down to think it over, and the greatness of the proposition wearied him quickly to sleep.

The next morning the consolation of



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE IS N'T YOUR MUVVER," HE SAID, IN DESPERATE PLEADING

the pony was again on hand. Rex went to the stable, and looked at it, and hugged its nose, and smoothed its mane. After all, a pony was not a bad substitute for a mother. He drove out with Magda again, and the triumph of the feat so elated him that when he came home and found his grandmother drying her eyes over a telegram from his mother in Paris, he pitied her contemptuously for her weakness. The fuzzy dog was sniffing his bare legs in an unpleasantly familiar way just then, so he left his grandmother and went back to the pony.

The next day his grandmother was in bed all day, and life was all pony and no family affection whatever.

The next day grandmother, maid, fuzzy dog, and doctor all departed together, and the curate came over with his little black trunk and settled himself in the room in the Early-English tower.

Rex was very depressed. He was courageous, but the lump in his throat was becoming a permanent fixture of nights. The pony looked so little and fat and sleepy always, and that white, slender mother with the starry eyes stood out in his dreams like a vision the reality of which seemed too good ever to have been true.

The curate was learning to play the flute. He played the flute in a most dismal and wailing manner, and although Rex was young, he had ears and, worse still, nerves. The days passed heavily by—days and days and days. Four tens make forty. Oh, what an awful sum!

Finally one morning Magda said, as she brushed out his curls with more than her usual vigor:

"To think that it 's only a fortnight to-day!"

"A fortnight?" Rex asked. "What 's that?"

"Two weeks," said Magda, "it 's two weeks to-day since your mama went away. You are going to have a present to-day."

Rex looked unhappy.

"I don't want a present," he said; "I want my mama."

At the words, the big tears welled up in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

Magda snatched him up and hugged and kissed him.

"You darling!" she said. "I hear the wheels now!"

It was quite true. There were wheels sweeping up the avenue. Rex burst out of Magda's arms and ran as fast as he could through the gallery, down the staircase, and out on the gravel. The carriage was just stopping, and his mother was leaning forward and looking out of the window. She had on a tiny blue hat and a blue veil, and she was putting the veil up, even as she looked out, quite as if she were making ready to be kissed again after her long absence from such pleasure.

The colonel alighted first, and the instant after Rex was hanging about his mother's neck.

And then without a word he broke from her, and ran for dear life off around the corner by the sun-dial.

The mother looked a bit startled, and then she laughed and went into the house, and the colonel followed her.

It was quite fifteen minutes before Rex returned.

He came into the morning-room then, and saw his mother sitting there, still with her little blue hat on. She was drinking coffee and eating toast and strawberries. The colonel was sitting beside her, instead of where his place was laid opposite, and in his hand was a great package of unopened letters.

"I want you," said Rex, going straight up to him and seizing his hand—"I want you."

"It runs in the family, you see," Rex's mother cried, laughing; "it descends from generation to generation."

The colonel took Rex's little hand gently into his.

"What is it that you want with me, my boy?" he asked.

"I want you to come wiv me—wight now this minute," said Rex.

The colonel rose; the mother rose, too. Rex led his captive out upon the terrace; the mother followed. All three went to the rail of the balustrade together.

"There," said Rex, pointing.

Below was the pony, led by James.

"Yes," said the colonel; "I see."

"You can have him back," said Rex, his cheeks brightly scarlet, "I want you to have him back,—an' I 'll take my muvver back, too."

His eyes were fairly blazing with terrible anxiety and longing as he looked up into the face above him.

"She is n't your muvver," he said, in desperate pleading; "She 's my muvver, an' I want her back."

The colonel was silent.

"People can't have but one muvver," said the boy. "When a man takes a muvver from somebody, a pony don't help somebody. A pony is n't ever there when it 's dark. Please take the pony, and let me have my muvver."

The mother came step by step closer until her hand was on Rex's curls and her head was very near the colonel's bosom.

"Rex," said the colonel in a very curiously low voice, "don't you like having me about—as a—as a friend? Have n't I always behaved well and lent you my motor whenever you cared to use it?"

"Yes," said Rex, and his countenance expressed a painful conflict; "I do sink you are nice."

"Then suppose," said the colonel, "that I wanted to stay and live here—"

"Oh," said the boy sharply, swallowing a sob.

The colonel looked earnestly at him.

"I 'll be very good, Rex," he said appealingly; "there must be some one here to take care of you all. I won't ask to have your mother for my mother; in fact, I have a mother of my own whom I love very dearly and whom—as a mother—I really prefer to yours. Won't you allow the pony to stay in the stable as yours, and allow me to stay in the house as—as your mother's?"

Rex looked up at his mother.

"Do you want him?" he asked her.

She nodded, smiling. Rex considered.

"If we did n't have him to take care of us would we have to have Mr. Beck, maybe?" he asked at last.

Mr. Beck was the curate.

"Certainly," said the colonel; "it has always been a choice between Mr. Beck or myself. Which do you choose?"

"I choose you," said Rex.

There was a minute of silence. The colonel looked at Rex's mother and Rex's mother smiled; then the colonel looked at Rex and Rex smiled too.

And then the latter turned and walked to the end of the terrace.

"James," he called loudly and clearly, "you may take the pony back to the stables. I have shanged my mind."



BY THE GENTLE INSISTENCE OF ZUBI

BY ELIZABETH HYER NEFF

Author of "The Nerve of Barney the Nautical"

WITH PICTURES BY H. S. POTTER



HENRY RANSOME'S mild blue eyes were full of troubled perplexity; he laid down his scissors with a gesture of despair. His wife, standing in the middle of the living-room in a most unusual costume, was showing signs of impatience.

"I declar' to goodness, Cynthia, I don't know what kin be the matter of that waist. I cut it jest by the pattern, and I 've basted it over three times."

"Well, I kin tell you it don't fit no ways I kin turn." She tried to look at her back in the little old looking-glass over the Bible-stand.

"No; I kin see that fer myself. It 's too bulgy in the back. Women's dresses had n't ought to be so bulgy in the back as what that 's. Now, if it was a shirt or a pair o' pants, I could fit it easy 's fallin' off a log; but I never made any kind of women's clo'es before, and hardly ever seen any to take notice of. But

some thin' 's wrong with that; I do know that much about it."

He laid his thimble beside his scissors on the Bible-stand, and smoothed down the offending fullness in the back of the new dress.

Git it off me quick, an' I 'll take it to the dressmaker."

"I 've got to see who 's breakin' down the kitchen door fust. Don't try to on-hook it yoreself; you 'll bust it."

Cynthia waited, a column of misery,



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'WELL, I KIN TELL YOU IT DON'T FIT NO 'WAYS I KIN TURN'"

"I jest can't see how it come to bulge so," he murmured apologetically.

"Well, thar ain't no bulge to complain of in front," snapped Mrs. Cynthia, with her old pepper. "It 's so tight in front I can't breathe, an' it chokes me in the neck, an' my arms is pinned down in them sleeves like I was a crated calf.

before the little glass, listening to the visitor's voice with the keen interest of the remote farmer.

"Good mornin,' sir. I 'd like to see the lady of the house, if she 's in. I 've got a fine line of notions of every sort out here—everything you want. Won't you ask her to step to the door?"

"Er—well, she ain't fixed to come right now; she 's tryin' on a new dress—an' it don't set right, nohow. You come in and wait a bit. You don't know nothin' 'bout women's dresses, I reckon?"

The peddler's voice answered the note of appeal with sympathy: "Well, I sell a heap of 'em. It ain't so far out of my line, an' I 've seen my wife make her 'n times enough." He edged into the living-room with his hat on,—a cheery, voluble fellow in a wrinkled, grease-spotted suit of shoddy.

"U-m-m-m, well, I should say! It does fit kind er—onusual, don't it? What makes it so all-fired tight in front? Makes her look like she was kind er walkin' back'ards, don't it?"

"That 's what bothers me. I 've made whole suits fer my boys easier than this one dress fer my wife—the fust one, you see," and he stroked her arm tenderly.

The peddler burst into a sudden laugh.

"Oh, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! Can't you see what 's the matter? You 've made it up hind side before—that 's all you 've done! Jest turn it round, and you 'll be all right. You 've got the sleeves wrong-side front, that 's all."

"But I set the hooks and eyes on by the pattern," protested the modiste.

"Then your pattern hooks up in the back, not in front."

Henry studied it soberly, and drew a long breath of relief.

"I jest b'lieve you 're right, sir. I 'll try settin' them sleeves in the other way, Cynthy. Pore thing! you 're nigh 'bout wore out tryin' it on!"

Cynthia answered with a funny little grunt, and her husband followed the peddler out to the porch.

"Ain't there somethin' you want, too? I 've got it, I know—curry-comb, whetstone, buckles—all sizes. You be pickin' out what you need till your wife gits out."

"Have you got any white thread number fifty, and number seven needles—sharps? I need them bad."

The merchant looked curiously at the serious, gentle face bent over the box he opened. The farmers on his route did not usually patronize the feminine side of his wagon.

"I need another spool of twist fer her dress; but this is too light," added Henry, pointing to a little box.

"I guess I 've got it in the wagon. I 've got a new spavin liniment that folks round here likes first rate. Shall I bring in some? Best thing I ever handled."

"No; what do I want of it? Fetch me some nutmegs; I can't make good apple pie without nutmegs, and my wife forgets to bring 'em every time she takes a load of apples to town. Got any mop-handles or patent dish-rags? Oh, don't you carry mop-handles? Then let me see what flavorings you 've got?"

"Sartainly," laughed the surprised peddler.—"Fine line of 'em. Pep'mint, ginger, sas'fras—oh, here 's the lady now. Jest let me show you these prize-packages, —the nicest thing out, ma'am—takes all the ladies by storm,—with twenty-four sheets of pink, perfumed writin'-paper, an' envelopes with your 'nitial on the flap, an' the same number of visitin'-cards with a beautiful embossed picture of a young lady on the end, surrounded by a wreath of poppies an' daisies; a box of tooth-powder, an' a photograph button, with an actress on it; a picture handkerchief; an' a gold-mounted, yellow comb. Besides all this, there 's a piece of jewelry in each one, all different. Sometimes it 's a gold watch or a diamond ring; but sometimes it 's only a pair of cuff-links or a breast-pin. Don't you want this one? Only twenty-five cents. Better try it. Here 's a lovely line of laces an' ribbons; perfumery, finest kind, only ten cents for these big bottles; beads—now, would n't that blue necklace look sweet with your new dress?"

"No," was the short reply, as Cynthia dismissed the open boxes with a scornful wave. "What do I want o' that rubbish? Got a horse-brush or a pair o' sheep-shears?"

"Yes, I 've got horse-brushes, Mis—"

"Ransome," supplied Henry, selecting some small buttons.

"Oh, why, I thought this was the old Claypool place when I traveled this road before. I stopped with Ransomes last night over in Buckskin. Any relation—"

"Did ye?" Cynthia was suddenly alert. "Now, le' me look at them beads an' things ag'in. What Ransomes did ye victual with over in Buckskin?"

"I don't just know. Young couple they was—awful nice young couple. She give me a mighty good supper and break-



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE NICEST THING OUT, MA'AM—TAKES ALL THE LADIES BY STORM!"

fast; looked like she could n't hardly set up this mornin', too, pore thing! The baby cried right smart of the night—sold her some pep'mint for it."

Cynthia's strong, brown hand flew out for a red celluloid necklace so suddenly that she upset the tray. Her husband hardly heard the crash.

"Did they seem like they were right well fixed?" he asked tremulously.

"Yes, they seemed to be comfortable."

"How old is the baby?" demanded Cynthia with terrible fierceness.

"Oh, five or six weeks, I reckon. Gracious! some of my rings and stickpins has went through the cracks in the floor."

"Never mind huntin' fer 'em. I 'll pay the damage," snapped Cynthia. "Did you say she looked sick?"

The man gave her a scared glance. "Why, no, ma'am; I did n't say that. I only said she was sort o' used up with the baby cryin' in the night. I felt slim this mornin' myself, an' Mr. Ransome looked like he did, too. The hired girl had left, and he has to help round the house while his crops is sp'ilin'. There don't seem to be another girl to work out in the hull county."

"Good land!" exclaimed Cynthia, "that 's too bad! Ain't he got his corn laid by?"

"Yes, I reckon he has. It 's the plowin' fer seedin' that worries him."

"Oh, then he must 'low to stay thar 'nother year." There was keen disappointment in Henry's tone.

"He ain't right sure that he kin. He 'lows the rent 's goin' to be raised on him, and he won't pay no more 'n what he paid this year. He 's heard of a place on the Trumbleton Pike. Fine line of them toilet-goods, Mis' Ransome,—” Cynthia was unconsciously fingering a box of rouge, —“jest sold some to the Beasley girls. Here 's a carmine lip rouge; this here 's Bloom of the Angels; this is Everlastin' Youth—a pink powder—Pearl of the Harem; Cream of Lilies—”

"That reminds me—got any axle-grease?" Cynthia was all farmer again.

"No, I don't carry axle-grease, Mis' Ransome; but here 's a prize dream-book and a wonderful fortune-teller. A woman was tellin' me yisterday how much of her fortune had come true that she told by this book. It 's only—”

"Whose place does them young Ransomes live on?"

"It 's Bijie Bender's homestead place. He lives a piece further on, on the same road."

"The Bender that raises shorthorn stock, and takes all the premiums at the fairs? Oh, that 's where they are, is it? U-m-h-m. Did I say I was goin' to take some of them things? Well, then I must. Henry, you pick me out some—red bracelets or lily-white paint, I don't care which. Then you don't think she looked sick?"

"Young Mis' Ransome? Oh, no; jest beat out.—Here, Mr. Ransome, mebbe yore wife would rather have some of this lace."

"Yes; I 'll take that fur yore new white petticoat, Cynthy. I kin sew it on evenin's."

"Give me a harness-needle, too, an' some shoe-thread," added Cynthia as the peddler was closing his cases. Then she stood on the steps and watched his wagon rattle down the dusty road with a strange wistfulness in her black eyes, as if she remembered that morning a year ago when her niece, Delight, had vanished down the same road with Barney and the big, old buggy. Only once since had she seen the girl who had been the one beautiful, bright thing in her lonely life. An hour later she had watched Delight and her lover speeding up the steep hillside as Barney's balky legs yielded to the persuasion of a big white sail that filled valiantly in the morning breeze. She had sorely missed the bright young presence, but the elopers had never asked for pardon, nor had she asked them to come back. She did not know how. In her tactless fight with the world and her stubborn farm, Cynthia's armor had grown so hard that she could not bend it now; it would have to be broken. Once having taken her stand the one thing that she could not do was to capitulate. And it was evident that Delight had a strain of pride of her own, and would not make the first overture of reconciliation.

Henry came out to turn a row of tomatoes that lay ripening on the railing. It had been a year since he had seen his son.

"Well," said his wife, with a long breath, "I must git over to yore place an' see how Dave Johnson 's gettin' 'long with the plowin'; I ain't be'n over in three days. Then I must git at mine. How soon 'll dinner be ready, Henry?"

His face bent lower over the tomatoes as his gentle, deprecating voice replied: "I 'm 'feard you 're clean wore out with workin' two farms, Cynthia. Don't you think it would be a good idee to rent them corn bottoms o' mine to—to some likely young feller that—sort of—understood the ground—an'—was married, so 's he could live thar? It don't do the house no good to stand empty."

Cynthia did not turn to him. He still rolled the tomatoes round and round.

"Do you know any likely young feller that wants to rent a farm? I never said I would n't rent it. But I won't have nobody that wants them boundary-fences up ag'in."

Henry looked up gladly. "I don't just know of—anybody; but there might be them would like the chanst."

"Fetch 'em on then," said his wife so savagely that his face grew radiant. He knew the signs of her softest moods. He started for the kitchen, exchanging his white sewing-apron for a checked gingham one which hung by the door.

"Don't ye go to ridin' that sulky-plow in this hot sun," he said tenderly as he buttoned the band of the apron. "I 'll hurry up dinner as soon 's I git my bread into the pans; it must be runnin' over by this time. I 've got snap beans b'ilin' with bacon, an' roastin' ears, an' corn-pone, with the new honey, and I 'll bake ye an apple pie. Set down in the porch, Cynthia, and rest you till I git it ready."

Cynthia began a stern refusal, glanced at her husband's figure beyond the kitchen door, and suddenly sat down upon the porch bench, where the velvety midsummer air caressed her brown face, and the sunshine sprinkled through the tremulous chalice of the honeysuckles in golden flakes.

There was a fine shower that afternoon, and Cynthia could neither go over to the Ransome farm nor plow, so she brought some harness to the porch to mend, and Henry put on his white apron and brought out his sewing, after the dishes were washed, to sit beside her. She was abstracted, however, and replied to his talk in monosyllables. At last she lifted her head with one of her sudden movements.

"You git me an airy breakfast, to-morrer mornin', Henry, an' put me up a bite fer dinner. I 'm goin' over to see Bijie Bender. I 'll ride Barney, so 's

not to stop the team. I 'm goin' to see him 'bout—'bout his shorthorns. I 'm thinkin' of—of—buyin' some if he 'll sell reasonable," she added quickly, seeing the glad light in Henry's face. She did not want to be too lucid to anybody.

"That 's a good thought," he agreed promptly. "They won't always call you the best farmer in this township if he keeps on takin' all the stock premiums. I 'll git you off airy."

Which he did so heartily that his wife ate her breakfast by lamplight even on that summer morning, and the sun was barely squinting through the puffs of pink foam that were heaped on the head of Mount Horeb when she wound through the valley road on Barney. Henry watched her across the bridge and returned to his morning work with swift energy. As soon as the milking and skimming were done, and the cream put to cool in the churn, he changed his apron for a coat and walked briskly down the lane.

Dave Johnson stopped him to ask sociably, "Goin' over to see the old place?"

"Why, yes," was the pleased reply. "We 're thinkin' of rentin' it pretty soon, an' I 'lowed I 'd better set the windows open to air out the house. It would n't do to have it damp, not if they should happen to be young married folks with a baby—or—anything like that."

"Sartingly," grinned Dave, knowingly. "And all ye kin do fer 'em is to air it out, fer I know it 's clean."

It did not take Cynthia long to close a bargain for Zubi, whose pedigree, on a carefully written sheet of paper duly delivered to her new owner, affirmed that she was the daughter of the famous short-horn cow Coronation, and granddaughter of the also famous Mary II, and who carried her pretty, nervous head with highborn alertness. Her errand done, Cynthia lingered to inspect crops and look at Mr. Bender's Poland China hogs with queer deliberation. It was nearly noon when Barney was led to the mounting-block for her and the halter of the sleek strawberry heifer was noosed for leading. As she was about to mount, Cynthia turned to her host with an explosive question: "You ain't got airy farm to sell this fall, have you?"

"Why, yes, I do know but I may hev, Mis' Claypool. The old homestid is fer

sale to anybody that 'll pay my price. Do you want to buy another farm?"

"Mebbe I do an' mebbe I don't. Could you give possession right away?"

"Yes, first of the month—that is, I

That she was still "Miss Claypool" to Bender suggested to Cynthia the idea of making him useful. "I know whar they kin git a place—a first-rate corn farm and reasonable, too. You tell 'em



Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

"DEAR, DEAR AUNT CYNTHY! YOU 'VE COME TO SEE US AT LAST!"

reckon so. They 's a young couple in it now, from over yore way. I reckon I can git 'em off all right. I 'lowed to raise the rent on 'em, anyway. They ought to have a little time to look fer a place, though."

that the Henry Ransome place is fer rent. They 'll know whar it is. You give 'em notice to quit right sudden, and tell 'em that, will you?"

"Yes, I 'll do that."

"Then, let 's talk terms," said Cynthia, and tied her horse again.

They came to an agreement so easily that Mr. Bender could hardly believe his ears; but as his son was a notary, the deed was drawn up in convincing terms and liberally secured.

"Now, you 're goin' to help me rent that farm I told you 'bout, are you? Fer I don't know whar thar 's another in the hull country. You 're goin' to tell that young Ransome that the Ransome place is fer rent, ain't you?" she insisted. "That 's part of the bargain, you know. Fer I run that now, an' if I 've got this one, I 've got to rent that."

"Yes, I see how it is, Mis' Claypool. I 'll tell him, and try to help you rent it. Like 's not it 's some relation of his 'n, anyway, that owned it."

"Like 's not," admitted Cynthia, untying Barney.

The gate of the "homestead" stood open, and Cynthia halted before it and looked wistfully down the green, shaded lane that led to Delight's house, as if hoping to catch a glimpse of the young figure; but no one was in sight, and she dismounted and sat down under a tree on the opposite side of the road to eat her luncheon. Barney crunched his corn near her, and Zubi the highborn, whose halter was looped over her owner's wrist, grazed round and round her in a narrowing circle as the halter wound upon Cynthia like a capstan, until the heifer had scarcely three feet of radius.

"Here, you Zubi, look what a trap you 've got me into," grumbled Cynthia good-naturedly, getting to her feet when her meal had been deliberately eaten. But as she spoke, a strange, new sound held her rigidly listening, her hand on the coil of rope at her waist—a rapid, panting sound as of fast, muffled paddles batting the still air and coming swiftly nearer. Then, like a lurid comet with a tail of yellow dust, a fiery-red car, manned by cowed and goggled demons and motored by some diabolical enginery that was neither horse nor locomotive, shot out from the ridge road and flashed down the valley. Other things seemed to happen at the same time. Barney's big speckled-gray bulk heaved itself aloft and seemed to flourish many tails and a score of hoofs as he thundered out of sight on

the Buckskin road. When Cynthia discovered herself, she was sprinting with winged feet down the lane toward the low-roofed house, tethered to a heifer of high degree that might have been bred to the race-course. Faster and faster ran Zubi as she heard the pursuing feet, and faster and faster ran her pursuer in consequence. A load of hay before the barn door shied the runaway couple toward the house, where Delight and her husband ran to the door. The woman and the cow were stopped in their wild career by running athwart the pump and swinging round it on the taut rope, face to face. John and Delight rushed to the rescue.

"Why, it 's Aunt Cynthia!" screamed the girl, as the hatless, disheveled figure with flying hair turned its purple face and blazing eyes upon her. "Oh, Aunt Cynthia! Dear, dear Aunt Cynthia! You 've come to see us at last!" and the young arms folded lovingly around the sturdy, panting form, while John struggled with the halter.

"Next time you come to see us, don't harness yourself up with a beast," he advised, in the awkward little silence that followed.

"I did n't really lay off to stop here as I went by; but Zubi here she coaxed till I jest had to humor her," puffed the guest, with a grim smile. "Seein' I 'm here, might 's well tell you the news. Did you know you had to move? Your farm 's sold."

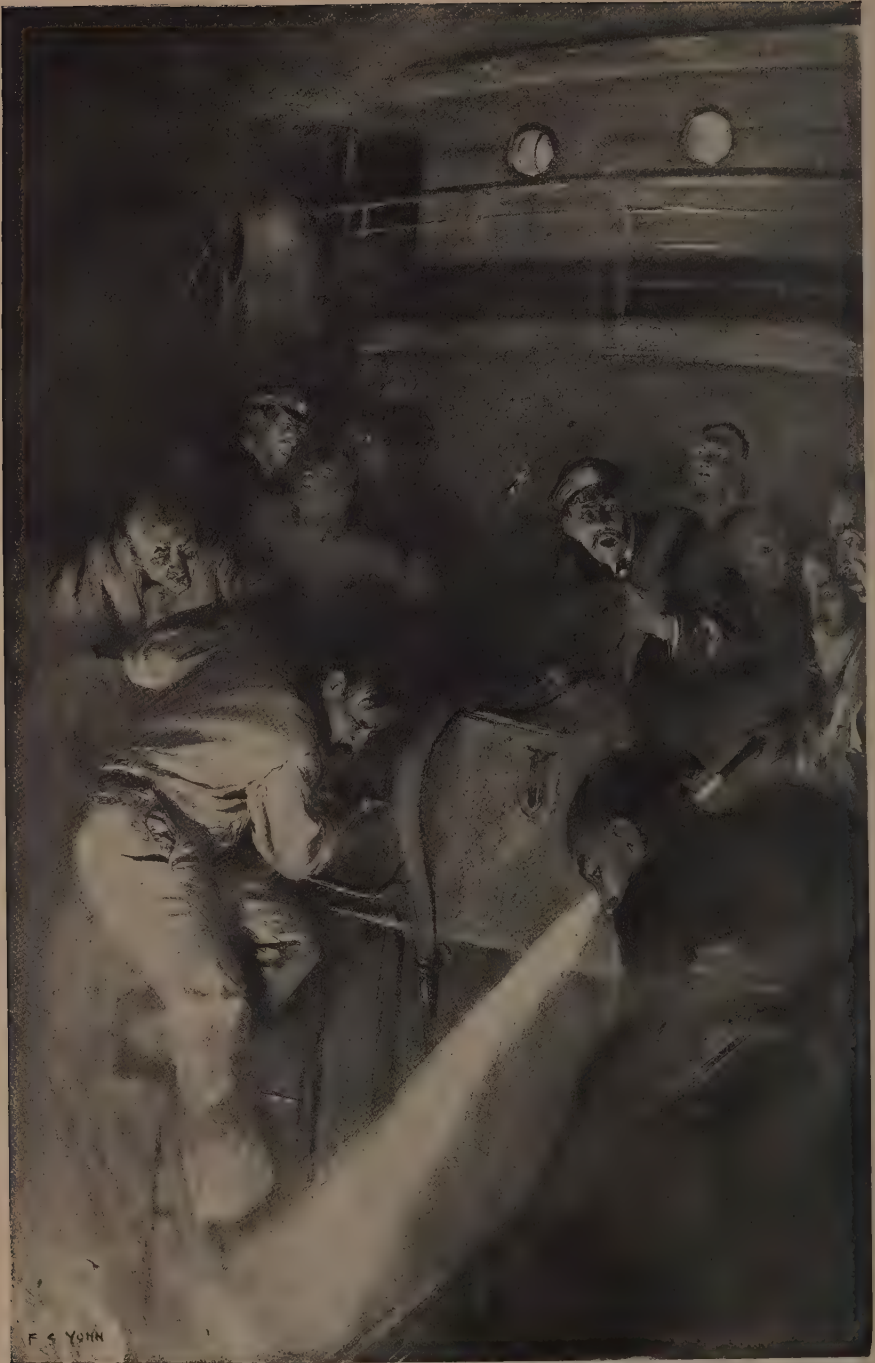
"Oh," cried Delight, "what shall we do? We can't find another place anywhere! We 've been looking."

Cynthia's rough crust was hard hit. A loving light shot into her fine eyes, but words to express it were denied.

"Well," she said, with elaborate fierceness, "I know you 've got to move on the first, so you 've got to find a place—somewhere. You might ask Bijé Bender if he knows of one—and there might be one over our way."

"Come in and rest you and have your dinner, anyway—mother," said John, tying Zubi's halter to the pump. "We don't have to move to-day."

"I reckon I could drink a cup of tea," admitted the guest, wiping her forehead. "This way of travelin' is speedy, but tirin'. And I reckon I 'll take a look at the baby, seein' I 'm here."



F. C. YOHNN

Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by Felix Levin

"THE CAPTAIN LED THE WAY DOWN THE IRON LADDER"

THE MASTER OF THE PING YANG

BY RALPH D. PAINE

Author of "The Story of Martin Coë," etc.



HANS • WITTERBAUM mopped his big blotched face and snarled at the captain of the *Ping Yang*:

"You will do what I tell you mit my steamer. I been saving you for just this; oh, yes, for two whole years. Was you thinking all this time that I was running a reform school for skippers what I saved from jail and maybe worse? Shanghai is full of shipmasters mitout their tickets. You want to be one of those loafers when the jail is done mit you? Tell me that. It is not too late. My strings is tied to the witnesses yet already. That is so, my friend. Old Witterbaum is a very hard forgetter."

Captain Mark Danforth writhed in his chair and stretched across the café table with hatred in his lean, brown face. The glass in his hand was crushed by the fury of his grip, and he wiped his twitching mouth with his lacerated fingers. The ship-owner wrenched his fat body away from the menacing figure, but the captain did not strike. It was a matter of seconds while the fire of his wrath died into black hopelessness, and he spoke between little gasps:

"Three or four more drinks, and I 'd ha' twisted my hands into that pulpy neck of yours. Yes, I 'm your man, and you know it. I 'm not ready to be jailed or thrown on the beach to starve."

The owner grinned as he waved a ponderous fist toward the open door. In the street beyond, a crowd of 'rickshaw coolies chattered in a shrill tumult of anger as they swarmed about a shambling European in soiled white duck. Cursing and striking at them, he cleared a path to the café, where the baffled coolies halted. He tottered to the bar and

clung to the rail while a stiff measure of whisky was poured out and set before him without words. Thrice he tried to raise it to his mouth, and thrice his trembling hand spilled the liquor before he could hold the rim under his white mustache.

"Look at him," grunted Hans Witterbaum; "look at him good. What did I told you? That is old Captain Watson, used to be master of the biggest boat in the China Navigation Company fleet. You know him, Mr. Danforth? Now he cheat 'rickshaw coolies from their fares so he can buy one drink of whisky to make him keep alive. Maybe you want to ask him how it is to be mitout a master's ticket in Shanghai? He was a good skipper; none was better. He lost his berth and then, ach! he lost his grip. Old man Watson is a first-chop object-lesson, savvy?"

Witterbaum chuckled, but his captain had slumped low in his chair and was staring at old man Watson as if nightmare horrors crowded him. He smote the table with his bleeding fingers, and a red drop flew to light on Witterbaum's cheek. The German started as if stung, and shuddered as he wiped his face with a soggy handkerchief.

"Tie up your hand, you fool dumb-head!" he growled. "I do not like blood. That is more your little weakness, to like it a-plenty, so? Wipe your face off! There is some on your chin. What does it remind you to remember of?"

The owner's voice fell to a hoarser whisper than before as he looked cautiously to left and right:

"Did that mate what you killed bleed very much? It was much trouble to

scrape out that smooch on the deck-planks of the *Ping Yang* two years ago?"

Captain Danforth had pulled himself together. His dry laugh was not pleasant to hear as he retorted:

"That 's talk to scare old grannies with. You 've boxed the compass long enough this morning. You want a dirty job done, and you 've given me a smell of what it is. All right. How much is there in it for me? I finished the mate; you smothered it up, and kept me clear. Now I must pay the price. Deal the cards. Get under way."

Witterbaum tossed a silver dollar across the wide room. It rolled to the feet of Watson, the derelict. The old man went after it on his knees, and volleyed his thanks with blasphemous jubilation.

"Like a hungry dog after a bone," cheerfully commented the owner as he looked up and down the immaculate smartness of his captain's white garb. "I would not like to see you that way. You are a fine officer. Hot-tempered a little when you drinks too much, yes. Then it was not healthy for mates of steamers to cross your bows. But it is a gladness to find you to your owner so loyal. Now let us get down to business. For a long time I have been waiting to get a big cargo of machinery and powder and shell and guns for taking to the Tientsin arsenal. They have now come out from Europe, and the Chinese Government is after them in a much hurry. Therefore they charters my biggest steamer, the *Ping Yang*, to carry this cargo to Taku."

Witterbaum glanced over his shoulder. Old man Watson was huddled behind a table in a far corner, and the Chinese bartender was filling his ice-box with a tinkling clatter. The owner pillowed his chin in his fists, and continued in a wheezy undertone:

"It is all most heavy insured. So, also, is the *Ping Yang*, and she was an old vessel. My comprador, Charley Tong Sin, was a cousin to the boss official Chinaman at Tientsin arsenal. Also, Charley is the smartest box of Yankee tricks that ever was. He was just now come from Tientsin after the most satisfactory chin-chin mit his cousin. It was fixed. Some of the cargo waits for

another steamer bimeby, on the very dead-quiet, eh? But all the insurance goes mit the *Ping Yang*. It will be plenty worth while for you. I am generous. It is fine that I can talk speech mit you like my own son. You will not think it wise to say nothing to nobody. I know that."

A gleam of hope flickered in the captain's sullen eyes.

"After it 's all over," he whispered, "I 'm going home to Maine for a year's leave, by thunder! That 's part of the bargain. I 've been going to pieces out on this infernal coast for nearly twenty years."

"It is not any bargain at all," Witterbaum snapped back. "It is a gift. I do not have to promise you one cent. You will do what I tells you, and don't you forget it; and you will thank Hans for some little matters two years ago. Come now to my office mit me. More peoples will be coming in here soon."

They walked together along the Bund, the shapeless figure of the owner puffing in the wake of the tall, loose-framed sailor with the hang-dog air who strode ahead as if the devil were at his heels, and then checked himself with surly, side-long glances at his companion. There was silence for some time, broken by the captain:

"My cargo 's to be partly a fake, then? But you 've got to load enough stuff in her to make a quick job of it."

Witterbaum looked up with an approving nod.

"Nobody never took you for a fool, Captain Danforth. You will have enough explosives in her to blow the vessel as higher than the sky. That is my pidgin. The details belongs mit your professional job. Only if it is bungled, maybe somebody will be telling out pretty loud what they remembers about the very sudden death of that mate two years ago. It would be inconvenient for you, eh? Lucky the vessel was in dock and the crew paid off, so? But that quarter-master he was there, and he is working ashore for me now in Hongkong. And maybe I have anudder witness tucked away somewheres. They know, I knows, that mate did not fall through a hatch and break his head; but I fixed them. Now I will have my bread on the waters, I think."

Captain Danforth chewed his lip and looked harborward as if seeking some way of escape. The *Ping Yang*, freighter, lay at anchor off the Bund, a well-groomed vessel from the sparkling brass-work of her bridge to the polished gleam of her teakwood fittings. The captain stared at her yearningly, because he cared much for the *Ping Yang*, and she showed his handiwork. Now he knew himself for the coward that he was—the moral coward who had cast away the last rags of his honor in fear lest he become such as the pitiable wreck that had clung to the bar of the café and groveled for a silver dollar. Nor did he realize that the Orient had eaten his heart and his manhood with dry rot until the sight of his steamer waiting for him in the river set him aquake with helpless rage and shame.

But he held his peace until they came to the office of Hans Witterbaum, down by the crowded river. In the hallway they met the comprador, Charley Tong Sin, grinning his welcome with a new familiarity as he purred:

"Good morning, Captain Danforth. I wish you fine voyage. How you like your sailing orders for Taku?"

The sailor brushed aside the outstretched hand with a gesture of disgust, and made no greeting. The comprador abated not his cordial smile as he jauntily swaggered toward the street while Hans Witterbaum followed to whisper in his ear:

"It was fixed ship-shape, Charley. But he is some stewing inside yet. Let him cool off. It was good business to make him ready mit two—three drinks. He does not drink when lie gets to sea no more at all, since—well—a long time. And there was old man Watson. He was come in the nick-nack of time. And he looked very bad to-day did Watson."

11

THE big freighter was clear of the mouth of the river and heading up the coast when Captain Danforth left the bridge in charge of his mate. Instead of his bold fashion of carrying himself on shipboard, a furtive reluctance marked his gait as he went to his room and took from the safe a bundle of papers with

which to refresh his memory concerning the stowage of his cargo. He whipped off his coat, for the summer breeze breathed hot through the landward ports, and threw himself on his bunk.

"Boy!" he roared, and an elderly Chinese, with a foolish wisp of a queue, shuffled in and stood waiting for orders. "Whisky and soda, John; plenty ice, chop-chop," said his master.

The "boy" hesitated, shrugged his bent shoulders, and scratched his shaven head as if longing for courage to say what was in his heart.

"I 'll hang you in your rope yarn of a pigtail if you dare to make one bleat," he stormed. "One whisky and soda before dinner, John. Trot along!" Then he said to himself as he fidgeted with the documents in hand:

"Case-oil in number one hold. I 'll bet old Witterbaum was holding that kerosene shipment for this voyage. Number two hold, fixed ammunition, rifle-powder, and—well, I need n't go any farther aft." His face flushed as he beat down wave after wave of revolt, and carried his hateful soliloquy through to the end: "And the old kettle has wooden bulkheads. When a fire is ready to spread fore and aft, one yell of gunpowder, and there 'll be no holding these Chinamen of mine. It 's take to the boats and lay by while she goes up, the poor old *Ping Yang*, with one big bang."

"Hello, John," he cried eagerly, "I 'll pour it myself. Get busy with the ice."

John slouched to his unwilling task, a broken reed of a figure, lost in his baggy blue garments. His wrinkled features were as expressive as blank paper, but in his unwinking, beady eyes his master read that which singularly troubled him, so that he burst out against his will:

"Don't stand staring at me like a wooden monkey, consarn your hide!"

The body-servant flitted from the room with a cracked and gentle "All light, master."

Captain Danforth crossed the room and peered into the shaving-glass above the washstand.

"Do I look guilty?" he thought. "John was ashore that—that time two years ago; but I wonder how much he knows about it. I was drunk, or it

would n't 'a' happened. He 's acted queer about the booze ever since. I guess he 's right. Lord! but I feel shaky!"

He frowned into the mirror, cursed himself for a fool, and went on deck to set the course for his first mate. The captain surveyed with a veiled curiosity the stolid young Britisher who joined him in the chart-room, and then commented under his breath:

"He 'd lose his head in a tight pinch. I found his soft spot a year ago. And Witterbaum knew it when he transferred him to the *Ping Yang*. The old rip was getting ready for this voyage as far back as that."

Through the long afternoon the captain walked the bridge and the deck with an uneasy stride while the *Ping Yang* snored northward through the far-flung muddy tide of the Yangtze, past rocky islets and gay junks which drifted like errant butterflies. He had planned to delay the disaster until late in the voyage, but, now that he was at sea, a consuming impatience and a sense of huge foreboding racked him. He had not slept since the guilty purpose began hammering in his brain and picking at his nerves. He was sure that he could not sleep at all until the thing was done.

Weary and unstrung, the captain was vainly seeking a respite from self-torture when the slanting sun lay red upon the smudge of blue hills far to the westward. It chanced that his roving eye sought the deck below just as a slender shadow lay across the white planking and rested upon the threshold of the first mate's cabin.

"That 's where the other mate fell—two years ago," whispered the man who stared at the shadow from above. "What 's the matter with me? I was all right till yesterday."

He shook his head, and when he looked again the accusing shadow had merged with the swift gray march of twilight. But sharp and clear, as if the picture were flashed upon a screen, he recalled a scene in which two figures in white duck were interlocked and fighting for life. One broke away and reeled to the planking, and the other, who beat him down with the steel-shod butt of a revolver, was himself.

"He cursed me, and when I hit him,

he started for his cabin. I 'm sure he was going after a gun, and I grabbed him and stove his head in. I did n't mean to kill him," muttered the captain, screwing his fists in his eyes, as if to obliterate the vision.

At supper the mate of the *Ping Yang* said, with an air of concern:

"You look as if you were coming down with fever, captain. Better turn in early, and keep out of the sun to-morrow, sir."

The captain turned on him savagely.

"You 're always having false alarms about fever and cholera, Mr. Hayden. Thanks, but I 'm only fagged after a busy day ashore. Don't sit there looking at me as if you were making ready to stitch me up and shove me overside. I 'm not sick, I tell you."

The mate was taken aback and replied feebly:

"Beg pardon, sir; but I was worried. I heard you talking to yourself this afternoon, and you 're not eating a blessed bite. It 's a bright night and a smooth sea. No need of your coming on deck again, sir."

The captain tried to make civil response, but found himself stammering confusedly, and left the saloon without explanation. He hurried to his room, now profoundly afraid of himself; nor could he perceive that what seemed like an imminent collapse was happening inevitably. His was a nature which had its routine code of duty and which could even flash into heroism. But, alone, he was not strong enough to break through the iron mesh of circumstances which had suddenly closed round him, and as it drew tighter with every hour of this voyage he was being crushed and broken.

Now that the mate had heard him talking aloud, he dared not delay the destruction of the *Ping Yang* beyond this very night. What had he said, what had the mate heard? If self-betrayal had not already come, it threatened for the morrow, since the master of the ship had lost the mastery of himself. He sat down to brood over the last hour of the *Ping Yang* and how it was to come to pass. He handled the details over and over in his mind, now with high confidence that his plans were flawless, again in a cold sweat of foredoomed failure.

And he found a miserable pride in the fact that his deeds of bravery and resourcefulness in stress at sea had more than once earned him the formal thanks of the underwriters. While his one great misdeed had been used as a club in the hands of Hans Witterbaum, his open record would shield him against suspicion of cowardice or crime in the loss of the *Ping Yang*.

This incongruity was in keeping with the moral texture of the man.

III

A TIMID knock at the closed door made the master of the *Ping Yang* jump forward in a nervous flutter. The "boy" sidled in, carrying a small parcel wrapped in newspaper.

"Captain Melican ship in Shanghai he send you, master. Me floget give um to-day," explained John.

Captain Danforth ripped off the covering and disclosed a box of Manila cigars, with the card:

Captain Jabez Whittier.

Wishing you fair weather and a good run.

"Master of the big wooden bark that lay astern of us," observed Danforth, as he read the card aloud. "Old Jabez Whittier,—he 's been trading out this way since Noah was a boy. Hails from Bath. I 'm sorry I missed him this voyage. You savvy Captain Whittier, John? Big man with white whiskers?"

The "boy" nodded, and moved anxiously toward the bottle and glass on the desk.

"No, no; let it be!" cried his master.

John stooped to take with him the newspaper that had covered the cigar-box, but the captain checked him with:

"Leave it here. I 'm out of reading matter."

The captain spread the crumpled newspaper on his desk, and glanced at it carelessly, seeking at random any distraction for the moment. Then he stiffened in his chair and mumbled uncertainly:

"Rum never acted this way before, if that 's what 's the matter with me. But I saw a picture when I was wide awake this afternoon, and here 's another of 'em."

He crushed the sheet with tremulous hands. It was not a fantasy, this copy of the "Augusta Daily Herald," drifted in from half around the world. As if he had done it no longer ago than yesterday, he turned the sheet and peered at the first column of the second page. Yes, there was the old familiar heading, "News from Near-by Towns." He searched the humble chronicles with agitated haste, until his eyes rested upon a string of paragraphs labeled:

"NORTH PENNACOOK."

With a thrill of awakened memories, he passed by names that were new to him, but presently one name leaped from the page and seemed to cry in his ears:

The last day of the summer term at the Long Hill School was made a grand occasion by the thirty-one scholars who gave a celebration in honor of their beloved teacher Miss Anna Loring. She had closed her twentieth year in charge of the Long Hill School, and many of her scholars who have grown to manhood and womanhood, and are esteemed and successful members of our community, sent her flowers and cake and other substantial tokens of their regard.

The scholars chipped in, according to their means, and presented Miss Loring with a framed picture of a classical subject, which is pronounced an elegant artistic gem. There was a program of singing and speaking, and a feeling and eloquent address by Selectman Hale. Miss Loring tried to express her emotions of thanks and appreciation, and got all choked up. She was deeply touched by the celebration, and will long hold it in memory.

The captain of the *Ping Yang* looked round him with a foolish air of bewilderment, for this newspaper fragment swayed him with more power of reality than could the cabin of his ship upon the Yellow Sea. The curtaining years had been thrust aside, and he closed his eyes, as if to shut out all that spoke of the present. It might be a trick of the liquor that was working in him, but, as in the afternoon, he saw a picture, vivid, full of color, detailed:

This time it was framed in a village street, nobly arched with ancient elms. White houses, square and without porches, marched down the shaded vista, with little grass plots and graveled walks

flaunting old-fashioned flowers. Midway stood the meeting-house on its open green, and beyond it gleamed the Kennebec. By the roadside a boy and girl walked hand in hand. The sunlight danced through the leaves, flecked her white dress, and shot her hair with gold. The boy swung her school-books around his head, and let fly the strap. The missile whirled down the river-bank, and the two stood aghast, and then scampered after, laughing at the reckless deed which proclaimed the end of the school year and the coming of joyous summer's freedom.

The picture fled as swiftly as it had come. The captain moistened his parched lips and turned, to find the bottle empty.

"Annie Loring and me," he said aloud. "Is everything I've ever done coming back at once? It began this afternoon with the mate that's dead. Now it's Annie Loring and me. We were little kids that summer. And she's most forty now. Teaching twenty years—in the same old school-house."

He closed his eyes.

Again he saw the boy and girl. The street was unchanged, but the twain that sat by the river's edge were stripling lad and slender lass whose childhood lay behind them. They scrambled down the fern-clad slope, and he shoved a skiff afloat while she nestled in the stern. He picked up the oars, and they drifted with the current, past the log-boom and the covered bridge, into the shadows of the wooded bank. The lad was talking, and the girl paid earnest heed, with quivering lip, and the tint of rose-leaves dyeing her cheek and throat. He let the oars swing in the locks, and took her hands in his and—

"I was going away that day," murmured the captain of the *Ping Yang*—"going to sea from Bath with Uncle Silas Hathaway, my first voyage. And what was Annie Loring telling me? Oh, I was to be brave and clean and strong because I could n't be anything else. And she was going to pray every night that I'd never be ashamed to tell her all that happened while I was gone. And she would be teaching school on the Long Hill and—waiting for me."

The door was softly opened and the

"boy" slipped in, one arm raised as if to ward off an expected blow. He bowed to the floor and asked imploringly:

"Master sick? Muchee chin-chin; nobody talkee with him. Fever have got? Me wanchee know. Me no savvy."

Captain Danforth caught the "boy" by the blouse and roughly pushed him across the cabin into a deck-chair. The servant cast a dismal glance toward the empty bottle and nodded sagely. The captain cried with a passionate gesture:

"You can't savvy what I'm talking about, John; but it is n't booze and it is n't fever. The first mate thinks I'm going off my head, and I guess he's right."

He paid no more heed to the forlorn figure of the old Chinaman who swayed like a withered leaf in a draught as he tried to follow his master's words with the most profound misgivings. The captain returned to the tattered copy of the "*Augusta Daily Herald*," and this time he read aloud with his head in his hands. Then he became silent, but in his heart he was saying over and over again, "brave and clean and strong."

He saw no longer the crumpled Oriental in the deck-chair. All his thoughts were homing back to North Pennacook, among the unstained days of his youth. The patient John coughed and ventured a timid question. There was no response.

IV

A RUSTY battered the door, and the mate broke in headlong, his round face a sickly white as he bawled:

"The vessel's on fire, sir. Smoke's comin' out of number two hold. She's full of it down below. And we're jammed full of gunpowder and kerosene. What's the orders? The hose is—"

Captain Danforth had leaped from his chair at the summons. He met the mate in the doorway and drove him back with a lunge of his shoulder as he shouted:

"Have you sung down to the engine-room to stand by the pumps? Stretch all the hose you can find to that hatch, but don't open it. Get me a bunch of men to chop holes in the deck. Jump, you cowardly pig, or I'll kick in your ribs!"

It was the Mark Danforth of other

days that hurled these swift and ready commands at the vanishing mate. His vessel was on fire by some mysterious chance, and the soul of his youth blazed into action before he could feel again the chains that bound him, a craven slave, to Hans Witterbaum's purpose. Then realization smote him, and he staggered in his tracks while the man he had hoped to be wrestled with that baser self, the master of the *Ping Yang*. Would he use this accidental fire to rid himself of the deliberate crime he had planned to commit? Would he call his crew to the boats and scurry away?

Fear came back to him and made him waver miserably between the two impulses. Unless he acted on the instant there would be no holding his masterless crew from quitting the ship. But the tide of his waking dream was still strong enough to sweep him onward in a tingling eagerness to play the man. He caught a lantern from the hurrying boatswain and saw the thin smoke threading from the number two hatch, and as he knelt, the deck was hot to his touch. For the last time his thoughts were pulled two ways, and then he heard again the inner voice which whispered as if it were an echo in his ear: "Brave and clean and strong." He answered it aloud:

"Yes; by the Lord, I'll try."

The mate surged aft, driving before him with kicks and curses a mob of Chinese sailors, who fell to hacking at the heavy planking. The captain jumped to his feet and stormed among them, wrenching orderly endeavor from the panic-smitten confusion.

"Give us time enough, we could smother it with steam," he cried; "but it's going to eat through the bulkheads into the other holds."

"Take all the hands you can find," he roared to the Norwegian second mate. "Break open number three hold, pass up the cases of powder next the bulkheads, and dump 'em overside."

The Norwegian hung back, the Chinese saw him hesitate and ran yelling toward the boats.

"Dey won't follow me," he growled. "It ist no use. Dey vas skeered mit da powder."

"You'll follow me," thundered the

captain, "and you'll grab a handful of men same as this."

He dove after three fleeing sailors, caught them by the queues, which he twisted in his fist, and dragged their owners headlong in his wake. The squealing mob in tow of the captain and the second mate tumbled into the hold just aft of the smoking hatch, while the boatswain strove to get steam on the donkey-engine and man a whip for hoisting out the deadly stuff.

Before the cargo could be broken out, however, the captain and his crew came swarming on deck, fighting for air.

"The smoke's pouring through the bulkhead," he panted. "Fire's eating through to the powder. There's only one way to fight it. Rip off that number two hatch."

The first mate protested, but the captain ran at him with a heavy hose nozzle and savage threats. The smoking hatch was pried off, and a gust of red flame licked above the coaming as the air fed the greedy smolder below. But after this first onslaught, the fire crept back to lower levels. Captain Danforth crawled to the edge of the pit and tried to look into the depths.

"Looks like it's right against the bulkheads fore and aft," he gasped. "But you can't locate it from here. I'm going down. It's the only way to tackle it. We'll blow up while we fiddle around-up here trying to smother it. I'm first down. Who's next?"

He turned and shook his fist in the face of the first mate.

"Stay in charge on deck, Mr. Hayden, and if you let these Chinese swine get a boat away, I'll kill you, so help me!"

The Norwegian stepped to the front, ashamed of his previous reluctance. The Chinese boatswain was at his heels. Each gripped a brace of seamen, and clutching at his master's sleeve was the venerable John, shrilly crying for permission to follow. The captain led the way down the iron ladder the heat of which ripped the skin from hands that clung painfully to them, round by round. Three lines of hose writhed after them, paid out in the bight of heaving lines, while those on deck aimed their streams at the heads of the forlorn hope.

There was no talk in the lower hold,

only sobbing grunts and broken curses in Norse, English and Chinese, as the volunteers huddled in the farthest star-board corner and held their nozles on the flames which licked toward the open hatch. The attack was centered upon the bulkheads, beyond which swift destruction was ambushed. Inch by inch the fire crept back, outflanked, until the deep-bitten timbers were black and dripping.

The captain of the *Ping Yang* was in front of his comrades as long as he was able to stand or crawl. Twice they dragged him back behind a little barricade of cargo, and drenched him with water until he revived and rejoined them. As the fire made its last stand over against the skin of the vessel, black shadows stole across the hold until darkness pressed almost to the edge of the sullen smolder that slowly died.

His men could no longer see how feebly their captain had crept forward after his last rally. They splashed toward the ladder in water that was washing up to their knees, feeling their way, calling to one another. Only the captain's voice failed to grunt a gasping reassurance. The men groped in the water and yelled to the deck for lanterns. Before the light came, the second mate stumbled against something limp and yielding. His cry for help was answered from the deck, and a line was passed round the helpless bundle. Slowly hoisted in this fashion, the captain was returned to his crew.

Those who had fought the great fight with him fell on deck groaning from their hurts, gulping the cool wind into their tortured lungs with sputtering coughs and laboring chests.

v

HANS WITTERBAUM swung around in his big desk-chair and gazed absently through a window that overlooked the shipping of Shanghai. He noted a blue peter fluttering from the foretopmast of a deep-laden freighter, and thought:

"She will sail for Chefoo to-day, that steamer, and *she* will arrive all safe, you bet. But where was the old *Ping Yang* just now, I wonder? I hopes her skipper goes mit her when she blows up.

Maybe he stays aboard too long, and it is then for me a clean sweep of a job, mit nothing to make trouble."

His unholy meditations were jostled by the voice of his comprador.

"Good mo'ning, Mr. Hans. Taking a look-see for news from the *Ping Yang*? It is too soon. You must learn some patience from us Chinese."

Witterbaum grunted a cheerful salutation, and what passed for a smile creased his countenance.

"It was not quite ripe, this *Ping Yang* business, Charley," said he. "Yes, I know that. But yet also I know my man, that Danforth, and he will be in a hurry to be done. He fights mit himself, that fellow. He is one of your half-baked rascals. But there is no doubt he will do what I haf told him. Then he will curse himself and maybe weep some."

A flicker of contempt was in the half-closed eyes of the dapper Chinaman, and he vanished from the room as softly as if he still walked in felt-soled shoes instead of patent-leather. It was a trick of habit that the shipowner should glance harborward again before he returned to his desk. This time he saw something well worth his absorbed and even horrified attention.

His mouth opened, and he gasped without speech. He dug his perspiring fists into his eyes, and the blood surged into his mottled cheek and purpled it. He lumbered to his feet and rolled to the outer door, muttering and waving his arms. Then realizing how strange his agitation must seem to any beholder, he trotted back into his office, slammed the door, hung over the window-sill, and stared at what he saw.

There was no mistaking the *Ping Yang*. He knew her when he glimpsed her straight prow stealing slowly past the warehouses down-stream. And she made herself known to all eyes as she slipped among the junks, cargo-boats and men-of-war off the Bund, for her house flag, ensign, and signal bunting were displayed as if her skipper rejoiced in his home-coming. Her owner groaned:

"It was her. It looks worse than anything, this business. Was I dreaming? That *verdammt* Yankee scoundrel! He was making a celebration of himself. It will be his funeral already."

An anchor splashed into the muddy tide, and the *Ping Yang* slowly swung to the tautening chain, while her owner glared at the raw, red rust that streaked her black side, at the grime of smoke that stained her upper works, at the litter of blackened cargo that strewed her well-deck.

Presently a boat was dropped from its davits, and two men helped overside a third whose head was turbaned in white bandages, and whose left arm was caught up in some kind of a sling. Somehow the sight of the crouching, bandaged figure in the stern-sheets of the on-coming boat conveyed a menace to the waiting owner, who felt the strength going from his knees while he waited in the open window.

He did not move from there while Captain Danforth landed and limped across the roadway, even while he entered the hall without speaking as he passed close by the flushed and lowering face framed in the window. The skipper went into the room and locked the door behind him. While he was turning the key, Hans Witterbaum crossed the floor in a sort of headlong, clumsy charge, bellowing formidably as he advanced:

"What you doing back here? Talk quick! You haf made a bungle, I see that. I told you what was coming to you if you bungled. How was you hurted? But, pooh! I don't give one — for that. Out mit it! Out mit it all, you dummy!"

The shipowner had paused in his onset, his head hunched forward between his bulky shoulders, while uncertainty and bewildered surprise crept into his face; for this was not the sullen, broken-spirited sailor he had sent to sea. There was no plea for mercy, no confession of failure in the aspect of this sea-scarred waif who bore himself like a soldier proud of honorable wounds. The sailor stepped forward, and Witterbaum fell back in confusion as if to save himself from a blow, although no threat was made by speech or gesture. With a singular deliberation, although the pallor around the lips and the set of the jaw showed that passion was hard held, Captain Danforth spoke, after a moment of tense silence:

"I've won my freedom from you and

your ship and your job. I've fought for it. I've done a man's work this voyage. Do you hear that? Go out and look at your ship. She's all there. What are you going to do about it?"

Witterbaum was dazed. He pawed the air as if he were fighting off an attack in the dark, because he could not fathom this amazing rebellion. He moved, raging, toward the captain, then checked himself in physical fear, even though the rebel appeared to be crippled. Then he lunged past and tugged at the locked door, growling brokenly:

"The jail—the police—I make him crawl to his knees. He will be hung—he will rot on the beach—if it costs me my every dollar. Open the door, you,—"

"Go ahead!" thundered the master. "Rouse out all the Sikh police in town. Rake up that old case of the mate! You had me down; I could n't see any way out; I was lost in a fog; but I've got my bearings. The man that brought your ship back is n't the man you sent to sea. Here, I'll open the door. Hurry up and get the police. I'll wait."

Witterbaum stood aside, for his hand trembled so that he could not manage the lock. The skipper paused with his hand on the knob and observed with a frosty gleam of satisfaction in the one eye that was not eclipsed in bandages.

"There's the manifests and insurance papers of the *Ping Yang*. If I go to court I tell what I know, *Ping Yang* and all. How about it?"

Witterbaum tottered to the nearest chair and fell in an unsightly heap as he almost sobbed:

"Oh, my Gott! I did n't remember that just now. There is the underwriters and them papers—that cargo! You tried to do your duty by me, and you have failed, Captain Danforth. It is all right. You gets your reward all the same as was planned. You will haf your ship. It will be worth while. I was mad and foolish just now. You also spoke foolish things. Forget it. We will go to the bank together. You was a good skipper, and—"

"Right here is where we break even," cried the captain.

His free arm swung in a passionate

fury of pent-up power, and Witterbaum cowered in his chair, voiceless with fear of being man-handled, unable to call for help. The captain towered over him, looking down at the gross, nerveless bulk that had once owned him body and soul, and felt a new wonder that such things could have been. His hard fist opened; he slapped the flabby cheek of Witterbaum with a little, contemptuous laugh, and said:

"It could n't stand on its feet long enough to be knocked down. Pshaw! was I afraid of *that?*"

The sailor unlocked the door and went out, to bump into Charley Tong Sin

hovering near the keyhole. The comprador fled in panic, and Mark Danforth passed into the sunlight. Climbing painfully into the nearest 'rickshaw he shouted at the coolie:

"You savvy cable-office? You hustle, chop-chop!"

When the telegraph-clerk began to fumble through his rate-book, Captain Danforth cried impatiently:

"I guess North Pennacook is n't in that log of yours. It 's the same rate as Portland, Maine. And shove that message through quick, won't you? When 's the next mail-boat due to sail for Frisco? Can you tell me that?"



JAY COOKE, AND THE FINANCING OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY ELLIS PAXSON OBERHOLTZER

Author of "Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier," "Abraham Lincoln," etc.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

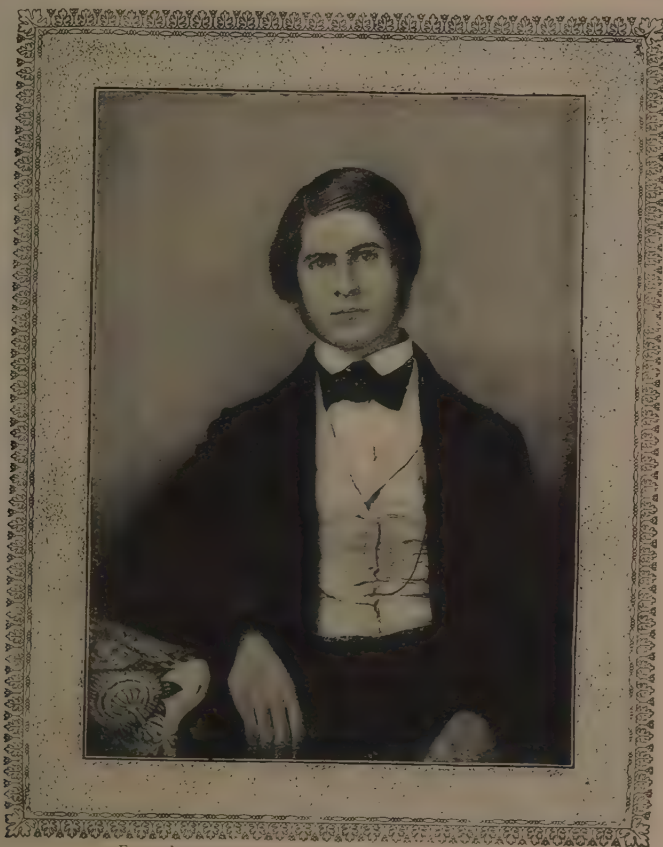
AT a period in the loftiest trend of "high finance," when the concentration and control of vast sums of money is a ruling passion, and from the point of view of public policy a passion to be ruled, the career of an original genius in finance like Jay Cooke yields facts and incidents of uncommon interest.

Like many of the giants of the Civil War era he came out of the West, with a character formed of the simplest American tastes and virtues, and with a power of initiative both practical and audacious. In the financially troublous "forties" and "fifties" he had won a reputation for ability and probity which placed him in the foremost rank of American bankers. When the Civil War broke upon an empty national treasury, and the monied men of the North responded feebly and without confidence to the first expedients for raising funds, Jay Cooke at once came to the front with resources of management, and a confidence that inspired the men behind the purses who supported the men behind the guns.

The great Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase, found in Jay Cooke as effective a man of action as ever assisted in the organization of victory. When more millions than ever before in the world's history had been voluntarily contributed for the preservation of a nation, and still the cause of the Union seemed to be on the point of perishing for lack of further "sinews of war," Jay Cooke's confidence grew stouter and his appeals more inspiring. He was not above some of the minor expedients of popular arousal, which a Bismarck could make use of in a crisis, but the principal source of Jay Cooke's success, like that of the great Teuton, was the firmness and boldness of his onward stride to victory.

Jay Cooke's prestige and fame on the conclusion of peace were in proportion to his services to his country. But when his vast fortune was swept into the vortex of a panic which his own unbounded enterprise had helped to create, he passed into a state of partly self-imposed quietude, and when the struggles of the war period were revived in song and story, little attention was paid to the merit of the man who had done so much to make it possible to pay the bills of heroism.

For this particular time nothing could be more instructive than the narrative of Jay Cooke's quiet return to credit, wealth and honor and the urbanity and charity with which he adorned the final years of a long life of usefulness.—THE EDITOR.



From a daguerreotype. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JAY COOKE IN THE YEAR 1839 OR 1840

WAR DEBTS



For the time ever comes when the history of wars shall be written on their financial side, it will be more clearly understood how much armies and navies, too often made the fulcrum of every calculation, must depend upon the

energy, determination, and strategy displayed in assembling the great sums of money needed in modern warfare. The world has grown larger in many ways, but forty years does not make Jay Cooke's task seem the less gigantic. France succumbed to Prussia in 1871, after having increased her debt about a thousand million dollars, exclusive of the great indemnity of one thousand millions more



From an oil painting made in 1870

MARTHA CARSWELL COOKE

From a photograph made when he was 74

ELEUTHEROS COOKE

THE PARENTS OF JAY COOKE

which Bismarck exacted of her and which, the French representatives declared at the peace negotiations, exceeded the total amount of money in circulation in the entire world. To the French, the whole cost of the war and its subsequent events, with the indemnity, was about eighteen hundred and fifty million dollars of indebtedness.

Russia and Japan came to the end of their recent war after Russia had added about \$500,000,000 to her debt, a sum which, of course, takes no account of her vanished navy or of many losses which later will be carried into the general fund of debt. According to the figures supplied by the Japanese Embassy at Washington, Japan spent about \$650,000,000.

These sums seem great, but the American Civil War added to the debt of the Union nearly \$2,800,000,000, exclusive of all that could be obtained by heavy ordinary and extraordinary taxes. We raised in five years, by long loans and virtually without foreign aid, almost as great a sum as Great Britain borrowed and put to her national account between the years 1793 and 1816, the period of her prolonged struggles with Napoleon

and her second war with the United States.

Besides all this, there were the debts of the loyal State and municipalities, as well as a great mass of obligations which never were and never will be paid, representing the pecuniary sacrifice of the people of the South. Indeed, the most careful and expert of statisticians cannot compute the full money cost of the Civil War.

The vast expenditures of these years could not be met by any method known to the Government of the United States. Robert Morris was accounted to have achieved a great triumph when he sent Washington \$50,000 for his operations around Trenton, and borrowed \$20,000 from Rochambeau to set the ragged Continental army before Yorktown. Stephen Girard, another Philadelphia financier, had assisted the Government during the War of 1812; and Enoch W. Clark and Jay Cooke of the same city procured a few millions to aid the Government in waging its unrighteous war upon Mexico.

JAY COOKE'S LOANS IN THE CIVIL WAR

BUT this was as nothing in comparison with

the great five-twenty loan and the seven-thirty loan which, in the Civil War, Jay Cooke placed for Secretaries Chase, Fessenden, and McCulloch, and the subsidiary operations which he undertook for the Government. He sold bonds and treasury notes when the Department and the sub-treasuries could not sell them, just as he could catch fish where others angled in vain. He surpassed all other bankers and brokers whom the Secretaries tried, and they were always forced to return to him as the one man who could draw from the people the great sums daily needed to manage the war.

The unalterable foe of the repudiation of any of the debt which he had been instrumental in distributing among the people, Jay Cooke was both a wholesome and a potent influence in political and financial circles after the war had ended. He advocated the early conversion of six per cent. bonds into issues bearing a lower rate of interest, and certainly would have effected his funding of the debt if he had been permitted to undertake it. What he did in this line under Secretary Boutwell, through the famous "syndicate" (a word which was brought into the language to describe this operation), was well done, after envious rivals had first been tried, and had failed to perform the service for the Treasury.

THE RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC

It was through his spirit of patriotism developed in the war, and his implicit belief in the rapid continuing growth of the country, that Jay Cooke was led, in 1870, to begin the construction of a second railroad line to the Pacific. Like Thomas H. Benton, he thought that the proper route for a railroad to the Western ocean was through a country inhabited by the Indian and the buffalo. There would be found the water and the grass that were the certain evidences of the fertility which would make easy the work of empire-builders.

He would not exchange one hundred miles of his proposed line in the Northwest, he said, for the entire parched and arid Southern Pacific belt, and with one hundred millions of dollars he would join Lake Superior and Puget Sound by the "Valley Route." What he, as the largest creditor, suffered when the crash came in 1873, was nothing in comparison with his sense of personal shock and mortification.

In these years of doubt and recrimination the old prophet of the Northwest abated nothing of his faith. In the completion of the road, and the settlement of the country with hardy immigrants, just as he had planned it, he found his justification. Those creditors of his estate who took his advice and held their respective shares of the stocks and bonds which the trustees distributed to them were paid in full with a generous rate of interest. A startling restoration of his fortune through a silver mine in Utah enabled him to recover the homes he had built from the profits upon the war loans, and added to his old age a serenity which was his right.

JAY COOKE'S PERSONALITY

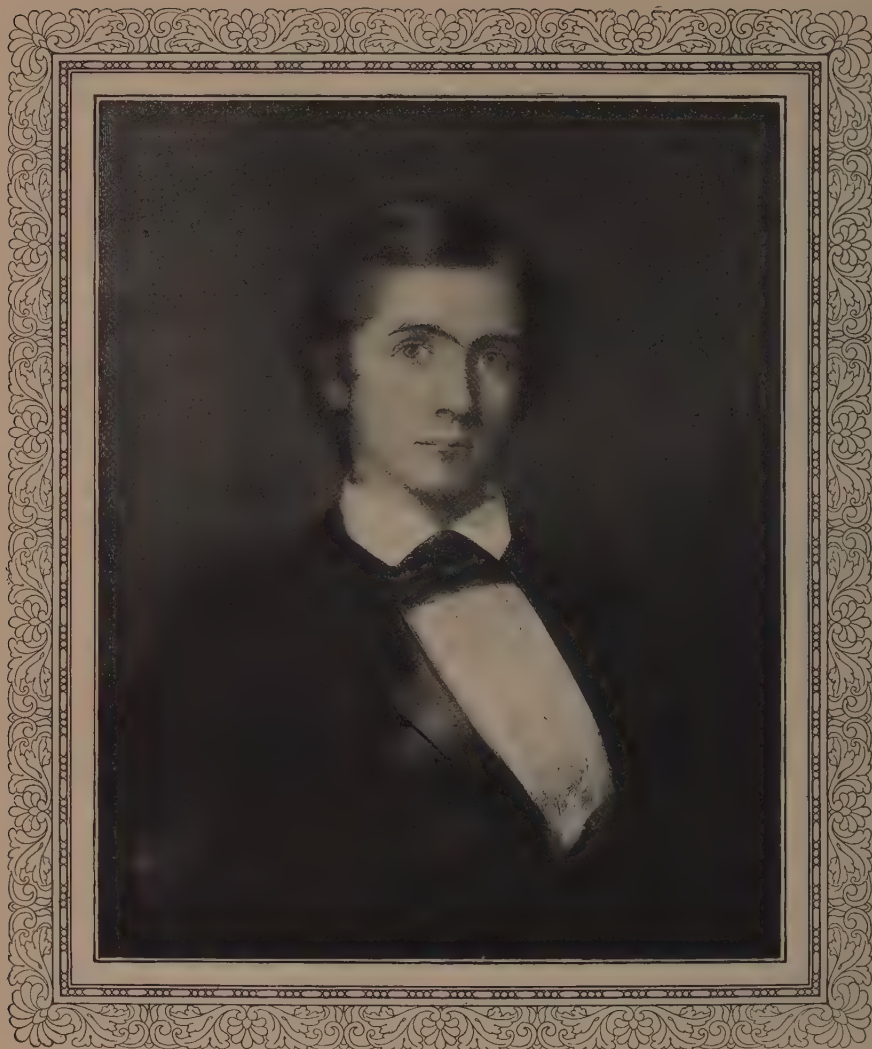
THE ideals that moved Jay Cooke would have led him to scorn many of the fortunes of our day. The money he sought, if he were to enjoy it, must come in some large operation of the patriotic and civilizing nature of which he was honestly convinced. Then he was in his glory, for he could reap as he had sown, and he could sow again as he had reaped, endowing the church and dispensing his gifts and kindnesses to the poor through a thousand channels.

He could not have prospered by a too common modern method of mistaking for shrewdness the making of sharp bargains, nor by duplicity and common lying, nor by sweating and grinding out the lives of those who served him. His business was done openly and fairly, and those whom he gathered



Drawn by R. E. Owen from a sketch from memory by Jay Cooke

THE STONE HOUSE IN WHICH JAY COOKE WAS REARED, IN SANDUSKY, OHIO. A PORTION OF THE WALLS IS STILL STANDING IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF THE CITY



From a painting owned by Mrs. Charles D. Barney, daughter of Jay Cooke. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

JAY COOKE SOON AFTER HIS MARRIAGE

about him as his assistants and associates, constantly received marks of attention which made them feel that they were members of one good brotherhood; at the same time he expected rare devotion and much hard work of those who were enlisted in his service. In 1873, Mr. Puleston, then one of the partners in his London house, now Sir John H. Puleston, announced his intention of running for Parliament. Jay Cooke objected strenuously,

because it would be costly, while speech-making and all-night sessions at Westminster would deprive the firm of the services of one to whose undivided attention it was fairly entitled.

The cashier of his Washington bank, while visiting in New York city, was invited by a friend to ride upon a tally-ho in the park on a pleasant Sunday afternoon. In this gay equipage, behind four horses, with ladies at his side, he was



From a painting owned by Mrs. Charles D. Barney, daughter of Jay Cooke. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MRS. JAY COOKE IN RIDING HABIT, SOON AFTER HER MARRIAGE

seen by one who carried the news to Jay Cooke. At once the officer was re-proved for desecrating the Sabbath, which was always a holy day to the financier, and for action "deeply injurious and inexcusable." "Credit," said Cooke, "is a tender plant. Nothing so affects it as such a stupid display as a four-in-hand." He forbade his partners to invest even their own money in coal-oil wells, or mining companies, and in general he

managed his business with a firm hand. Always known in his offices and banks as "the Tycoon," he was yet the soul of gentleness, honor, and generosity in all his dealings with the smallest man who assisted him in executing his measures. There could be no labor problem in any enterprise of his, and he could not have prospered at the expense of the life or happiness of any fellow-being.



"WALK-IN-THE-WATER," THE FIRST STEAMBOAT THAT PLIED THE GREAT LAKES, SKETCHED FROM THE CANADA SHORE OPPOSITE DETROIT, AUGUST, 1820

HIS FAMILY AND BIRTHPLACE

ON the shores of Lake Erie, between Cleveland and Toledo is a strip of country about thirty miles in depth which is known as the "Firelands." A part of Connecticut's Western Reserve, it was set aside for the benefit of those citizens of the little New England State whose houses, barns, and crops had been burned by the British during the Revolution. Here Jay Cooke was born on August 10, 1821. The place was a mere boat-landing surrounded by a group of houses which were occupied by energetic settlers, mostly from New England States.

Of this description was the father of the future financier, Eleutheros Cooke, a sturdy descendant of Henry Cook, a Puritan whose name appears in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1630. The line passed to Connecticut, and thence to Washington county, New York, where Eleutheros Cooke was born. He studied law under Chancellor Kent, and soon after his marriage to Martha Carswell, set out for the West, settling near the present city of Madison, Indiana.

Soon returning to his home in New York State the elder Cooke visited Sandusky on the way, and was so much enamoured with the bay and its green shores that he decided to remove his family thither. Here he thrived, making himself a force in the community. He rode the circuit as Lincoln did two or three decades later in Illinois, and was so fluent a speaker in the court-room that he came to enjoy a great local reputation. Rather florid and at times verbose, he once put his gifts to use in a way that his neighbors did not soon forget. The owner of a steamboat which came into Sandusky on its way from Buffalo to Detroit found there a creditor, who retained Eleutheros Cooke as his counsel. The debtor was arrested and taken before a magistrate, but as the debt was beyond the jurisdiction of a petty court, it was moved to quash the writ. Not to be outdone by such a device, Cooke despatched a messenger to Norwalk, the county-seat, sixteen miles away for the necessary documents, stating that he would in the meantime argue the case. The roads were deep with mud, and the hours which must elapse before the

papers could reach his hands might have deterred many advocates; but not Eleutheros Cooke. Beginning with Adam, he announced that he would review the history of the human race. As he was about to enter the Christian era his yawning auditors were aroused by the arrival of the messenger, and the steamboat man paid his bill before the vessel could depart.

Another time, while addressing the Court of Common Pleas of Huron County, he was rising so rapidly in his flights of rhetoric that the judge cried: "Stop, stop, Mr. Cooke! You have already gone so far as to be out of the jurisdiction of this court."

Eleutheros Cooke's facility of speech soon made him a favorite upon the stump, and the people sent him to the legislature. He was defeated at an election by the inability of the voters in that part of Ohio to spell correctly his unusual Christian name, which led him to a resolution not to burden his children in the same way. One son therefore was christened Pitt in honor of the English statesman and Jay, who was the third child, was named for the first Chief Justice of the United States.

Eleutheros Cooke went to Congress as a Whig in 1830, and was an admired speaker in the House of Representatives. He was a disciple of Webster, and he voted with John Quincy Adams, Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, and the other New Englanders against the tariff bill by which Clay and the compromisers composed their differences with the nullifiers of South Carolina. In a debate defending his colleague from Ohio, William Stanberry, who had been belabored with a cane by Sam Houston while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, Mr. Cooke was challenged to a duel by a South Carolinian. He brought the incident before the House, and in a speech urging its action in the matter he declared that if that body were to vote to "disregard its own safety, dignity, and honor," he would "go to a place where he would find both honor and protection—in the bosom of his constituents," a phrase which is still a part of the jargon of our politics.

JAY COOKE ENTERS BUSINESS LIFE

UNLIKE his brothers Pitt and Henry,

who went to college and studied law, Jay Cooke was to be off in his race with the world before he had entered his teens. His self-reliance, ambition, and good cheer could not keep him out of the arena in which men do business and make money. His uncle Erastus Cooke was the postmaster and had a store. When the boy was not more than ten years old he had his duties in this establishment, and was allowed one end of a front window in which to exhibit for sale toys and picture-books for his individual profit.

At fourteen this young business man became a clerk in the larger house of Hubbard and Lester, who had come on to Sandusky from New York with a stock of dry-goods, groceries, hardware, and miscellaneous commodities. Here in dull seasons his employers taught him the tedious art of chess and how to keep books by the double-entry system. At the same time he eagerly read what came to his hand and attended the meetings of a debating society. He also displayed some mechanical ingenuity, for he built a small steamboat modeled after *Walk-in-the-Water* and the boats which early navigated the lake. Its paddles were moved by an old clock spring, while the fumes of burning gum in the smoke-stack added a note of realism to the contrivance.

Already earning \$250 a year, he received an astonishing offer of \$600 from Seymour and Bool, who were opening a trading-house in St. Louis, then a French outfitting post. He embraced the opportunity at once. In St. Louis he improved his penmanship at a writing-school, learning French, so that he could converse with the customers who came to the store, and took a course at a dancing academy. At the latter, he wrote his brother Pitt, he had "fine times, dressed in a fine brown coat four inches shorter than usual, with white-silk vest, black cassimere pants, white silk stockings, fine pumps, white handkerchief and gloves, hair dressed and all erect, talking parley voo with the beautiful French brunettes." He added that there were Indians in St. Louis, "noble, brave, and generous ones," not like the "squalid, rum-drinking" fellows of Sandusky's neighborhood. The white inhabitants of the place were not so much admired; for Jay Cooke found them to

The Daily Chronicle

AND
GENERAL ADVERTISER.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MAY 18.

The answer to the Riddle in Saturday's paper, is *A Chicken Cock*.

The kind suggestions of some of our critical friends shall be all attended to in due season.

"A Subscriber" is informed that we are decidedly neutral in politics. We shall watch closely the doings of both parties, and censure or praise as the case may demand.

MONEY MARKETS.

Saturday ended a week of unusual dullness in the money market. A general quietness pervades all over the country—the monetary affairs seem to be enjoying a morbid rest, preparatory to awakening again to assume new aspects of life and activity.

The news by the British Queen will not materially affect us, and is of little importance in a commercial point of view. Most kinds of American stocks and securities were on the decline; at least such of them as, from the condition of affairs, do not merit improvement. Money, in England and on the Continent, was plenty, and the rate of interest and usury falling. The cotton market shows a slight advance; but gives signs of more activity, and promises future improvement in prices. The success of the negotiations of the United States Bank is not yet announced.

There were some large transactions on Saturday in New York and Boston funds; prices firm at 5½ to ½ New York, and 5½ to 6 Boston. Southern funds generally remain with little alteration; Georgia funds are growing worse: Augusta 7½ to 8; Savannah 5 to 6. The amount in the market is small. Exchange in Charleston on N. Y., has advanced 1 per cent. Brokers are buying South Carolina and Charleston notes at about par, and checks on Charleston at ½ to 1 premium. Tennessee, more in market, and finds ready sale at 10½ and 11; Alabama not very plenty; Bank notes 8 to 8½; Mobile certificates 7½; County do. 9 to 9½; New Orleans checks 2½ to 3; Bank notes 3½ to 4. Exchange on Philadelphia in the western cities is more plenty: in St. Louis the Brokers check at 4 prem, and in Louisville and Cincinnati 3 to 3½ prem.

We have, as yet, no statement of the condition of the Berks County Bank, and although we have made many inquiries, are unable to give any information respecting it. The notes sell at from 15 to 20 per cent. discount.

A large amount of checks on the United States Bank sold on Saturday at ½ discount. The difficulty increases daily, and some change must soon take place.

The city of Baltimore is flooded with shin plasters and small notes, emanating from Railroad and Canal Companies, Savings Institutions and private individuals. Many of these suspicious and unlawful issues, owing to our want of small notes, find a circulation in our city. If our citizens countenance their circulation, and do not use some means to drive them from among us, the redemption day will find their pockets filled with valueless trash. In addition to the above, are the Post Notes of the Reading Railroad Company, and Hazleton Coal Company. By the Eastern mail we have the news of the failure of the Concord Bank, Concord, New Hampshire.

be "almost savages." It was dangerous to venture out after dark, he said, for "persons are often knocked down at the corners of the streets and robbed and, frequently, killed."

JAY COOKE GOES TO PHILADELPHIA

IN the panic of 1837 the St. Louis firm failed, and Jay Cooke, at sixteen, returned to the parental roof, only to be off in a little while for Philadelphia. His only sister Sarah had married William G. Moorhead, one of several brothers of whom the best known was General J. Kennedy Moorhead, a prominent capitalist, politician, and citizen of Pittsburgh. The Moorheads were as Democratic in politics as the Cookes were Whiggish, and they had close relations with the Pennsylvania State government. William G. Moorhead, assisted by Governor Porter and several influential politicians, was then organizing the Washington Packet line to carry passengers and merchandise over the horse railroads, canals, and portages which connected Philadelphia with Pittsburgh, the forerunners of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His young brother-in-law, Jay Cooke, being then unemployed, Moorhead asked him to go to Philadelphia to become the book-keeping agent for the new company. The office was in Chestnut street, just below Third, and the boy's duties were to write the advertisements, sell tickets, make out way-bills and manifests, see that omnibuses called for passengers in all parts of the city to carry them to the cars, and superintend the antics of a number of criers at the New York boat-landing on the Delaware, whose business it was to shout louder than the advocates of rival lines. The runners not infrequently had free fights that led to their arrest, and it was Jay Cooke's duty to go to the courts and pay their fines, charging them up to the advertising account. He himself visited the dock to solicit passengers, and he wrote to his brother that in the scimmages which constantly occurred there he verily believed that but for the protection of his men he "should be flying into the Delaware some half-dozen times in the day."

Jay Cooke had reached Philadelphia at a season as unhappy as any in its his-

FACSIMILE OF JAY COOKE'S MONEY ARTICLE
IN THE PHILADELPHIA "DAILY
CHRONICLE" OF MAY

18, 1840

tory. One night he was writing a letter home when a cry of fire alarmed him, and he went out, to see a mob of Southern medical students and town hoodlums burn the new Pennsylvania Hall in Seventh street, where John G. Whittier, the editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman," disguised in a borrowed overcoat, also stood by at the pyre of Abolition. If young Jay Cooke was not one of the Quaker poet's

"Fire-tried men of '38 who saw with me the fall,

'Midst roaring flames and shouting mobs,
of Pennsylvania Hall,"

he had no sympathy with slavery or with the fire and murder which accompanied the agitation of the question in Philadelphia at this disturbed period. His impressions of the city were not improved by tasks for which he had an open dislike and by the ignominious failure of the packet line; for, in September, Moorhead was obliged to flee the city to escape his creditors. Jay Cooke had now neither money nor friends, and for lack of anything else to do continued to sit at his desk in the office of the packet line and read the newspapers. That office adjoined Congress Hall, a famous hotel of the day, kept by John Sturdivant, where the boy accepted a position as clerk, making out and collecting bills for board and overseeing the servants. This occupation was no less unpleasing than his first, and as soon as he could collect enough money from the broken company to buy himself a new suit of clothes and some presents for the members of his family with a surplus to pay his traveling expenses, he returned to Sandusky.

JAY COOKE ENTERS THE BANKING HOUSE OF THE CLARKS

BEFORE his departure, however, Jay Cooke had not neglected to tell Mr. Sturdivant that if any suitable occupation offered in Philadelphia, he would like to hear of it. Next door to the Third street entrance of Congress Hall, Enoch W. Clark and his brother-in-law, Edward Dodge, had lately opened a banking house under the name of E. W. Clark & Co. They had seen the Sandusky

boy in Sturdivant's hotel, and they admired his twinkling eyes and sturdy spirit. Missing him from his accustomed place, they inquired after him, with the result that early in 1839 Jay Cooke returned to Philadelphia to take a place in the banking house. He was not long in realizing and recording his enjoyment of the new post, and in May he wrote his brother Pitt with boyish importance:

The business I am engaged in is of the most respectable kind, and the house is the first in the city. Although I have been with them only four weeks, I have now the most responsible station it affords. I never was engaged in anything that suited me until now. Besides the duties of the office, I am private secretary to John Sturdivant, Esq., and manage his money operations of \$100,000 per annum with all ease, and without interfering with my necessary rest or recreation. I have a splendid room in connection with a young man of Mr. Sturdivant's—carpeted, bureaus, mirrors, tables, washstands, etc., and a bed to myself about equal to mother's in the front chamber. Boots blacked, coats brushed, breakfast at 8, dinner at 3, tea at 7, and supper at 11 P. M. . . . I have got on the right side of fortune in Philadelphia, and if prudence, punctuality, and good behavior as far as in my power can keep me there, I shall remain statu quo, as you say, forevermore.

He was, he wrote again—

paymaster-general of Mr. Sturdivant's forces. I am looked upon by 100 "nigs" as lord of creation, and meet a salaam from all of them when passing by them. If at breakfast, dinner, tea or supper, I am sure of getting the best of everything, and in this way I have a great advantage over all the young fellows who board here.

It was a time when Philadelphians lived well and comfortably. They took their ease after their midday meal, enjoying an hour or two in a dreamy reverie over their wines and cigars. The city, not yet lost to its traditions as the capital of the country, was visited by distinguished foreigners, who brought with them their liveried servants, making the hotels and restaurants the scene of show and color. On Christmas and New Year's days the innkeepers filled generous bowls with egg-nog for the free enjoyment of their patrons, and Mr. Clark and Mr. Dodge brewed a fine punch with which healths were pledged on feast-



FACSIMILES OF SO-CALLED "WILD-CAT" BANKNOTES

The originals are about the size of the banknote of to-day

days. They treated their employees in a spirit of good and equal fellowship, as Jay Cooke later treated those whom he drew about him in his banking businesses. They are "none of your stiff, unsociable men, but are full of fun and frolic," the boy wrote to his brother. He was invited to their homes and on his first New Year's day in Philadelphia Mr. Clark gave him an order on the "best tailor" in Chestnut street for a new suit of clothes. He was ordered to get the finest in the store, and "never mind expense." The kindness and appreciation of his employers made him indeed feel that his lines were cast in pleasant places, and undoubtedly mellowed his life, helping him to be the whole-souled, cheering man that he remained to his dying day.

But it was not all play in the bank, especially for Jay Cooke, who was soon charged with the most responsible duties. On November, 1839, he wrote that they were doing a business of "millions in the year," with a "clear profit of \$40,000 or \$50,000"; they sometimes made \$500 a day. Less than a year after joining the house, the Ohio boy, still little past eighteen, had nearly all the correspondence under his care, and in December, 1840, he noted that both Clark and Dodge would go off to dinner after a busy day in which they had largely overdrawn the bank account, leaving him to make up the amount before three o'clock.

On this point he wrote:

Sometimes it happens, that we have exceeded our means 10, 20, 30, or 50,000 dollars, and I am obliged to borrow it of other brokers, not always without difficulty. I have frequently been put to "my stumps" when money has been scarce, but have always succeeded, they probably not knowing whether they were short or over.

THE FIRST FINANCIAL REPORTS

THIS was a good school for a great financier, and the lessons were not lost upon Jay Cooke. His education was somewhat broadened in another way. Colonel Alexander published a newspaper in Philadelphia called the "Daily Chronicle." In 1834 he had sold it to James Gordon Bennett, who soon disposed of it to the proprietors of the "Inquirer," to

take up his career in New York as the editor of the "Herald." Alexander, in 1840, started another "Chronicle." He kept an account with E. W. Clark & Co., and one day he asked Jay Cooke, who stood behind the counter, if he would not prepare a daily money article for his paper. Cooke agreed to do so, and this was one of the first attempts made by an American journal to give its readers financial news. That it was a popular innovation was shown by the fact that the articles were copied by other papers, which sometimes added information gleaned in their own neighborhoods. The "Chronicle's" financial editor went in and out of the theatres and public gardens free of cost, like other journalists, and he enjoyed the new experience until he broke down under his various duties, and was overtaken by a serious illness.

Early given a power of attorney to sign the firm name, on January 1, 1843, upon reaching the age of twenty-one, Jay Cooke was admitted to partnership with a one-eighth interest in the profits. These were rich years in the banking business but, do all that he could in Philadelphia and in the branch houses which he established in other cities it was not until 1844 that Clark succeeded in discharging debts accumulated in earlier ventures in Boston.

WILD-CAT BANKING

WHILE it was a time when great profits might be made, they came only to the knowing. With multitudes of State banks issuing notes under lax local regulations, there were "runs," failures, sudden and frequent suspensions of specie payments, and counterfeiting,—all calling for very great vigilance.

With his other duties, Jay Cooke became Clark's "counterfeit clerk." He acquired a remarkable familiarity with the names of banks, the appearance of their notes, and the prevailing rates of discount. Merchants who received "wild-cat" money in payment of bills must carry it to the offices of brokers, as the banks would not receive it. "Wild-cat" had to be changed into "par," and every afternoon a long line of clerks and messengers stood at Jay Cooke's desk, in great haste to have their dirty currency converted into

good money, so that they might make their deposits before the banks closed.

Other business exchanges were effected at great risk, and with the same large margins of profit to the broker. A curious chance of gain afforded by the disordered financial system came to Clark's one time when Nicholas Biddle's United States Bank suspended specie payments. There was a provision in its charter that it should never refuse to redeem its five-dollar notes in gold and silver, though it should suspend upon other issues. Since the public generally were not aware that the bank exchanged specie for any part of its outstanding currency, Clark's, in common with other brokers, purchased these bills at the ruling rate under gold, and presented them for redemption. The bank ran out of coin, and was obliged to buy, placing a large order with E. W. Clark & Co., who, to avoid public notice, carted back in the night what they had gone to get in broad daylight, the house profiting handsomely by the operations of this "endless chain."

THE MEXICAN WAR'S FINANCIAL TRANSACTIONS

BUT the Clarks, while Jay Cooke was connected with their houses, engaged in financial operations of much greater gravity than any which have yet been mentioned. They had intimately to do with the organization of the early railway lines, including the Pennsylvania, the Reading, the Northern Central, the Philadelphia and Erie, and the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago. Large bond issues were sold for these and other companies by the widely dispersed Clark houses.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, only eight or nine years after Mr. Clark had returned to Philadelphia burdened with his Boston debts, the house was, Jay Cooke believed, "the leading domestic exchange house" in the United States, and its resources pointed it out as a seller of Government loans. The financial negotiations for which this war was the occasion seem of very little magnitude in comparison with the great operations undertaken in behalf of the Civil War.

In amount they were as 50 is to 2800, and the difficulties of various kinds which were to be overcome by the financiers of the Civil War increase the ratio so much that even these very impressive figures convey only a feeble idea of the disparity of the tasks.¹ It was in the Mexican War, however, that Jay Cooke received his first lessons in Government finance, and it is in many ways a pity that there is not preserved a full record of the part his firm took in these operations.

Like private banking at this time, war financing was a thing for dealers and manipulators. The men who engaged in it had constantly to exercise their wits. There were so many weak places in the money system and the whole business of finance, both public and private, was so unscientific and irregular that the successful broker was likely to be he who knew best what these were.

The fact remains that the various Mexican War bonds were sold or given for debt at par in specie or its equivalent; but such financial management, and the system that made it possible, were, as the "United States Gazette" remarked, "about as great a specimen of folly as the people of this country ever had reason to be ashamed of."

In these years Jay Cooke rapidly made himself the directing spirit of the Clarks' Philadelphia house, and before he was thirty he was identified with banking operations of great magnitude. A partner in the New York and the St. Louis houses, as well as in the Philadelphia firm, his income grew, and he began to indulge those philanthropic instincts for which he was later widely distinguished.

JAY COOKE'S MARRIAGE

He had been married on August 21, 1844. On his way to Sandusky for a visit, he stopped at Meadville, Pennsylvania, where his brother Henry was a student at Allegheny College. The president of this institution was Robert T. P. Allen, who belonged to an Irish family of prominence, several members of which had early settled in Maryland. His sister, Dorothea Elizabeth, a girl of sixteen, was at that time paying him a visit, and Jay Cooke fell in love with her

¹ The loans of the Mexican War period aggregated \$49,000,000.

the first day they met. She returned to her home in Baltimore and he to Philadelphia, and while these cities were far enough apart, the lovers were soon to be separated by a distance much greater and much less easily traversed; for her brother, the college president, soon passed to Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky. Thither Miss Allen and her mother followed him, and thither, too, Jay Cooke went for his wedding.

Upon his return to Philadelphia he installed himself and his bride in a suite of rooms over the banking house, a doorway which had been opened in the wall putting them in communication with Congress Hall. There they boarded until a house was found in Pine Street; the latter, in turn, being abandoned in favor of the Cheltenham Hills, a wooded, green, rolling region seven miles north of the city on the Old York Road, which, before the day of railroads, was the principal route between Philadelphia and New York. When Jay Cooke came to the city he had sought the parks in his leisure and rather lonely hours, there to dream of the glad outdoor life on Lake Erie. He always loved the open spaces of the world, and now he purchased a home in a country that he greatly admired. He called his place "The Cedars," because it was surrounded by these trees, and here he resided through the fifties and during the war until he built near-by his great palace "Ogontz."

HIS INTEREST IN PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY

At first an attendant of a Methodist church whose pastor was Dr. Thomas H. Stockton, a half-brother of Frank R. Stockton, Jay Cooke, after his marriage, found the distance to it too great for his wife, and they joined St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Third Street, near the bank. This parish was in charge of Dr. Richard Newton, the father of Dr. Heber Newton. Jay Cooke entered into the work of this church with the heartiness with which he attacked all that he undertook, whether work, play, or philanthropy. When he removed to "The Cedars," he continued the connection for several years. He would leave home soon after breakfast, to be present at the morning

service, carrying his luncheon with him, so that he might remain for the Sunday-school in the afternoon, and, in winter, reached home only after dark. Still not satisfied with the results of his day, he formed a Bible class, made up of his tenants and neighbors, who came to his home every Sunday evening. At first they met in the parlor; but when this became too small, a room in an outbuilding was prepared for them. For more than fifty years, or until his end in 1905, these men, changing as death and removal took them out of the neighborhood, enjoyed the religious teaching of Jay Cooke.

A GIVER OF SYMPATHY AS WELL AS OF MONEY

WHILE still not a rich man, he gave cheerfully of what he had to those about him who were in any kind of distress. He was by nature a peacemaker and a joy-giver, and was the means of reconciling Enoch Clark and his brother Joseph, at the head of the Boston house; who had become estranged by business and family differences. He was only thirty-three years old and a junior partner from whom such a suggestion might have been misunderstood, but Jay Cooke was not deterred by these facts. It was in July, 1854, in the midst of a "terrific storm" in the financial world—the "hardest" he had "ever known." The Philadelphia office, under Jay Cooke's management, had freely supplied funds to the Boston house to save it from threatening fall. He concluded a letter to the brother in that city with these words:

One thing, dear J. W., you must allow me to speak about, and it has been on my mind to write you of it for a long time, and it is the difference between you and E. W. I think it absolutely wicked and sinful in the highest degree that two noble brothers such as the world knows you both to be should be separated through some vague and imaginary trouble. I am convinced that there is no real cause for the present coldness between you, and I know that E. W. loves you now as tenderly as a brother can love. Time and again I have seen the tears start to his eyes when speaking of you, and I know that if you will only exercise the Christian's blessed privilege to forget and forgive, and will extend to him your hand, he will gladly say "Let all the past be forgotten; we are brothers once

more; bless God another sun does not go down upon our wrath." Now, dear J. W., you will be doing a double good in yielding to what I know your heart even now prompts you to, for you will give me the blessed privilege of being a "peacemaker." Think of this, and let me hear from you in return. I know that your brother does not feel anything but love for you, and during the present crisis would have pledged his last dollar to save you from trouble or danger, if it had been necessary; and I knew I was doing his will and wish when I told Luther we were all one and indivisible. Good night. May God grant that what I fervently pray for may come to pass!

The letters to Jay Cooke from Enoch Clark, who was then in Europe, attest the full confidence which he reposed in the management of the house in his absence. To his eldest sons, Edward W. and Clarence H. Clark, later to be the heads of the firm, Jay Cooke was like an older brother, and to the end of their lives, which for all was reached only lately, their friendship was uninterrupted, in spite of experiences that were varied and dire.

THE DEATH OF HIS SENIOR PARTNER

ENOCH CLARK died in the summer of 1856, making Jay Cooke, with Mrs. Clark and the son Edward, one of the executors of his estate, which was valued at upward of a million dollars. This work was of unexpected difficulty because of the panic of 1857. Land speculation, railway building, and unwise industrial expansion brought the country to a great crisis, which had been casting its shadows before for several years. In the disaster which followed, banks and business houses generally were prostrated. The people suffered as they had not since the panic of 1837, although they displayed greater recuperative power than in that year, or in 1873. The summer and autumn of 1857 severely tried the solvency of the Clark houses. No one seemed to care who failed; sympathy or assistance was not to be had on any side. "No money, no confidence and no value to anything," Edward W. Clark wrote from New York to Jay Cooke. The Philadelphia house had done much for the branches; when it could safely do

no more, they were allowed to go their own ways, suspending on October 3. It was publicly announced that E. W. Clark & Co. of Philadelphia were not involved in the catastrophe; but they could not fail to be damaged seriously, though their doors remained open and all demands upon them were promptly met. Jay Cooke had contemplated retirement from the firm ever since Enoch Clark's death. His father in Sandusky now suggested that he return to his childhood's home. "Fight the battle out bravely," he wrote with parental solicitude just before the failure, "and if all goes by the board, come home with your precious household, and I will give you a house, and farm, and fowling-piece, and fishing apparatus, and wherewithal to live easier and happier than ever before. . . . If all your hopes of a competency are crushed by this event, and you are left penniless, I am ready to divide all I have with you at once. . . . You have earned a reputation for business capacity, for sterling integrity, and noble benevolence of more value than millions of gold without it. This will remain, brightening amid ruins, though all else perish around you."

RECOVERING FROM THE PANIC OF 1857

JAY COOKE himself was calm and hopeful, and now, as at all other times, faced what was immediately before him with an absolutely unruffled temper. "What I call reverses, you do not," wrote his brother Pitt; and it was true. There were no such words as reverse, failure, or defeat in Jay Cooke's lexicon. However it had fared in the panic, the firm was shortly dissolved, Edward and Clarence Clark reorganizing it on January 1, 1858, as Edward W. Clark & Company. Although Jay Cooke declined to enter the new partnership, he retained a desk in the office, where he occupied himself in protecting his own interests and those of the estate in the adjustment of the affairs of the suspended houses, advising "the boys" at many points in their new business arrangements.

Though for the moment Jay Cooke seemed to be at leisure, it was an experience of very brief duration. Body and mind were too active long to be at rest,

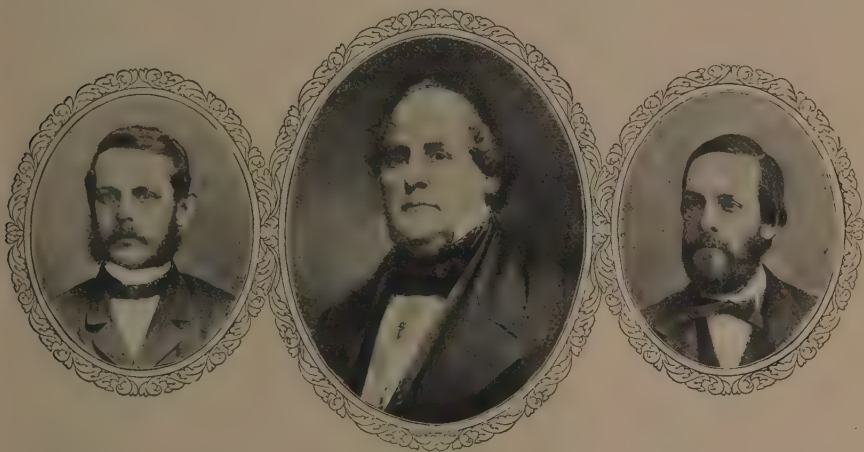
and he soon entered into new arrangements, jointly with the Clarks and upon his own account. He and several other capitalists took over some of the abandoned State canals and railroads not included in the main transfer to the Pennsylvania Railroad. These works were reorganized financially, repaired, and again opened for use.

Thus early in his career Mr. Cooke was one of the warmest-hearted of hosts. He took in Carl Schurz when he arrived in

he could find a moment to speak to an animal, pet a child or bestow a kind word upon a poor fellow-being who came to his door for charity.

THE FOUNDING OF THE BANKING HOUSE
OF JAY COOKE & COMPANY

THE three years which had passed since the retirement from E. W. Clark & Co. had proved to be a season of idleness in no sense, though Mr. Cooke was free from



From a photograph by Broadbent
and Co. Half-tone plate en-
graved by H. C. Merrill

CLARENCE H. CLARK

From a painting bequeathed by Enoch W.
Clark to Jay Cooke. Half-tone plate
engraved by H. C. Merrill

ENOCH W. CLARK

From a photograph by Wenderoth,
Taylor & Brown. Half-tone plate
engraved by H. C. Merrill

EDWARD W. CLARK

ENOCH W. CLARK AND HIS SONS, THE EARLY PARTNERS OF JAY COOKE

this country, a German refugee, and remained the financial sponsor for his family while he was absent with the army during the war. Ducks and fish were purchased by him in quantities in Sandusky and came to Philadelphia for presentation to his friends, while to his kindred and old neighbors on Lake Erie he sent back barrels of oysters. Generosity and good cheer radiated from him at all points in his life. He was an engaging talker. He could entertain a room full in boyish exuberance and sincerity, and had some power which was uncommonly magnetic. "I no like Meester Cooke," said an old French banker of Philadelphia. "He take me into a room and before I come out he make me do what I want not to do."

In the midst of tasks of the greatest magnitude involving millions of dollars

the troublesome details and responsibilities of active connection with a business house. He could remain out of the daily strife no longer. He had fully tested his powers as a railway financier with Clarks' and independently, and as his successes multiplied, he gained in confidence. On January 1, 1861, under some lucky star, he opened the banking house of Jay Cooke & Company. To all outward appearances a more unpropitious time for venturing out in such a business could not have been chosen. Lincoln had been elected, the Southern States were about to secede, and the air was full of the clamor of civil war. What that really meant none could know; but that it promised little immediate good to bankers was a logical guess. Since William G. Moorhead had left the city in 1838

to escape the urgent creditors of the packet line over the Alleghenies, Jay Cooke's brother-in-law had had happier experiences. In the forties his Democratic political friends at Washington had procured him an appointment as consul and naval agent at Valparaiso. While there he had engaged in various speculations on the Pacific coast, and upon his return was enabled to acquire a good deal of capital in the construction of railroads in the period of development preceding the panic of 1857. He was now the president of the Philadelphia and Erie, and traveled much among the spas of Europe for his pleasure and to restore the impaired health of his wife. From that distance he suggested a partnership and the firm was formed, being two parts

Cooke and one part Moorhead, the capital being supplied and the profits divided in these proportions.

Jay Cooke hired an office at 114 South Third Street, next door to the Girard Bank, in a building owned by the Girard estate. It was not a large or handsome building even after the firm's needs caused the trustees of Philadelphia's ancient mariner to remodel it. At all times dark, in summer it was hot, and great wharf-rats, which had crept up the culverted channels of old Dock Creek, ran across the floor; but from this house were sold more bonds than any government ever sold in the same space of time; and with the hundreds of millions which came at his call was fought the greatest civil war the world has ever seen.

(To be continued)



OPPORTUNITY

BY FRANCIS DANA

CONTENT is but an ass of cheerful mien,
Too thick of hide to mind the goad of care,
Who, gazing at the world through goggles green,
Sees verdure everywhere.

And "noble Discontent" at every gate
Kicks angry heels—yet, if he burst it wide,
Finds but the same old world, the same old fate,
There, on the other side.

Hope is another who forever goes
O'er hill and plain to chase with aching feet
A carrot which he bears before his nose
And trusts to reach and eat.

O traveler by the road, have none of these:
Find moss and shade along the highway side,
And stay awhile and watch, and be at ease,
And laugh at them that ride.

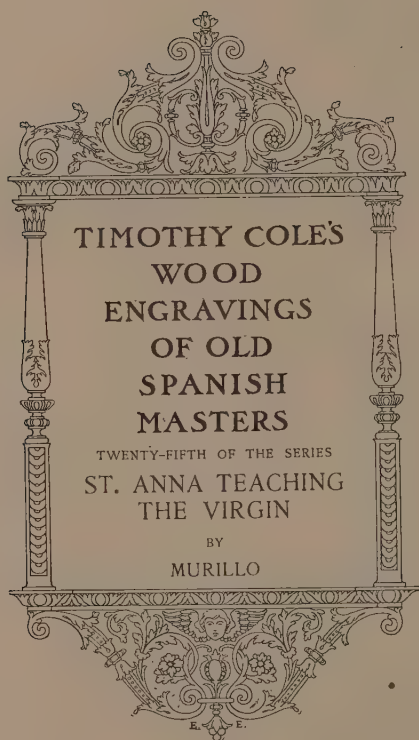
But wake—and if that shy, unbroken steed
That stays for none, come near you, night or day,
Up! Grasp the mane and curb him to your need;
Then mount and ride away.



From the Painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid. See "Open Letters "

ST. ANNA TEACHING THE VIRGIN. BY MURILLO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-FIFTH OF THE SERIES)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS

TWENTY-FIFTH OF THE SERIES
ST. ANNA TEACHING
THE VIRGIN

BY
MURILLO

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VOICE

BY E. W. SCRIPTURE¹

WITH A BRIEF ESSAY BY THE EMPEROR, SPOKEN
INTO PROFESSOR SCRIPTURE'S PHONOGRAPH



NE of the novelties of the last few years is the establishment of phonetic archives in which the voices of noteworthy persons are to be preserved. How important such collections will be for the future may be estimated by considering how we of to-day would appreciate them if they had been made by our ancestors. We shall never know how Shakspeare intended *Hamlet* to deliver his address to the players. He had his own notions concerning his plays, and undoubtedly instructed his actors by precept, correction, and example; but the voice is lost, and all we have to-day are the mere printed words. In printers' ink and metal type we have nothing but the mummy of an author's thought. How much more to us would be Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," spoken by his own voice, than it can ever possibly be now? What would not the world give for record of the voices of Sophocles, Cicero, Charlemagne, Luther, and Washington?

Though the past is gone beyond recall, we can save the present. We should proceed systematically to collect and preserve the voices of persons of historical, literary, or linguistic importance. Not long ago I began to collect American voices, and had a number of prominent men (statesmen, college presidents, writers, etc.) make lists that would include the most important ten living

Americans. The selections were highly interesting, but, of course, cannot be made public. It was most unexpected to find that many of the referees had difficulty in selecting ten living Americans of more than temporary interest.

The first record actually taken for such a permanent archive in America was that of a European. Through the American Ambassador, Charlemagne Tower, I applied for a "record of the voice of the German Emperor, for preservation in durable material in Harvard University, the National Museum at Washington, and the Library of Congress at Washington. The record is to be kept as a historical document for posterity. The Phonetic Archives at the institutions mentioned are to include records from such persons as will presumably have permanent historical interest for America. The importance of the undertaking can be estimated by considering the present value of voice records by Demosthenes, Shakspeare, or Emperor William the Great."

The Emperor consented, and the apparatus was set up in the palace. I asked for four records, one for each of the institutions mentioned and one for my own scientific investigations. The Emperor, however, made only two records, designating one for Harvard University and the other for the other purposes. The two records were made by a phonograph (with specially selected recorders) on wax cylinders. Such cylinders are of no permanent

¹The reader is referred to a previous article by Professor Scripture, in *THE CENTURY* for May, 1902, "How the Voice Looks"



Photographed by Reichenow and Linder. Engraved by T. Johnston.

WILLIAM II. GERMAN EMPEROR

value, because they are often injured by mold and sooner or later they always crack, owing to changes in temperature.

From each original "master record" a metal matrix was made by coating it with graphite and then galvanoplasting it. The wax master record was then removed (being destroyed in the process), leaving a mold from which "positives"—that is, copies of the original—could be cast. Durable positives were cast in a hard shellac composition and in celluloid. Some casts were also made in wax, and new metal matrices were made from these. In this manner the following material was obtained: (1) A metal matrix and positive of Record No. 1, deposited in the National Museum at Washington; (2) a similar set of Record No. 1, deposited in the Congressional Library at Washington; (3) a similar set of Record No. 2, deposited in Harvard University; (4) a complete set for both records (a metal matrix and a positive of each), which I presented to the Emperor; and (5) a reserve set of both. These are the only records of the German Emperor's voice which exist at the present time.

The first record reads:

Stark sein in Schmerzen. Nicht wünschen was unerreichbar oder wertlos, zufrieden mit dem Tag, wie er kommt, in allem das Gute suchen, und Freude an der Natur und an den Menschen haben, wie sie nun einmal sind. Für tausend bittere Stunden sich mit einer einzigen trösten, welche schön ist, und am Schaffen und Können immer sein bestes geben, wenn es auch keinen Dank erfährt. Wer das lernt und kann, der ist ein Glücklicher, Freier und Stolz; immer schön wird sein Leben sein. Wer misstrauisch ist, begeht ein Unrecht gegen andere und schädigt sich selbst. Wir haben die Pflicht, jeden Menschen für gut zu halten, so lange er uns nicht das Gegenteil beweist. Die Welt ist so gross, und wir Menschen sind so klein; [da kann man] da kann sich doch nicht alles um uns allein drehen. Wenn uns was schadet, was wehe tut, wer kann wissen, ob das nicht notwendig ist zum Nutzen der ganzen Schöpfung. In jedem Ding der Welt, ob es gut ist oder anders, lebt der grosse, weise Wille des allmächtigen und allwissenden Schöpfers; uns kleinen Menschen fehlt nur der Verstand, um ihn zu begreifen. Wie alles ist, so muss es sein in der Welt; und wenn [= wie] es auch sein mag, immer ist das Gute der Wille des Schöpfers.

This is an original composition made by the Emperor for this record. It is with great hesitation that I attempt a translation; for nothing can reproduce the manly brevity of the German original.

Be brave in adversity. Do not strive for what is unattainable or worthless; be content with each day as it comes; look at the good side of everything; take pleasure in nature and accept your fellow-men as you find them. For a thousand bitter hours comfort yourself with a single happy one; in effort and deed always do your best, regardless of reward. He who can do this will be fortunate, free, and independent; the days of his life will always be happy ones. He who is distrustful, does wrong to others and injures himself. It is our duty to consider every person good as long as he does not prove the contrary. The world is so large, and we human beings so small, that everything cannot center in us alone. Even when something injures us or something hurts us, who can know but that it is necessary for the benefit of the whole creation? Everything in the world, whether good or otherwise, is the work of the great, wise will of the Almighty and All-knowing Creator, though we petty creatures may not be able to understand it. Everything in the world is exactly as it must be; and whatever it may be, the good is always the will of the Creator.

Nothing could be more exquisite than this little essay. It sums up a code of life and a manly rule of conduct that ought to find a permanent lodging in the heart of every American. The Emperor has often shown unexpected comprehension of the American character, with its enterprise, energy, and sterling, unselfish uprightness, and those Americans who have learned to know him have felt that he is really half-American in his sympathies and views of life. We may well believe that this record is intended as a greeting to the Americans of the future.

The second record (for Harvard University) reads:

Vor hundert und fünfzig Jahren hat auf den Gefilden von Döberitz Friedrichs des Zweiten Majestät—schon von seinen Zeitgenossen der Grosse genannt—einen erheblichen Teil seiner Armee zusammengezogen, um sie für die gewaltigen Kämpfe, welche er mit seinem weitschauenden Blick im Geiste vorhersah, zu üben und zu stählen. So wichtig

war für ihn die Vorbereitungszeit, dass er es nicht scheute, die Colonnen seinen kriegsgeübten Feldmarschällen zur Führung anzuvertrauen. Hier bildete der grosse Soldatenkönig, rastlos arbeitend, über den grossen Gesichtspunkten auch das Detail nicht vergessend, seine Regimenter für die schwere Aufgabe des bald darauf einsetzenden siebenjährigen Krieges aus, und zog das innige Band zwischen seinen Soldaten und sich, welche letzterer zu den äussersten Leistungen begeisterte, während er seinen Geist seinen Generälen einflösste, und so den Grund legte für den unvergleichlichen Erfolg, welcher in [?] der siegreichen Ueberwindung einer gegen ihn verschworenen Welt in Waffen gipfelte. Unvergessen seien diese Leistungen, unvergessen die Namen der Helden jener grossen Zeit. Spottend nannten damals Friedrichs Feinde seine kleine Armee „Die Potsdamer Wachtparade“.—Schon er hat es gezeigt, was er an deren Spitze vermochte, und auch in späteren Zeiten hat die „Potsdamer Wachtparade“ jedem gebührend die Wege gewiesen, der mit ihr anzubinden versuchte. Zur Erinnerung an die Zeit ist der Obelisk aus nördlichem Granit errichtet worden, eine Erinnerung an Fridericus Rex, den König und Held, zur Nachahmung für uns alle, mit ungeschwächter Kraft rastlos an unserer Schlagfertigkeit zu arbeiten. Wenn jetzt die Hülle fällt, wenn zum Gruss die Fahnen und Standarten sich neigen, Degen sich senken und Bajonette in Präsentiergriff rücken, geschieht das nicht nur vor diesem Stein, sondern auch vor ihm, dem grossen König, seinen Generälen und Feldmarschällen, vor seinem grossen—.

It may be translated as follows:

A hundred and fifty years ago Frederick the Second—already termed the Great by his contemporaries—had collected a large part of his army at Döberitz, in order to exercise and steel them for the desperate struggles which his penetrating vision foresaw. The period of preparation seemed to him so important that he was not afraid to trust his troops to the guidance of his trained field-m Marshals. Working incessantly, and forgetting no detail even in the midst of his large plans, the great soldier-king developed his regiments for the difficult problems of the Seven Years' War just breaking out, and formed between himself and his soldiers the personal ties that incited the latter to their utmost efforts, while he imparted his own spirit to his generals, and so laid the basis for the incomparable success that culminated in the victorious conquest of a world in arms conspiring against him. Never should we forget these achievements, never the names of the heroes of that glorious age. At that time Frederick's

enemies had ridiculed his little army by calling it "The Potsdam Sentry-Detail." But he himself showed what he could do with their support; later, too, the "Potsdam Sentry-Detail" settled the case of any who tried to tackle it. This obelisk of northern granite has been erected in memory of those times,—a memory of Fridericus Rex, the king and hero,—as a stimulus for us all to strive incessantly with all our might to maintain our readiness for the field. And now when the veil falls, when the flags and standards bend in greeting, when the swords sink, and the bayonets are brought to present arms, it is not done merely in honor of this monument, but also of him, the great king, his generals, and field-m Marshals, his great—

This is the beginning of a speech delivered by the Emperor at the unveiling of a monument to Frederick the Great, erected on the exercise-grounds at Döberitz, near Berlin.

Hardly anything could more appropriately show one side of the personality of the German Emperor than this speech. The collection of personal mementos in the Hohenzollern Museum in Berlin, the gift of the statue of Frederick to America, his partiality for Frederick's old regiment, his favors to Menzel (the painter of scenes from Frederick's life), etc., have made clear the Emperor's admiration for his great ancestor. It is interesting to note the similarities between the two men—their boundless energy, their versatility, their originality, their genius for the most varied subjects, and their unflinching devotion to duty.

In their details, the two records have some special characteristics. In both there appears a peculiarity which shows itself in what have been inadequately termed "lapses." For example, the sentence of the second record beginning "So wichtig" ("The period") is apparently in contradiction to the rest of the speech. It is quite clear, however, that two thoughts were mingled: (1) "So wichtig war für ihn die Vorbereitungszeit, dass er sich scheute, die Colonnen dabei," etc., and (2) "So wichtig . . . dass er es nicht scheute, nachher die Colonnen etc." Another example occurs at the place where I have inserted a query-mark. The record says distinctly "ihm," and not "in." The two thoughts were evidently: (1) "welcher ihm die siegreiche Ueberwindung . . . brachte," and (2) "wel-

cher in der siegreichen Ueberwindung
 . . . gipfelte."

In the first record two examples occur. In the one the thought at first was "da kann man nicht erwarten, dass," etc.; but the Emperor changed the construction after the first three words. In the other the thought was probably somewhat as follows: "und wenn es auch unangenehm ist," etc.; but the construction was changed. The Emperor did not correct the mistake, so I have inserted [= *wie*] in order to avoid misunderstanding.

This tendency to mix two forms of expression is a common one with men of active intellects whose ideas come in crowds and pass so rapidly that utterance lags behind. Any one who observes will find them constantly in speeches and even in conversation. They are specially common in phonograph records.

Poets seem to suffer from a somewhat different kind of mistake. It is related that Browning once consented to speak into a phonograph some lines from "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." He began:

We sprang to the saddle, and Joris and he,
 I galloped, Dirk galloped, we galloped all
 three,

We-we-we, we-we-we-

"Upon my word, I've forgotten my own verses!" he exclaimed, and stopped there. Somebody prompted him, and he took up the thread again; but he could get no further. This was presumably a case of "phonographophobia." It reminds me of an incident in the chapel of Yale College, where a famous clergy-

man, himself a Yale man, preaching for the first time to a thousand very critical students, was so impressed by the occasion that he actually forgot part of the Lord's Prayer.

An experience with the poet Dr. Weir Mitchell was apparently of the same kind. In making a gramophone record for me, he recited his own lines thus:

Gray eagle of the Tyrol,
 Red is—'t is not the morning light.

To avoid further mistakes, the text was held before him: On being reproached for forgetting his own verses, he replied that the cause was not forgetfulness. In composing the poem, he had made many attempts at clothing his idea in words, and had finally selected what he considered the best form. The other forms remained consciously or unconsciously in memory, and were liable at any time to be substituted for the one selected. Even in reciting his own poetry, therefore, he had to have the text before him.

The cause of Dr. Mitchell's mistake was thus the interference of two trains of thought, just as in the records of the Emperor.

The records by the German Emperor form the beginning of phonetic archives in America. The only similar undertaking is that of the Vienna Academy of Sciences, which has, in addition to its collection of dialects, lately added a record of the voice of the Emperor Francis Joseph. It is to be hoped that records of the voices of prominent and interesting personalities may be systematically collected and preserved for study by future generations.





Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE ESTABLISHMENT GOUAUX

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION

BY GEORGE WOODRUFF JOHNSTON

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON



"He is coming then?" I asked.

"He is coming," replied Mme. Gouaux.

"To-morrow?" I inquired.

"To-morrow!" echoed Mme. Gouaux.

Mlle. Gouaux, however, said nothing, but made a wry face and began to clear the table with great haste and a good deal of clatter.

"I predict this," continued Mme. Gouaux, "because he always arrives on the sixteenth day of August. And what does my almanac say? Does it say that to-morrow is the fifteenth? Does it say that to-morrow is the seventeenth? No, it says unmistakably that to-morrow is the sixteenth. Therefore he will arrive to-morrow. My almanac is never wrong. It foretells an eclipse of the sun. What happens? On the very day set down—not the day before or the day after, mind you, but on that very day—the sun is obscured and the air turns black. Of all the three hundred and sixty-five days, upon any one of which an eclipse might occur, the almanac hits upon the precise day when it does occur. It never errs. It is wonderful!"

Mme. Gouaux stopped, peered suspiciously about, and told Mlle. Eulalie where to hide the silver-plated sugar bowl. Yesterday it had been hidden in an old, battered kettle on the kitchen shelf. To-day it was to be secreted beneath the mattress in Mme. Gouaux's bedroom; for a lump of sugar was missing, and she purposed hereafter to take entire charge of the bowl herself. Then Mme. Gouaux tottered across the stone-paved kitchen, waved some hens away from the door with her apron, and sat down in her

easy chair beside the window, from which commanding position she could direct the activities of Mlle. Eulalie in the room, and at the same time keep a sharp lookout for possible customers in the street.

Mme. Gouaux's household consisted of herself, widow, and Eulalie Gouaux, spinster, her niece, the latter a thin, shapeless, faded woman of about thirty years of age, silent, watchful, and with chronic discontent graven deep in her acidulated features. These two women conducted a photographic gallery wherein were produced small, washed-out likenesses of exceedingly stiff and uncomfortable sitters, mostly brides and grooms of the village and neighboring country-side, one standing frozen beside the chair on which the other sat petrified, each gazing into space with a stern, set look as if defying Fate to do its worst.

Mme. Gouaux, perhaps on the principle of the physician who fears to take his own medicine, had never been photographed. Nor would she permit studies to be made of her head, which was brick-red as to color and parrot-like as to form; nor of her hands, which were knotty and crooked and flecked with brown and purple splotches; nor of her figure, which suggested a multitude of very large and very knobby bones loosely held together by worn and faded garments of antiquated pattern. This was a pity, the more so because during three or four months of the year, the means to make such studies were always at hand. To me, as to many other artists before me whom Summer beckoned to this most beautiful corner of beautiful France, she gave a seat at her table, and a mattress on her garret floor, and a large share of her society; throwing in at the end of the



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE HAD THE MANNER OF THE ELECT"

season a photograph of the beautiful Eulalie—all for a sum that seemed small, indeed, until one found how much it cost to replace the flesh lost during one's holiday beneath madame's roof.

The photograph thus presented to departing artists by Mme. Gouaux represented Mlle. Eulalie leaning dejectedly against a massive balustrade, ostensibly of stone and surmounted by a large urn, and pointing with tragic finger to a guide-post upon which appeared another tragic finger and the disheartening legend, "To Paris." But the little glass show-case which Mlle. Eulalie hung up beside the shop door every morning at seven, and took down every night at eight, contained other and more interesting likenesses of that young lady. In these she appeared in the company of a romantic-looking youth. Sometimes she stood beside the chair on which he sat, with the massive railing and urn behind and a little to the right. Sometimes he stood beside the chair on which she sat, with the railing behind and a little to the left. Sometimes they both stood, now against a background of heavy tropical foliage, he with his elbow on the balustrade, she supported by what appeared to be a soft and heavily bearded rock. In one picture, obviously intended to seduce the young and giddy, Mlle. Eulalie, at that time evidently more youthful and sprightly than now, sat *on* the railing, her feet and ankles discreetly concealed, however, by a large garden hat dangling from her hands by ribbons. But whatever their positions relative to each other or to the marble balustrade, bearded rock, or tropical foliage, it was always Mlle. Eulalie in the company of the same young gentleman; and in every instance, they seemed to be awaiting with resignation and fortitude the approach of Calamity itself.

The day after my arrival in Poindivin, about the first of June, Mme. Gouaux announced at the end of dinner, addressing herself seemingly to all whom it might concern, "He is coming!" and jerking her thumb toward a corner in which the little show-case stood at night; whereupon Mlle. Eulalie frowned darkly. This remark was repeated daily at precisely the same hour for a long time without making much of an impression upon

my consciousness, until it finally dawned upon me who was meant. Then, since I saw that it gave Mme. Gouaux pleasure to take part in a little dialogue, and since it was interesting to observe what Mlle. Eulalie would do, I fell to asking every-day at the conclusion of dinner:

"He is coming, then?"—to which Mme. Gouaux would reply:

"He is coming."

"To-morrow?" I would then inquire.

"On the sixteenth of August," she would rejoin; at which Mlle. Eulalie would give some striking evidence of displeasure and make a great noise with the dishes. The almanac was then produced and consulted afresh and another day was marked off with the stub of a pencil that hung from it by a string. After this, the lumps of sugar that remained were counted, Mlle. Eulalie was instructed where to hide the silver-plated sugar bowl, and Mme. Gouaux retired to her seat by the window to spend the afternoon.

Events soon proved that Mme. Gouaux's reliance in her almanac was not misplaced. As I sat painting beneath my white umbrella on the river bank about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the sixteenth day of August, I descried, at the end of the hard chaussée which bisected the landscape like a straight line drawn in chalk across a billiard table, a tiny cloud of dust. For a long time it appeared to remain stationary; but after a while I marked that it was drifting slowly but surely toward Poindivin, blurring the outline of the road, which lay staring white in the hot sunshine, and blotting out the emaciated shadows of the tall poplars that bordered it. Before it could be determined what the cloud of dust hid within it, there issued therefrom ominous creaks and groans and a series of melancholy and discordant sounds like the jangling of a broken bell. Presently, however, the naked eye, even at a point so remote from the road as my place by the river, could distinguish a prehistoric vehicle, drawn by two rudimentary animals in the likeness of horses—all chalky white like the road, and all floating spectrally across the horizon in a mist of the same color.

Later, when my morning's work was done, and, with my kit over my shoulder,



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"LADIES THROW FLOWERS AT HIM"

I stood at the top of the hill looking down the stone-paved street of Poindivin, which, at this hour usually silent and deserted, lay shimmering under the hot noonday sun, I saw a heavy mass of shadow in front of Mme. Gouaux's house. As I walked down the hill clinging closely to the narrow shade cast by the low stone houses on the right, two small shadows detached themselves from the larger mass and ran toward me clattering on wooden shoes.

"He has come!" cried the urchin who reached me first.

"He has come!" echoed the other, who arrived a moment later breathless but happy.

Indeed, it was so. Papa César, the cobbler, who stood beside the ancient horses calculating on his fingers the value of their hides, confirmed the news. Mlle. Jaccu, who kept the little millinery shop at the end of the street, was, on the contrary, quite incredulous, until, having peeped through Mme. Gouaux's window, she felt reassured, and with tiny shrieks of delight and anticipation, wondered if he had brought anything from Paris for Mlle. Eulalie. Mme. Laparolle arrived in hot haste from the bakery over the way, carrying her baby on her arm and arranging her toilette as she came. Throwing her apron over her head to fend off the sun, she expressed the opinion that since last year a new strap had been fastened about the trunk which the bulbous-nosed driver in a blue cotton night-cap was laboriously disengaging from the back of the ark. This driver was now, by proxy, the hero of the occasion. The waiting crowd plied him with questions. Papa César, having been appealed to as an expert, and having settled the matter of the strap to everybody's satisfaction, stroked his lantern jaws and piped in a shaky treble: "Say, M. Conductor! Look out! your colts will run away." At this there was a general laugh; while the driver, sweating and puffing, undid one after another of the manifold lashings that had fastened down the trunk, as if in anticipation of a long and tempestuous ocean voyage. When finally it stood in the roadway, everyone rushed pell-mell to help him carry it, that they might see what was going on inside the house. He refused assistance,

with an eye to a possible tip, though he really knew better than to expect one from Mme. Gouaux, and bore the trunk into the house on his shoulder. He was gone a long time. Meanwhile, the rickety horses, with heads hanging down and eyes half closed, leaned heavily against each other for support; and the dusty, dilapidated chariot, alive with youngsters pretending to be on a journey and scrambling and fighting for possession of reins and whip, swayed from side to side and creaked mournfully.

At last the driver came out of the door, wiping his lips through force of habit, for he had had nothing whatever to drink. But the crowd was loth to disperse, and long after the house door was closed and the weary horses and the mouldy ark, with the cracked bell at the end of the pole jangling harshly, were out of sight and hearing many still lingered in the sunny street. The patience of the onlookers was finally rewarded. The door opened, and he who had been so anxiously awaited appeared upon the threshold. He had not yet removed his tall silk hat, narrow in diameter and with a curly brim, which had crowned his head when he had disembarked from the chariot. His coat was still tightly buttoned about him. In his right hand he still held loosely a pair of white cotton gloves, and in his left, a violin case. From head to foot he was thickly peppered with the white dust of the highway. With eyes fixed upon a neighboring housetop, with right elbow sharp akimbo, with right hand buried in some recess of his clothing contiguous to his neckcloth, with right knee bent and right heel in the hollow of the left foot, he stood for a moment, motionless. Then, he started, gazed upon the loiterers in the street with an expression of the utmost surprise and delight, laid his white gloves upon his heart, smiled, made a profound bow, stooped as if to pick up an imaginary floral offering, touching his gloves to his lips in appreciation of the ladies, bowed once more and retreated into the house, closing the door softly after him.

I had little difficulty in recognizing the new-comer from his likenesses taken some years before and exhibited in the little glass show-case. He was now a tall, thin young man of twenty-five or



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"‘DON’T SPEAK OF IT,’ HE PLEADED MOURNFULLY, AND POINTED TRAGICALLY
AT THE WALL"

less, with a small head set on narrow shoulders. This head was covered with a shock of jet black hair, parted far to one side and drooping low over his brow; and a tiny waxed mustache of the same color cut in twain his small, sallow features. During his stay in Poindivin, he was invariably clad in seedy black,—a long frock coat, narrow at the waist and large in the skirt, flapping about his knees; and his attenuated legs, which appeared to be attached to his torso close under the breast bone, were encased in tight trousers, of the same somber hue, that barely reached his shoe-tops. His feet, by no means small, acquired, by reason of the tightness and shortness of his trousers an exaggerated size; and when he sat, there was always an indecent display of blue yarn stockings. Of linen there was little visible, and that rumpled and not over clean; but his white cotton gloves, always in evidence, although showing numerous signs of repair, were spotless.

I had frequently been given to understand that this young man, Achille Rapin by name, was a musician, a violinist, vastly talented, and possessed of a personality and reputation that were held in jealous regard by the good people of Paris. He was no less cherished and admired by the inhabitants of Poindivin. Indeed, Papa César maintained that Poindivin should be proud of him if for no other reason than that he was the only son, save one formerly executed for murder, whom the village had sent to the metropolis and who had there become illustrious. Of his capacity as a musician I myself could not pretend to judge, being quite ignorant of that art; but he had the manner of the elect, fingering his instrument and wielding his bow, even when executing the simplest melodies, in the most pompous fashion, as if none but he, and he only with the greatest effort, could render music of such complexity. His legs were, however, his most striking feature. They dominated every landscape or interior in which M. Achille found himself; and their various positions and movements were as expressive of his moods as any play of the eyes or features or any gesture of the hands could possibly have been.

"My niece Eulalie and M. Achille,

you should know, monsieur," said Mme. Gouaux, addressing me, as she pushed back her chair from the dinner table, at which M. Achille, doubtless finding the fires of genius burning low and needing replenishment, had done fearful execution with his knife and fork—"My niece and M. Achille are young, and being young, they love." When they fell upon their knees before me in this very room the third of last December five years ago and asked my blessing, I gave it to them freely, gladly. I said to them, 'My children, nothing is more beautiful than the love of one young creature for another. It is sweet, it is innocent, it is tender; indeed, it is almost heavenly—it takes me back to the Garden of Eden. But love is ardent; love is hasty. Do not be hasty, my children! Permit talent for a while to go free. Do not yet harness genius to a go-cart. When Achille shall have attained fame and fortune, when he shall have repaid the slight advances I have made him, fall once more upon your knees before me, and I will again give you my blessing and with it my consent which you will then deserve.' Wonderful! they have regarded my advice. They have been wise. And think you, do they love each other less because of this little waiting? No, they love each other more!" She smiled, blandly, and with a sigh of happiness, sank back in her seat.

M. Achille, sitting sidewise in his chair and picking his teeth, his arm rigid as if he were about to execute with his tooth-pick a difficult phrase upon an imaginary violin, smiled also, a vacuous, uncertain smile that would have turned into a giggle, a hoot, a sneer, or anything else, at the slightest hint from Mme. Gouaux. Meanwhile, Mlle. Eulalie, apparently deaf to what was going on, was about to disappear into the next room to hide the sugar-bowl, when she was directed by her aunt to return and let it remain a little longer on the table in honor of the occasion.

"M. Achille and Mlle. Eulalie are to be congratulated," said I, bowing slowly and politely to each. "They are fortunate. As for me—I envy them." And, overcome with memories of my own unhappy past, I sighed, brushed my eyes lightly with the sleeve of my coat, paused,

gazed at the ragged elbow, tried to conceal it, failed, and sighed again. This little drama, so simple, so natural and on my part enacted with the most perfect innocence, drew all eyes toward me, and in them I read a tender pity.

"Has monsieur been unfortunate in love?" asked M. Achille, and with that his legs, which had been for some time stretched out at full length, the heels resting on the floor, the toes fallen outward, indicating a full belly and a contented mind, were drawn sharply toward him and set at the right angle of curiosity and attentiveness.

"Achille!" said Mme. Gouaux, with feeling; "spare our guest. Do not irritate his wounds. One can see that he is of a superior intelligence and has a lofty soul. Learn to pity others: all the world cannot be as happy in their love as you and Eulalie."

M. Achille, seeing that Mme. Gouaux frowned, frowned also, and crossed his legs loosely, signifying repentance and a well-tempered satisfaction with his own lot. Mlle. Eulalie said nothing, but watched me out of the corner of her eye.

I confess that Mlle. Eulalie, pale, colorless, shapeless, silent, had interested me but little during my stay under her aunt's roof. Moving mutely and stealthily about when busy with household service, and when work was done fading into the dull gray background of village life, she seemed to me when I thought of her at all, like some useful but homely article of furniture which one employs without thinking of, looks at but does not see, and forgets when it is out of sight. The only thing which had ever seemed to arouse her was the mention of the name of M. Achille. Then invariably her dull eyes flashed, some blotchy color suffused her face, her expression hardened, and she made great haste and noise with whatever she happened to be about. After his arrival in Poindivin, she appeared to be unhappy in his company and more unhappy out of it. Though she rarely spoke to him, she followed him about, watching him covertly; and when he chanced to be away from home, which was pretty often, she was restless and constantly peered into the street upon one pretext or another.

As for M. Achille, after his enormous

appetite for food and sleep had been temporarily appeased, he devoted what time remained to gratifying the natural pride which his fellow villagers felt in seeing a son so distinguished walking about in the midst of them and in receiving on the front doorstep deputations come to present gifts and do homage to his genius. At home his chief concern lay in so ordering his life as to accord with the temper and wishes of good Mme. Gouaux. Mlle. Eulalie appeared to play no part in his scheme of existence. Of all the inferior planets which circled around him, she seemed the furthest removed and the oftenest in eclipse. He paid not the least attention to her; and I began to suspect from the conduct of both of them that Mme. Gouaux in saying that these two loved and were happy in their love, was repeating a formula, a figure of speech (once true, perhaps, and become a habit through constant iteration), rather than describing a condition now existent. Indeed, although I was then young and full of my own concerns, and at the best of times was never a great reader of human hearts, it appeared to me that whatever their relations had been or then were, M. Achille was selfish and indifferent, and Mlle. Eulalie perplexed and suffering. Insensibly my manner toward her softened and became more intimate; and I could see that in some dumb way she noticed the change and was grateful for it.

In view of the relations which had thus been tacitly established between us, I was not surprised when one day Mlle. Eulalie entered the garden behind Mme. Gouaux's house where I was painting, and after walking aimlessly about in other parts of the enclosure, abruptly turned toward me, and stood looking over my shoulder at the sketch on my easel:

"What are you painting?" she asked.

"Cabbages," I answered: "don't you recognize them?" And I went on with my work without looking up.

"There must be a great many artists in Paris," she observed, after an interval. "Every year some come to Poindivin. Are many of them famous?"

"There are many artists in Paris—too many, and a few are famous—too few," I replied.

"Are you famous?" she inquired.

"Well, hardly what you would call famous, though I once sold a picture." I laughed nervously and searched for my palette knife. My shadows under the big purple cabbages were hard and opaque. They bothered me, and I forgot all about Mlle. Eulalie until I heard her voice again.

"Achille is famous: you must have heard of him in Paris. No?"

"No," I responded. But, not wishing to stultify myself, I continued: "Paris is a large place, and besides, I don't know music and am not thrown with musicians."

"Not heard of him! Impossible!" she cried; and she came round in front of me and stared at me incredulously. I had never seen her look so worn and hopelessly plain as here in the clear sunshine. It seemed actually to bleach her, cruelly stealing away the last vestige of color from her lifeless brown hair and long, sad face that Time was already nicking and scratching with the point of his scythe, and from the shapeless garments which hung gracelessly about her form. I pitied her; and when I saw that she had tried to add here and there a touch of bravery to her faded dress, I pitied her the more.

"Not heard of him!" she repeated. "Why, he is a great player. He has told us all about it. Everyone in Poindivin knows. I thought everyone knew. He plays in concerts. It was hard at first. He had talent—genius, and everyone was envious; but he beat them all down. Now he plays in concerts—great concerts and ladies throw flowers at him, and he is famous. It was hard at first, though. Aunt Gouaux helped him, but he made debts. He told us last night that he was paying them off and would soon be rich. And then . . . and then . . ."

"That will be charming," said I. The shadows under the cabbages were coming out quite transparent and I felt better.

"Yes, charming," and she lingered long over the word. "He had to work very hard at first; yes, and now too. He comes here every year for rest and quiet; but even here he has a great deal to think about; he is much occupied. You

understand that, of course; and I don't mind."

Her voice broke and fell away into an indistinguishable whisper. Her stony face twitched and quivered, and turned blazing red. Tears came with a rush, and, choking with sobs, and hiding her face in her hands, she sat down, plump, among the cabbages.

"Mlle. Eulalie," I cried, horrified; "don't, don't!"

"I can't help it. I can't help it. Ever since that night when I saw that you too had suffered—ever since then. Ah! how can I bear it! how can I hide it! He neglects me; he has nothing to say to me. Can you wonder? Look at me!" she rose and savagely flung out her big red hands in front of her. "Once, I was not ugly; would you believe it? But now, I am old and withered, and my youth has gone never to come back. I don't know whether I love him or hate him. How do I know what he is doing there in Paris! It breaks my heart to think of it!"

"Mlle. Eulalie!" I exclaimed. "Think, Mlle. Eulalie!" But the icy reserve of years was melted and the waters were out.

"Once, he loved me and we begged Aunt Gouaux to let us marry. She would not. She thought nothing of me. It was all of him and his career. His fame was like the sun, and she sat in it and warmed herself, and I was out in the shadow, forgotten. He has kept coming back every year, first because he loved me, then from habit. He is afraid of her. Now he comes to eat and sleep and be made much of. I have waited and waited; I have hoped; I have trusted; but it is of no use. He never thinks of me. He has fame now; but love is dead. I cannot bring it back to life; for I am old, worn out, tired out, hopeless. No one else will have me: no one cares. The village laughs at me and passes by. What—what is to become of me!"

There was a fresh outburst of tears, and her whole frame was shaken with her sobbing. She struggled passionately with herself, striving in vain to recover her self-control. She bit her lips and stamped upon the ground, furious with herself.

"And I love him yet. I think I do not: I say to myself that I do not, and

when I hear he is coming back in one month, in one week, to-morrow, I hate him, for I know only too well how it will be. But when I am alone, I yearn for him, I am crazed with delight. "He is coming; he is coming," my poor, tired heart sings—and yet, I know; I know. What am I? I am nothing; I have nothing. I am tied to my aunt. I could not go to him even if he wanted me. But no one wants me; and Achille, of all the people in the world, wants me the least. I am wretched, miserable. Oh! what is to become of me . . . what is to become of me! Oh, Youth! Youth! come back! come back!"

There was a commotion within the house, and presently Mme. Gouaux's fiery visage appeared at a window, and that good lady called aloud for Eulalie to come at once. The floors needed scrubbing, the silver-plated sugar-bowl must be unearthed from its hiding place and polished; a host of things demanded instant attention. Did Eulalie not know, stupid! that it was the eve of M. Achille's departure as clearly indicated by the almanac?—that jealous Paris could spare him no longer and commanded his return? Was she, of all the inhabitants of Poindivin, so ignorant or so indifferent as not to be aware that early on the morrow the children of the village were to present themselves in a body to extend their felicitations to the illustrious artist so soon to leave them in loneliness and despair, and, as a slight token of their esteem, it was whispered, purposed to tender him a large floral piece in the shape of a violin, which offering was to accompany him per chariot to Tatonville, and thence by train to Paris, that the inhabitants thereof might learn that Poindivin, though small, remote and lowly, had yet a giant heart that beat with pride at thought of her honored son? Was Eulalie unaware of these and many other things?

"Come then! stupid!" stuttered Mme. Gouaux, breathless, and slammed the window, *bang!*

HARDLY had the ancient chariot come to a stop before "The Golden Sheaf," the inn at Poindivin where with three comrades, I had arranged to spend the Summer next following the events I have just

recorded; hardly had the last discordant note fallen from the cracked bell at the end of the pole, and the tottering horses, finally at rest, leaned wearily against each other, when out from the crowd which had already collected came Papa César and touched me on the shoulder. His cap was awry, his face was doleful, his clothes were disordered, and from his wooden shoes still trailed some of last Winter's straw. He looked like one for whom the salt of life had lost its savor.

"He has come!" he muttered in funeral tones.

"Come! . . . Who? What?" I asked, clambering out of the dilapidated ark. "You can't mean M. Achille? Why, it is only June, and he never arrives until the sixteenth of August. Surely, not M. Achille!"

"But it is true," he sighed, scraping his lantern-jaws; and Mlle. Jaccu, no less sprightly than of yore, cast down her tender eyes, sighed also, and echoed, "It is true."

"Tell me," I cried, as the crowd closed in about us. "What is the matter? How comes it?"

"It is in this way," answered Papa César, looking about to see that everyone was listening. "The aunt died—good Madame Gouaux, our neighbor. She must have been surprised to find herself dead; for her almanac had failed her at the last moment: it had given her absolutely no hint of what was about to take place. She was looking into the clock to discover why it had stopped. She had forgotten for the moment that she had hidden her silver-plated sugar-bowl in the case. Before she could free the weights, one of which had descended into the bottom of the bowl and could go no farther, she fell down and stopped like the clock. The doctor came, but he could not set her going again. M. Becque, the clockmaker, was luckier with the clock, which once more keeps perfect time."

Papa César paused and again peered about him to discover if he were producing the desired dramatic effect. He was. Everyone was standing open-eyed, open-mouthed, listening to the story which they had undoubtedly already heard a thousand times. But, as I discovered afterward, it was worth while to

listen; for every time Papa César repeated it, something new and interesting was added. On this occasion, when speaking of the clock, he moved his right index finger round the circumference of an immense circle, indicating graphically the progress of the hands from hour to hour. When he approached a position at the bottom of the circle at which the figure six is found, his finger stopped with a tremendous jerk. His listeners were at once struck with the peculiar appropriateness of this gesture, inasmuch as Mme. Gouaux's works, as I found out later, had stopped at precisely that hour. There was a murmur of applause; and Papa César, who was thus encouraged to, and did, incorporate this bit of business in future recitals, proceeded:

"As soon as Madame Gouaux was buried, search was made for the will. What was found? Astonishing!—they found money. More astonishing!!—they found much money. Most astonishing!!!—they found money all over the house. Marvelous!!!!—they are still finding it—silver pieces, copper pieces; copper pieces, silver pieces, in the bed, under the bed, on top of the bed, behind the bed, everywhere! Yesterday, it was four five-franc pieces in the hen-house. Last week, a flower-pot full of coppers; let me see—where was that discovered, Madame Laparolle? Tell the gentleman."

But that good wife and mother, having just arrived in great haste from the bakery over the way, a new baby on each arm, was too flustered to speak, and Papa César, perforce, continued:

"Mon Dieu! I can't remember—there were so many places all running over with money; silver and copper oozing out of cracks in the walls, falling down the chimney, sticking fast between boards of the floor. I assure you an old coffee-pot, not worth two sous in itself, was as full of money as the Bank of France."

"And to think," interjected Mlle. Jaccu, "there was no will."

"You are right," affirmed Papa César; "there was no will. They hunted high, they hunted low; they nearly tore down the old house in their search. But no. No will."

"Who then"—I began.

"Ah! there it is," he interrupted,

quickly. "To Mam'selle Eulalie, the niece and only heir, everything. The notary said it: I said it: it was so."

"But you forget," lisped Mlle. Jaccu, folding her hands modestly before her, and casting a coy glance in my direction—the minx!

"I forget? What do I forget?" queried Papa César, irritably. "I am but mortal. I cannot remember everything. Ah! you mean the hundred-franc note behind the picture of St. Anthony?"

"No; no!" exclaimed Mlle. Jaccu.

"I have it now!" cried Papa César, triumphantly. "You refer to the two napoleons found in the stocking?"

"No! certainly not!" protested Mlle. Jaccu, blushing and looking down demurely. "I mean—I mean"—

"Ah!" wailed Papa César. "Thinking of all that money, I forgot. Yes, it is sad; it is sad indeed."

"Yes," repeated Mme. Laparolle, dandling the twins, who had been alarmed by Papa César's dismal tones; "yet, it is sad; it is sad."

"What is sad?" I inquired.

"It was not sad," asserted Mlle. Jaccu, her cheeks still very rosy. "It is I who say it. It was not sad. It was for love. What could have been more beautiful!"

But a gloom had fallen upon the bystanders. Apparently they could see nothing beautiful in the views of the vivacious and romantic Mlle. Jaccu. They hung their heads, they shuffled their feet, and some spat on the ground. Even the half-clad children sucked their thumbs in quiet and held tight to their elders' hands as if frightened. The village seemed prostrate under some dire misfortune.

Papa César spat on the ground also, viciously.

"It was for love," he snarled. "That is true, but how ridiculous! She should have thought of us. How can we hold up our heads again? What will unhappy Paris say to unhappy Poindivin? What can unhappy Poindivin plead in explanation? Love? Is that all? Faugh!"

"But, it was noble, beautiful, all the same," declared the irrepressible Mlle. Jaccu.

Mme. Laparolle interrupted her as one having knowledge and authority in matters of love:

"Wait!" she exclaimed, dramatically. "You are yet young. Wait!"

Papa César was in the depths of despair and absolutely inconsolable.

"The village is ruined," he stammered. "Our reputation is gone. Our sun is hidden, and we are desolated!"

"What on earth are all of you talking about?" I inquired, at last finding a chance to get in a word.

"Ah!" ejaculated Papa César. "It is too serious to joke about. In a word, he has returned. He has returned for good and all. Worse, he has married, and it was for love. Love has conquered him. His career is over. Come! let us go: it is noon, and we may see him."

I followed the old man up the steep, sunny street to the well-known house of my former friend, the lamented Mme. Gouaux. When we entered, Eulalie was in the kitchen setting the table.

"Hush!" she whispered, a finger at her lips. "Hush! tread lightly; he has not yet risen."

I stood stock still, speechless. What a change! I scarcely recognized her. Youth had come back, youth upon whom she had called so imploringly. Age, and anxiety, and sorrow had fallen from her like a cast-off garment. And here was the Eulalie of old, she who to tempt the young and giddy, had sat gaily on the balustrade, discreetly hiding her feet and ankles behind the great garden hat dangling from her hands by ribbons. It was wonderful!

"Yes, we are married," she said in answer to my astonished gaze. "When he heard that my aunt was dead, he came to me at once. He could not bear that I should be left alone. He was willing to give up his career, his fame, everything. My heart melted. I implored him not to make the sacrifice; but he would not listen. He insisted; he tore his hair; he raved; he triumphed, and we were married. What sense of duty! what nobility of soul!"

"And, Eulalie," I asked, "are you happy?"

"Happy! Ah! have I not got him!"

Presently, a door opened, and M. Achille appeared from the adjoining bedroom. With long, tragic steps, he strode across the floor to a table upon which lay his hat and gloves. He put the curly-

brimmed hat upon his head, and, holding his white gloves loosely in his hand, continued toward the street door, his gaze fixed upon some invisible point in the remote heavens. Suddenly he paused, started, and stared at Papa César and me; then fell heavily into a chair, his white gloves at his lips as if to repress a sob, his feet crossed, his legs rigidly extended, thus signifying supreme grief and absolute self-abandonment.

"Pardon me, monsieur," he at length found voice to say. "Pardon me; but on seeing you, my emotions overcame me. Eulalie, speak to the gentleman. Tell him of me."

"I have done so, Achille," his wife answered, tenderly. "He understands. He also has suffered, though not like you."

"It is well, it is well," murmured Achille, his head still sunk in his hands; his legs still grief-stricken.

"But, M. Achille," I interrupted. "Why should you be unhappy? Think! You have a loving wife. You still have your art, your violin."

He started violently, his legs convulsed with despair.

"Don't speak of it!" he pleaded mournfully, and pointed tragically at the wall. At this, Papa César lowered his head and reverentially removed his cap.

There, in a flat, black-bordered glass case, hung a wreath of laurel excellently done in wax, and fastened to it by a knot of somber ribbon, was a violin bow broken in two pieces.

"Do not speak of it," said Eulalie, earnestly; and standing at his side, she laid her arm protectingly about him. "Do not speak of it; it wounds him. He has made the great renunciation—all for love of me." And she knelt and kissed him on the lips.

A FEW nights afterward, when dinner was done, I sat with the three comrades who had come with me to Poindivin in a pretty arbor in the garden of "The Golden Sheaf." The river below was invisible, but we could hear it whispering and trilling softly as it hurried on its way to the old stone bridge which so many generations of artists have set on canvas. Over some bottles of native wine and our cigars, we talked of them—

these artists, of their successes and their disappointments, their loves and hates, until the hour grew late, and a great silence fell upon the world dropping off to sleep under the watchful stars. I believe I began to grow sentimental; for wherever I looked about me in the darkness, I seemed to see the face of the woman who under the touch of a deep and unselfish love, had magically grown young again. Thereupon, I told my comrades the story of M. Achille Rapin and Mlle. Eulalie Gouaux, now happily united in the marriage bond.

One of those who listened was Adolphe Monot, then scarcely known to me, afterward the most intimate of friends up to the hour of his untimely death. He was a fellow wonderfully charming and gifted, but wilful and capricious, who wavered between music and painting until he did not know to which to devote a life that events proved was to end so soon. Having lately learned that he had studied the violin, I was sure that the history of Achille would enlist his interest and appeal to his sympathies.

When I had finished, however, Monot

made no comment, but sat quietly sipping his wine.

"Come," said he, after a while: "we are all good fellows, and I will tell you something; but you must swear—swear deep and true—to keep it secret. No, it is no joke," he added, as we laughed at the gravity of his words and manner. "Upon your honor, now; for I place in your keeping the happiness, almost the life of a good woman. You know Chavenét, of course, the great soloist and teacher of the violin? No? Well, this Achille Rapin has copied Chavenét with such skill and patience that there is nothing of the outside man left to copy. Achille is Chavenét to the last penultimate eccentricity of dress and manner—the man himself in all his absurd gestures, and bows, and scrapes and attitudes. The likeness is almost too wonderful to be ridiculous. This, with his bit of fiddling, Achille picked up at the Conservatory in Paris, where, now that he has fallen into this good fortune and departed, he will be sadly missed; for he was really very amusing and made a most excellent janitor."



MR. BRYAN AND OUR COMPLEX SOCIAL ORDER

A COMMENT ON MR. BRYAN'S ARTICLE, "INDIVIDUALISM
VERSUS SOCIALISM," IN THE CENTURY FOR APRIL, 1906

BY FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS

Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization in Columbia University



WHEN some great change in social conditions is felt to be impending, and the minds of men are ill at ease, we do not look for exact discrimination in the public discussion of fundamental questions. The mood of apprehension is not favorable to precision. It contributes rather to that "mixing up of things" which Carlyle said "is the great bad." And when, with apprehension, are commingled a deep indignation over wrong-doing in high places, a profound sense of injustices that ought not to be borne, and pity for those miserable ones upon whom the weight of injustice chiefly falls, it is peculiarly difficult to think otherwise than passionately, which means crudely and vaguely, about the problems of cause and remedy.

Yet it is at such times that the clear-headed man, who sees how the word of truth should be divided, can render inestimable service to the community. A distinguishing merit of Mr. Bryan's recent contribution to the discussion of "Individualism versus Socialism" is the attempt that it makes by clean intellectual methods to mark off the realm of collective responsibility from that of individual opportunity. In popular thinking, these two realms are hopelessly confounded. Mr. Bryan has at least seen that they are not identical, and, by helping a multitude of readers also to see, he has prepared their minds for a more intelligent study of the issue.

That a man of Mr. Bryan's political sagacity, at the moment when his countrymen are talking of naming him a third time for the Presidency of the United States, should venture to declare himself at all upon this theme is proof that the people of this country, no less than the peoples of continental Europe, are at last face to face with ultimate questions. Hitherto our statesmen have not entered into serious discussion with those who question not "the Constitution," but the existing social order itself. Mr. Bryan is the first of his class to scrutinize that underlying system of human forces and relations which Professor Burgess has happily named "the state behind the Constitution."

Taking Mr. Bryan's position as an advanced starting-point, the analysis that he has begun must be carried somewhat further, however, before the public can comprehend what reasons there may be for desiring radical changes in the existing social order, and what degree of probability there is that the changes will be accomplished. I cannot speak as a socialist, and I have no authority to speak in the socialist's behalf; but merely as an interested student of my fellow-men, I suppose that few socialists would unreservedly endorse Mr. Bryan's description of their principles and policies. Individualists, also, I suspect, might wish to enter exceptions to his account of their social philosophy.

Socialists are not agreed that all means of production should be owned collec-

tively. Mr. John Spargo, in his new volume, the latest exposition from an authoritative source, is at much pains to say that socialism demands only the collective ownership of the *principal* means of production. Neither would all socialists say that their chief aim is to do away with competition. Competition, more or less intense, is a condition which, with private ownership, more or less restricted, determines the extent of a certain other fact, which is the real object of socialistic attack. The critic who has not made this discovery has not penetrated deeply into socialistic philosophy.

The socialist and the anarchist, opposed to each other upon questions of ways and means, both indict the existing social order as iniquitous, and they agree in specifying the same all-pervading iniquity. That iniquity is exploitation, a use and oppression of man by man, which is the economic and moral essence of slavery under the form and guise of personal freedom. Any employer of his fellow-men who pays for their services less than he would have to pay if all men were on the same economic and legal plane, and none had any state-created advantage over another in making a bargain, is, in the opinion of the socialist and the anarchist, an exploiter. He is taking essentially the same advantage that the slave-owner takes, and the fortunes that have been amassed by exploitation are precisely what the capitalistic press charges the socialists with wishing to obtain, namely, the earnings of the industrious, unrighteously acquired by the powerful.

To profess to criticize either socialism or anarchism, without grappling with this question of exploitation, is naturally enough to provoke radical scorn. Human nature being what it is, we cannot wonder that the anarchist retorts: "You are shocked because I wish to do away with the institutions of government and property, which I believe to be the means through which exploitation is accomplished, but I observe that you do not touch the real question. If you are a sincere man, and wish to conduct this debate in an honest way, tell me whether you admit that exploitation is a fact; and if you admit that it is, tell me how, without abolishing government and prop-

erty, you hope to get rid of it? And it is no wonder that the socialist in his turn retorts: "You call me a dreamer because I would substitute collective for individual ownership, thereby, as I believe, ending a great injustice without resort to the anarchist's destructive program of abolishing also property and the state; but I notice that you say nothing about the injustice itself that I complain of. Do you admit that exploitation is a fact? And if you do admit it, how do you expect to get rid of it without, on the one hand, destroying property and the state, as the anarchist proposes, or, on the other hand, substituting collective for private ownership of the means of production, as I propose?"

If these questions were specifically put to Mr. Bryan, he would contend, I suppose, that by implication, if not categorically, he has answered them. The individualism that he sets over against socialism is restricted at many points. It gives way to public ownership or to state control wherever an element of monopoly enters into economic relations; but it would give competition a free run wherever competition is possible. By insisting that our attitude toward competition is what really marks us off as socialists or individualists, Mr. Bryan has told us, he doubtless believes, how he would prevent exploitation. He apparently accepts—with reservations—the philosophy of *laissez-faire* economists who have so long taught that under perfect competition every participator in the productive process, whether he be landlord or tenant, lender or borrower, employer or wage-earner, buyer or seller, must inevitably receive the exact equivalent of what he produces.

This philosophy has one great merit. It is ideally true, like the geometry of a fourth dimension. It assumes that no competitor enjoys any advantage of monopoly or privilege, and that in a world of such competitors there could be no exploitation. But the assumption, unhappily, is unalloyed hypothesis. The perfect competitor of economic theory has less concrete existence than a Platonic archetypal idea. In the real world, monopoly and privilege of every degree exist and always have existed, and those who have held legal title to them have

used them to the uttermost. So, in the real world, competition is a Darwinian struggle for existence by the multitude, a struggle for domination by the few, and, in this real world, exploitation unhappily is a fact.

From the point of view of this criticism of the *laissez-faire* postulate we may with some accuracy distinguish the anarchist, the socialist, and the individualist one from the other.

The anarchist believes that we could have a perfect competition, which would prevent all exploitation, if we should abolish property and government, thereby abolishing all monopoly and privilege. The socialist, admitting that perfect competition would do away with exploitation, believes that competitive methods are wasteful. He sees the significance of organization, and recognizes in combination, from which competition has been eliminated, an enormously important engine of production, which should be developed to the utmost.

Some socialists would achieve this end by instituting the collective ownership of all means of production, and a coercive, bureaucratic organization to carry production forward. They would compel every able-bodied man to work at an assigned task. Other socialists would institute collectivism and a bureaucratic but non-coercive organization of industry. A man who chose not to work in the government shops might starve, or live the life of a savage in the wilderness. Yet other socialists would establish collective ownership, but neither coercion nor a bureaucratic organization. Land and productive capital being owned by society, they would encourage individuals to organize themselves into syndicates or companies, as they might like, all on equal terms obtaining the use of land and capital from society, that is, from the state.

Opposed to both anarchist and socialist, without comprehending either, the simon-pure individualist is either the man who, without Mr. Bryan's reservations, naively accepts the *laissez-faire* theory and believes that competition in this real world of the here and now is free and equal enough for all practical purposes, and that "exploitation" is only a shibboleth of agitators; or, he is the

man, not naïve in the least, who knows that competition does not prevent exploitation, and does not intend that it shall.

Obviously, no recognized group, anarchistic, socialistic, or strictly individualistic, can exactly be identified with those conservative yet also liberal thinkers, who, like Mr. Bryan, would have some collectivism, some government regulation, some private property, and some free competition.

Are these catholic minds mere eclectics, opportunists, intellectually unable to see a straight and narrow road of social justice, or morally unable to walk in it? Or do they apprehend some great truth which the adherents of simpler and apparently more self-consistent creeds are as yet unable to see? Is society, after all, a far more complex thing than the anarchist or the socialist or the mere individualist dreams of, and are writers like Mr. Bryan, who see that it is so, helping us in a measure to grasp the larger truth?

Perhaps we shall not soon find satisfactory answers to these questions. We certainly shall not unless we frankly recognize how radically different one from another are the chief factors entering into the organization of our modern industrial society. I have criticized Mr. Bryan's paper as failing to grapple specifically with the question of exploitation. My further criticism is that it does not adequately recognize the vitally important difference between the natural and the artificial, or merely legal, person.

One factor in our modern industrial society is the natural individual, with all his powers and capacities, but stripped of those artificial powers that are acquired through the law-making activity of his fellow-men. In a community made up exclusively of strictly natural persons, enjoying unlimited natural opportunities, individualism carried to the point of anarchism might be an entirely practicable scheme of life. A very different thing from this natural person is the artificial person, the corporation, created by the state. It is immeasurably more powerful, more enduring, and more efficient. In the struggle for industrial existence it can drive the natural person to the wall. To extend all the rights of the natural person to this artificial person, and to as-

sume that when the artificial person competes with the natural individual, individualism will yield the same results that it might yield in a world of merely natural individuals, is to be either very dull or something worse, and our easy-going habit of applying the logic and practice of individualism to a world of corporations is either a crime or an obsession. Finally, there is the artificial person endowed with privilege, made the possessor of a franchise to monopolize and control some specially important portion of the earth's surface, or some great invention. It is unnecessary to argue that when the artificial person, thus privileged and endowed, is pitted against the natural individual in the struggle for existence, it can exploit the natural person to any extent short of nominal chattel slavery.

If, then, the actual industrial world is made up of artificial or legal, as well as of natural, persons, and if, because of their immense efficiency, it is desirable to perpetuate the artificial persons, is it reasonable to assume that one policy is best for all? Is it absurd to suggest that our social order and policy should be as complex as the social facts?

Should we not recognize the plain truth, that some things can quite well enough be done by natural individuals, working individually, without asking the state for authority or aid; that other things can be done only by combinations of individuals who, in order to work in the best way and successfully, must ask the state to grant them special powers, by incorporating them as a collective legal person; and that yet other things can be done only by the state itself, or with the positive assistance of the state, or upon a bestowal by the state of that which is essentially public property?

If we admit that such is the plain truth, should we not logically and practically go further? Should we not observe the rule of individualism within the sphere of the individualistic, refraining from interference with the conduct and enterprises of the natural individual who does not ask state authority or state aid, and does not trespass upon his neighbor? Is there anything whatever wrong with the creed of Mill's "Liberty" and Spencer's "Social Statics" as a rule of life governing the economic and social relations of *natural individuals*? I am unable to see that there is. But, granting so much to the individualist, why should we not have also strict state control over the creatures that the state itself has brought into being, namely, the artificial persons, the corporations, and all their activities? What the state has made the state not only may, but surely ought, to rule. And, finally, why should we not have a policy of collectivism, of out-and-out socialism, in that realm which by its very nature is essentially and forever socialistic—the realm of things that are rightly and normally the possession of the community, rather than of privileged individuals,—the earth, with its limited resources, public utilities, and the legal right to exploit great inventions?

Socialism for things socialistic, state regulation for things state created, individualism, natural liberty, for things naturally individualistic—this is the complex creed that is suggested by the actually complex structure of industrial society as we know it. But whether the man who holds this creed should tag himself an individualist or a socialist, I am unable to say. The wise man, I imagine, will not greatly care.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

ARE PEOPLE GETTING BETTER, OR WORSE?

THE question as to whether character and conduct are deteriorating or improving in America keeps coming up for private and public debate. Since we quoted here the optimistic view of President Drinker of Lehigh University, Bishop Grier has had something to say on the subject, in a "New York Times" interview. The general tendency of mankind, he holds, is to be better. The "four hundred" of New York and the vicious 'smart set' of London represent nothing." The butterflies and the race-track and other gamblers of New York are not typical. Our four millions, he says, live pure and honest lives. The yellow journals do immense harm by exploiting the extravagances and vices of the few, and so do the "professional shouters." But the great, plain people go onward and upward. The Bishop declares himself a meliorist, and gives this profession of his faith: "I believe that the human race is steadily growing better, not worse, and that those who come after us will reach a pinnacle of greatness beyond the understanding of those who live to-day."

Prof. Brander Matthews seems to be also a meliorist, judging from his address on "American Character,"—a calm, patriotic, and reasonable reply to the recent aspersions of a French writer. The writer declared that as a people Americans are "systematically hostile to all idealism," the passion of our lives being to make money; that we ignore the arts, and have a conquering appetite for new possessions. Prof. Matthews's address is in excellent tone: he does not retaliate on the ill-informed critic, he does not quail at acknowledging our natural faults and failures; but he makes out an excellent case for the American. Among other things he says:

According to the theory of the conservation of energy, there ought to be about as much virtue in the world at one time as at another. According to the theory of the survival of the fittest, there ought to be a little more now than there was a century ago. We Americans to-day have our faults, and they are abundant enough and blatant enough, and foreigners take care that we shall not overlook them; but our ethical standard—however imperfectly we may attain to it—is higher than that of the Greeks under Pericles, of the Romans under Cæsar, of the English under Elizabeth. It is higher even than that of our forefathers who established our freedom, as those know best who have most carefully inquired into the inner history of the American Revolution.

Evil practices are constantly being advertised to all the world by reform movements. But this does not necessarily mean that there is anything new about the evils. The reform is new, but the evil may be ancient. Take, for instance, the picturesque campaign in a New England State where a popular novelist made trouble for a body of sedate, conservative, and probably quite unliterary railroad men. A new and prominent feature of the campaign was a work of romance, a novel of modern history, a very "fetching" story, irrespective of its moral and political bearings. The picturesqueness of the situation lay in the startling fact that the author of the novel was the intrepid reform candidate for the nomination for governor. This work of fiction, of course, was not the only literature of the campaign; and the inhabitants of the other States of the Union, including the summer visitors to the mountains of the State to be reformed, did not lack means of enlightenment as to the singular condition of affairs in New Hampshire—a condition which, if ex-Senator Chandler and Winston Churchill, the author

of "Coniston," were to be believed, was quite inconsistent with one's ideas of American manhood and freedom. But—again, if Mr. Churchill and Mr. Chandler were to be believed—the conditions revealed were not at all new. It was the forceful and reverberant reform

movement that was new; it was the prominent setting-up of a higher standard that was new. So, at least in the case of New Hampshire, the optimist, the meliorist, may find an argument for his side, whatever may be the technical issue of the campaign.



OPEN LETTERS

St. Anna Teaching the Virgin, by Murillo

THE CENTURY'S SERIES OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS.
(SEE PAGE 133.)

THE tradition is that the Virgin Mary was dedicated to the Lord and lived at the temple in Jerusalem, with other virgins, after the manner of vestals, from the time she was three years old till the period of her betrothal at fourteen, "fed with celestial food from heaven, and holding converse with angels." Her mother, Anna, visited her from time to time, and in Murillo's picture we see the Virgin in the portico of the temple receiving instruction in the Scriptures from her mother. One of the appellations of the Virgin is "Queen of Heaven," and, with this evidently in mind, the artist has added a touch of royalty in the voluminous train of her silk garment. While I was copying the picture, a spectator remarked upon the awkwardness and difficulty that the little one would experience in getting about in so flowing a robe. I called her attention to the angels,—one of the attributes of the Virgin,—her ministering spirits ever in attendance, who, doubtless, might be suffered to act as train-bearers.

The difficulty that many contend with is the modern cynical spirit with which they approach these old works. While it is doubtless incongruous with the simplicity recorded of the Virgin to suppose that she wore her skirts of such extraordinary length, we must not overlook the fact that symbolism is here combined with realism. The crown or wreath which the artist has gracefully introduced is the Virgin's particular attribute as the Queen of Heaven, and is also emblematic of superior power and virtue. In the wreath is seen the lily,—for purity,—another of the Virgin's attributes, and the rose, typifying "The Rose of Sharon," another of her many titles. Her flowing robe is white, for purity, innocence,

and virginity. It shades off in its train to violet, which signifies love and truth, also passion and suffering. She carries a blue garment over her arm, which color is for truth, constancy, fidelity, and sorrow.

While with the early religious painters particular attention is given to this mystical application of attributes and colors, with the later sacred historical painters it falls into disuse, especially the matter of color, the characteristic proprieties of which were sacrificed to the general effect. The Virgin and Christ, however, retained their time-honored colors. Thus we see that Murillo does not apply symbolism in the colors of St. Anna. The drapery falling from her head over the shoulders is of a grayish white or ashes-of-roses tone, the skirt about her lap is a yellowish hue, and her lower skirt is a russet brown. But they are so charming, so subtle in their color values, that I have looked long and often at them, wondering how to denominate them. The whole is bathed in a cool atmosphere, as though it were morning that the artist wished to depict, and it probably is, for we see by the basket of bread that the saint has come with an offering to the Lord. How very natural and beautiful is the dignified attitude of St. Anna as she pauses to explain some portion of the Scripture, while her child glances up with reverential attention! This picture was painted on canvas, in 1674, a few years before the artist's death. It is six feet, five inches wide by seven feet, seven and one-half inches high, and hangs in the Murillo room—the octagonal—of the Prado Museum at Madrid.

T. Cole.

An Opinion of Dry Farming

MR. MACDONALD, who, at our request, makes the following record of his conclusions concerning the value of dry farming, is a

De Thanksgivin' Blessin'

SET down, Lindy! Whar 's yo' manna's?
 Ain't you got no raisin', chile?
 Don't be re'chin' 'crossed de table! 'Possum
 sets you chill'n wil'!
 Don't you know dis heah 's Thanksgivin'?
 We 's a-gwineter have a pra'r
 'Fo' we teches dem dar 'possums er dem
 taters—git back dar!
 Now, ole 'oman, keep dese chill'n wid deyr
 haids all bowed down low
 Whilst I offahs up de blessin' fer de
 fambly. Han's down! So!

"Lawd, we don' know how to m'asure whut
 You does up dar 'n de sky,
 But we knows in all Yo' givin' dat You
 nevah pass us by;
 And we 's grateful fer de good things You
 continues to dispense
 From de cawn-crib and de smoke-house uv
 Yo' lovin' providence.
 Thank de Lawd fer all His blessin's,
 speci'ly dem dat He ordains
 Fer de niggah's faithful-stummick and de
 hunger hit contains;—
 Sech ez red-meat watermillions, storin' up
 de natal juice
 Uv de summer-time's bes' honey fer de
 hones' niggah's use.
 And we thanks You, Lawd, fer roas'n' yeahs
 and fer de yaller yam,
 Fer de cawn-cake in de ashes and the ham-
 bone in de ham;
 We remembahs You mos' kindly fer de
 bacon and the beans,
 And fer good pot-licker extry wid de jowl
 and turnip greens.
 And dey hain't no mawtal music to us
 niggahs heah below
 Like the gobblin' uv de gobblah and the
 rooster's lawdly crow.
 Fer dese blessin's and all othahs we is
 grateful, Lawd, always,
 But we lif's de chune up higher in de dear
 ole 'possum's praise;
 Ca'se we shouts in hallelujahs fer de makin'
 uv dis beas'
 Ez de cov'nant wid de niggah in dis heah
 Thanksgivin' feas'!"

Link! Whut make yo' mouf so greasy?
 M'randy! Whut you munchin' on?
 Stop, you sackerleegious varmint! Whar's
 dat bigges' tater gone?
 Drap it back dar, Lizy! Heah me! Dis
 heah ain't no eatin' race!
 Now, ole 'oman, min' dese chill'n whilst I
 finish sayin' grace!

"Lawd, dey tells me dat de 'possum am de
 oldest critter yit,
 And we knows dat You 's perzerved him fer
 de niggah's benefit!

And we thanks You, Lawd, fer deze two,
 ca'se they wuz so fat and hale
 From de whiskers on deyr nostrils to the
 col' and naked tail!
 Ca'se de 'possum 's good all over, from dat
 tantalin' grin
 To de marrer-bones and chittlin's and de
 gravy in the skin!
 Den we thanks de Lawd fer givin' niggahs
 edjicated tas'e,
 So 's 'at dey kin eat de 'possum 'd out a
 single drap uv was'e!
 Angels, look down on dis picture! Chill'n
 waitin' fer a piece,
 Ever' little mouf a-drippin' wid thanksgivin'
 at de feas'!

And de parents bofe a-praisin' Him from
 whom all blessin's flow,—
 Him dat keeps the blackes' niggah same ez
 dem dat 's white ez snow!
 Lawd, we honors de traditions uv de niggah
 to de en';
 Bless us whilst we taken de creases out'n
 our stummicks now. Amen!"

Lawdy mussy! Whar 's dem 'possums?
 And dem tatars—dey 's gone too!
 And de gravy done sopped out'n bofe de
 platters clean ez new!
 Link! M'randy! Zeke! Ole 'oman! Ef
 de las' one ain't cut out!
 May dyspepsy ha'nt deyr stummicks and
 deyr feet swell up with gout!
 Me a-prayin' and a-praisin' to de Lawd dat
 nevah fail,
 Dey a-stealin' at de altar, leavin' nothin'
 but de tail!
 Leavin' misery in my in'ards, and de in'ards
 moanin' on
 Ca'se I did n't ax de blessin' 'fo' I blowed
 de dinnah ho'n!
 But I'll promise de 'ole 'oman and dem
 chill'n powerful strong
 Dat de nex' Thanksgivin' pra'r won't be
 so everlastin' long!

H. L. Piner.

A Recipe for Sanity

ARE you worsted in a fight?
 Laugh it off.
 Are you cheated of your right?
 Laugh it off.
 Don't make tragedy of trifles,
 Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
 Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
 Laugh it off.
 Are you near all sorts of brinks?
 Laugh it off.
 If it 's sanity you 're after,
 There's no recipe like laughter—
 Laugh it off.

Henry Rutherford Elliot.



GRAY, with a glint of sun and blue,
That is the hunting sky;
Clear and cool, with the wind hushed low,
So that the scent will lie.
Heart keyed high, and flashing eye,
And a mount with vim and go,
As reynard fleet of the flying feet
Gives rise to the view halloa.



Oh, the deep-voiced note of the baying pack
Chasing adown the glen,
And the break-neck rush for the open moor—

Ye Gods, are we only men?

For the pace grows fast and faster

In an ecstasy of speed,
With note of horn and chime of hound

And reynard in the lead.

It's ho! for field and fallow

At a rioting, romping rate,
Around a hill and along the burn

And over a five-bar gate,
While the maddened yelp of the frenzied pack
Comes borne on the breathless air,
Like wine poured into the coursing blood
Of the souls that do and dare.
Whoop! and we're over, my lady!
That was a grand take off!
Pity on those who miss all this
And stop at home to scoff!

Check at the river's bending;
Off to the left once more;
Swerve, and over the rustic bridge
To follow the farther shore:
And then one wild last gallop
And a mighty gasp for breath,
As we plunge at the break in a hawthorn hedge
And come romping in at the death.

If Gabriel's trump on Judgment Day
Shall bring to each listening ear
The music which on earth below
Each one loved best to hear,



A hunting horn shall break my sleep,
And my eye shall see again
The good old level country
Which seemed heaven even then;—
The breath of eternal morning
On the happy hunting ground,
And the ringing chime in the covert
Which tells that the pack have found.
Oh, never a single run like this
A mortal memory yields,
As we gallop into eternity
O'er the Elysian Fields;
And I'll ride and ride forever,
Straight for the sunset glow,
Till I leap the gates of heaven
To the sound of the view halloa!

Grace S. H. Tytus.





MAUDE ADAMS AS "PETER PAN" IN THE PLAY BY J. M. BARRIE

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI